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1871

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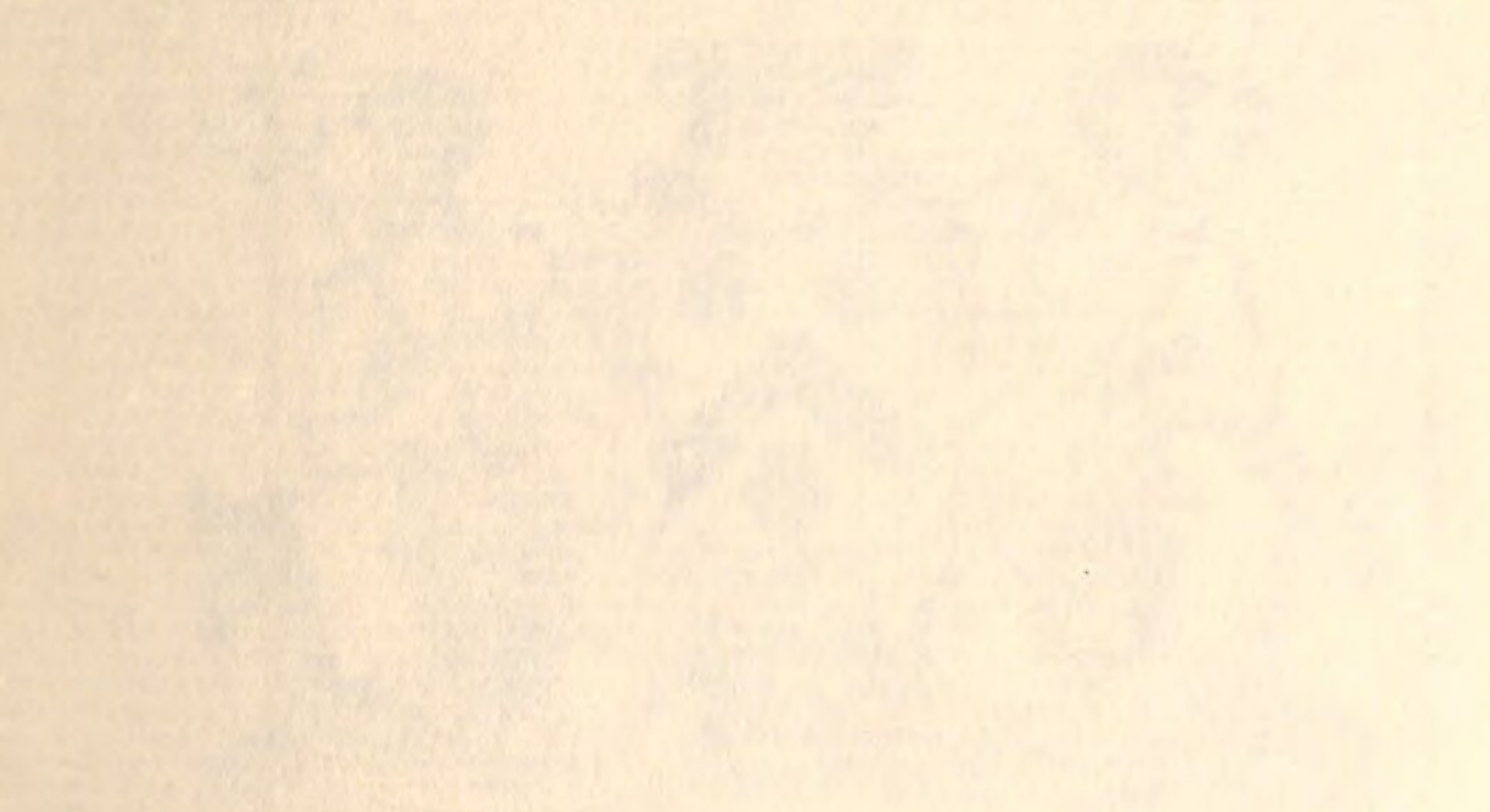
GEORGE AND LYTTELTON

Illustrated by George and Lytton

London: George and Lytton

Printed by George and Lytton

1871



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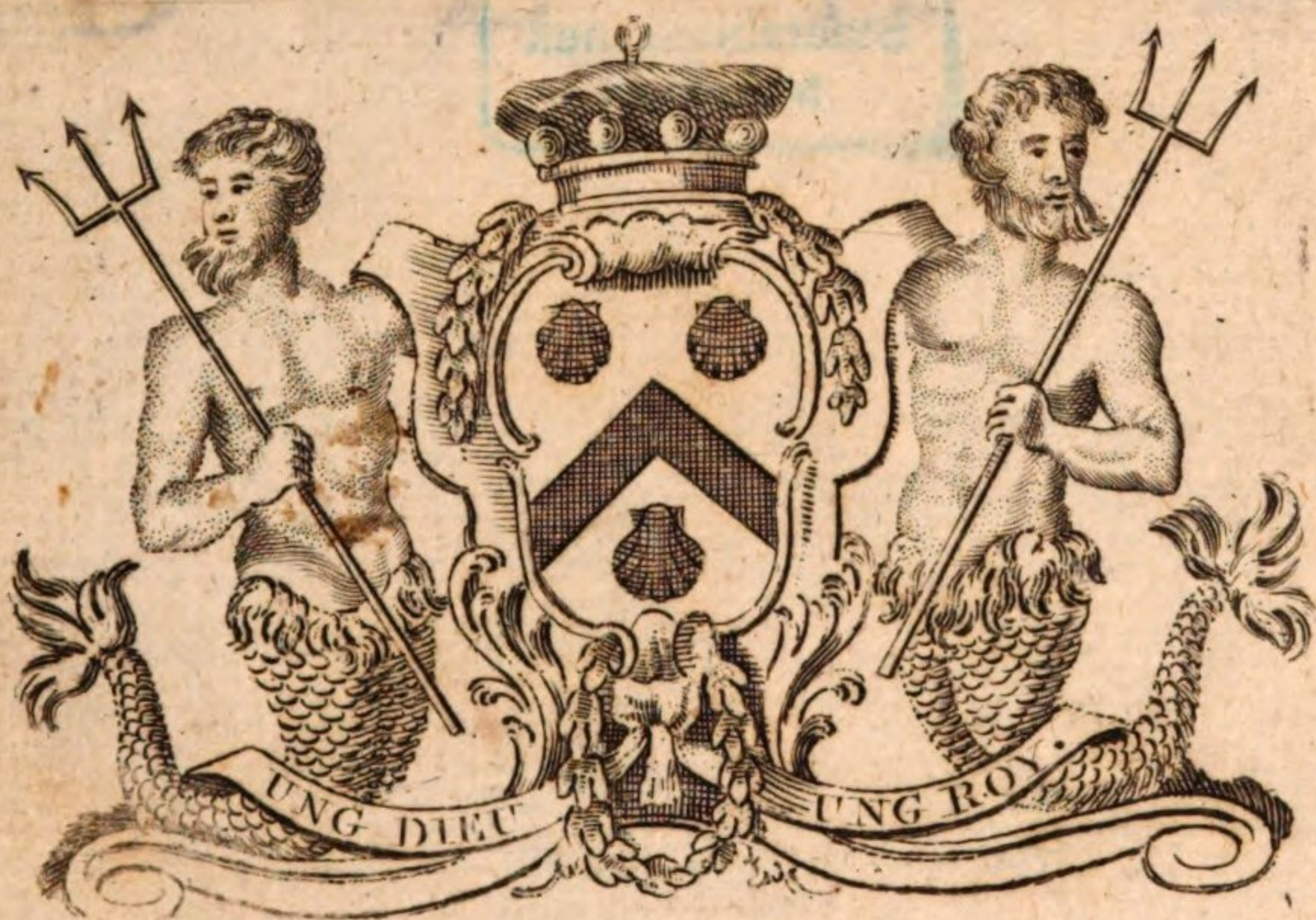
GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON;

Formerly printed separately, and now first collected
together:

With some other PIECES, never before printed.

Published by GEORGE EDWARD AYSCOUGH, Esq.

V O L. II.



D U B L I N:

Printed by G. FAULKNER, in Parliament-street,
M.DCC.LXXIV.

Wb / 69 / 185

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D I A L O G U E S

OF THE

D E A D.

D I A L O G U E S

O F T H E

D E A D.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

FOURTH EDITION.

LUCIAN among the ancients, and among the moderns Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, and Monsieur Fontenelle, have written *Dialogues of the Dead* with a general applause. The plan they have traced out is so extensive, that the matter which lies within the compass of it can scarce be exhausted. It sets before us the history of all times and all nations, presents to the choice of a writer all characters of remarkable persons, which may best be opposed to, or compared with, each other; and is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable methods, that can be employed of conveying to the mind any critical, moral, or political observations; because the *Dramatic* spirit, which may be thrown into them, gives them more life, than they could have in dissertations, however well written. And sometimes *a new dress* may render *an old truth* more pleasing to those whom the mere love of novelty betrays into error, as it very frequently does not only the *wits*, but the *sages* of these days. Indeed one of the best services, that could now be done to mankind by any good writer, would be the bringing them back to *common sense*, from which the desire of shining by extraordinary notions has seduced great numbers, to the no small detriment of morality, and of all real knowledge.

It may be proper to observe, that in all works of this nature, the dead are often supposed, by a necessary

fary fiction, to be thoroughly informed of many particulars, which happened in times posterior to their own; and in all parts of the world, as well as in the countries to which they belonged. Thus, in Fenelon's dialogue between Gelon and Dion, the former finds fault with the conduct of the latter; and in another between Solon and the emperor Justinian, the Athenian censures the government of the Roman Legislator, and talks of the History of Procopius, as if he had read it. I have also taken the liberty that others have used, to date the several dialogues, as best suited with the purposes to which they were written, supposing some of them to have past immediately after the decease of one or more of the speakers, and others at a very great distance of time from that in which they lived. But I have not in this edition made any alteration in the dates of the former, Elysium, Minos, Mercury, Charon, and Styx, being necessary allegories in this way of writing, are occasionally used here, as they have been by Fontenelle and the archbishop of Cambray: which (if it offended any critical or pious ears) I would justify by the declaration gravely annexed to the works of all Italian writers, wherein they use such expressions: "*Se havessi nominato Fato, Fortuna, Destino, Elysio, Stige, &c. sono schorzi di penna poetica, non sentimenti di animo Catolico**."

Three of these dialogues were written by a different hand; as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the reader, without my having told it. If the friend who favoured me with them should ever write any more, I shall think that the public owes me a great obligation, for having excited a genius so capable of uniting delight with instruction, and giving to virtue and knowledge those graces, which the wit
of

* If I have named *Fate, Fortune, Destiny, Elysium, Styx, &c.* they are only the sports of a poetical pen, not the sentiments of a Catholic mind.

of the age has too often, and too successfully, employed all its skill to bestow on vice and folly.

Besides many corrections which the reader will find in this edition, four new dialogues are added, in order to complete one chief design of the work, I mean the illustrating of certain *principles* and certain *characters* of importance, by bringing in persons who have acted upon different systems, to defend their own conduct, or to explain their own notions, by free discourse with each other, and in a manner conformable to the turn of their minds, as they have been represented to us by the best authors.

The seeing this done in the compass of a small volume, may possibly induce our young gentry (for whose service it is more particularly intended) to meditate on the subjects treated of in this work: and, if they make a proper use of the lights given to them, the public, I hope, will derive some benefit from the book, when the writer is no more.

DIA-

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

DIALOGUE I

Lord FALKLAND.—Mr. HAMPDEN.

L. Falk. **A**RE not you surprized to see me in Elysium, Mr. Hampden?

Mr. Hampd. I was going to put the same question to your lordship; for doubtless, you thought me a rebel.

L. Falkl. And certainly you thought me an apostate from the commonwealth, and a supporter of tyranny.

Mr. Hampd. I own I did, and I don't wonder at the severity of your thoughts about me. The heat of the times deprived us both of our natural candour. Yet I will confess to you here, that, before I died, I began to see in our party enough to justify your apprehensions, that the civil war, which we had entered into from generous motives, from a laudable desire to preserve our free constitution, would end very unhappily, and perhaps, in the issue, destroy that constitution, even by the arms of those who pretended to be most zealous for it.

L. Falkl. And I will as frankly own to you, * that
I saw

* See the Letters, in the Sidney Collection, from the earl of Sunderland to his lady.

I saw, in the court and camp of the king, so much to alarm me for the liberty of my country, if our arms were successful, that I dreaded a victory little less than I did a defeat, and had nothing in my mouth but the word *peace*, which I constantly repeated with passionate fondness, in every council at which I was called to assist.

Mr. Hampd. I wished for peace too, as ardently as your lordship. But I saw no hopes of it. The insincerity of the king and the influence of the queen made it impossible to trust to his promises or declarations. Nay, what reliance could we reasonably have upon *laws* designed to limit and restrain the power of the crown, after he had violated *the bill of rights*, obtained with such difficulty, and containing so clear an assertion of the privileges which had been in dispute? If his conscience would allow him to break an act of parliament *made to determine the bounds of the royal prerogative*, because he thought *that the royal prerogative could have no bounds*, what legal ties could bind a conscience so prejudiced? or what effectual security could his people obtain against the obstinate malignity of such an opinion, but entirely taking from him *the power of the sword*, and enabling *themselves* to defend the laws he had past?

L. Falkl. There is evidently too much truth in what you have said. But, by taking from the king *the power of the sword*, you in reality took *all power*. It was converting the government into a *democracy*; and if he had submitted to it, he would only have preserved the name of a king. The sceptre would have been held by those who had the sword; or we must have lived in a state of perpetual anarchy, without any force, or balance in the government: a state which could not have lasted long, but would have ended in a republic or in absolute dominion.

Mr. Hampd. Your reasoning seems unanswerable. But what could we do? Let Dr. Laud and those other court-divines, who directed the king's conscience,
and

and fixed in it such principles, as made him unfit to govern a limited monarchy, though with many good qualities, and some great ones; let them, I say, answer for all the mischiefs they brought upon him and the nation.

L. Falkl. They were indeed much to blame: but those principles had gained ground before their times, and seemed the principles of our church, in opposition to the Jesuits, who had certainly gone too far in the other extream.

Mr. Hampd. It is a disgrace to our church to have taken up such opinions; and I will venture to prophesy, that our clergy, in future times, must renounce them, or they will be turned against them by those who mean their destruction. Suppose a Popish king on the throne. Will the clergy adhere to passive obedience and non-resistance? If they do, they deliver up their religion to Rome; if they do not, their practice will confute their own doctrines.

L. Falkl. Nature, Sir, will in the end be sure to set right whatever opinion contradicts her great laws, let who will be the teacher. But, indeed, the more I reflect on those miserable times in which we both lived, the more I esteem it a favour of Providence to us that we were cut off so soon. *The most grievous misfortune that can befall a virtuous man, is to be in such a state, that he can hardly so act as to approve his own conduct.* We could not easily make a step, either forward or backward, without great hazard of guilt, or at least of dishonour. We were unhappily entangled in connections with men who did not mean so well as ourselves, or did not judge so rightly. If we endeavoured to stop them, they thought us false to the cause: if we went on with them, we ran directly upon rocks, which we saw, but could not avoid. Nor could we take shelter in a philosophical retreat from business. Inaction would have been in us cowardice and desertion. To compleat the public calamities, a religious fury, on both sides, mingled itself with the
rage

rage of our civil diffentions, more frantic than that, more implacable, more averse to all healing measures. The most intemperate counsels were thought the most *pious*; and a regard to the laws, if they opposed the suggestions of these fiery zealots, was accounted *irreligion*. This added new difficulties to what was before but too difficult in itself, the settling of a nation which no longer could put any confidence in its sovereign, nor lay more restraints on the royal authority without destroying the balance of the whole constitution. In these circumstances, the balls, that pierced our hearts, were directed thither by the hands of our guardian angels, to deliver us from horrors we could not support, and perhaps from a guilt our souls abhorred.

Mr. Hampd. Indeed things were brought to so deplorable a state, that, if either of us had seen his party triumphant, he must have lamented that triumph as the ruin of his country. Were I to return into life, the experience I have had would make me very cautious, how I kindled the sparks of civil war in England: for I have seen, that, when once that devouring fire is lighted, it is not in the power of the head of a party to say to the conflagration, *Thus far shalt thou go, and here shall thy violence stop.*

L. Falkl. The conversation we have had, as well as the reflexions of my own mind on past events, would, if I were condemned to my body again, teach me great moderation in my judgments of persons, who might happen to differ from me in difficult scenes of public action: they would entirely cure me of the *spirit of party*, and make me think, that, as in the church, so also in the state, no evil is more to be feared than a rancorous and enthusiastical zeal.

DIALOGUE. II.

LOUIS LE GRAND. — PETER THE GREAT.

Louis. **W**H O, Sir, could have thought, when you were learning the trade of a shipwright in the dock-yards of England and Holland, that you would ever acquire, as I had done, the surname of Great?

Peter. Which of us best deserved that title, posterity will decide. But my greatness appeared sufficiently in that very act which seemed to you a debasement.

Louis. The dignity of a king does not stoop to such mean employments. For my own part, I was careful never to appear to the eyes of my subjects or foreigners, but in all the splendor and majesty of royal power.

Peter. Had I remained on the throne of Russia, as my ancestors did, environed with all the pomp of barbarous greatness, I should have been idolized by my people, as much, at least, as you ever were by the French. My despotism was more absolute, their servitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed their evil customs; have taught them arts, civility, navigation, and war; have exalted them from brutes in human shapes into men. In this was seen the extraordinary force of genius beyond any comparison with all other kings, that I thought it no degradation, or diminution of my greatness, to descend from my throne, and go and work in the dock-yards of a foreign republic; to serve as a private sailor in my own fleets, and as a common soldier in my own army; till I had raised myself by my merit in all the several steps and degrees of promotion, up to the highest command, and had thus induced my nobility to submit to a regular subordination in the sea and land-service, by a lesson hard to
their

their pride, and which they would not have learnt from any other master, or by any other method of instruction.

Louis. I am forced to acknowledge, that it was a great act. When I thought it a mean one, my judgment was perverted by the prejudices arising from my own education, and the ridicule thrown upon it by some of my courtiers, whose minds were too narrow to be able to comprehend the greatness of your's in that situation.

Peter. It was an act of more heroism than any ever done by Alexander or Cæsar. Nor would I consent to exchange my glory with their's. They both did great things; but they were at the head of great nations, far superior in valour and military skill to those with whom they contended. I was the king of an ignorant, undisciplined, barbarous people. My enemies were at first so superior to my subjects, that ten thousand of them could beat a hundred thousand Russians. They had formidable navies: I had not a ship. The king of Sweden was a prince of the most intrepid courage, assisted by generals of consummate knowledge in war, and served by soldiers so disciplined, that they were become the admiration and terror of Europe. Yet I vanquished these soldiers; I drove that prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at sea, as well as land; I *new-created* my people; I gave them arts, science, policy; I enabled them to keep all the powers of the North in awe and dependence, to give kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman emperors, to mix with great weight in the affairs of all Europe. What other man has ever done such wonders as these? Read all the records of antient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in comparison with me!

Louis. Your glory would indeed have been supreme and unequalled, if, in civilizing your subjects, you had reformed the brutality of your own manners, and the barbarous vices of your nature. But, alas! the

legislator and reformer of the Muscovites was drunken and cruel.

Peter. My drunkenness I confess : nor will I plead, to excuse it, the example of Alexander. It inflamed the tempers of both, which were by nature too fiery, into furious passions of anger, and produced actions, of which our reason, when sober, was ashamed. But the cruelty you upbraid me with may in some degree be excused, as necessary to the work I had to perform. Fear of punishment was in the hearts of my barbarous subjects the only principle of obedience. To make them respect the royal authority, I was obliged to arm it with all the terrors of rage. You had a more pliant people to govern, a people whose minds could be ruled like a fine managed horse, with an easy and gentle rein. The fear of shame did more with them than the fear of the *knout* could do with the Russians. The humanity of your character and the ferocity of mine were equally suitable to the nations over which we reigned. But what excuse can you find for the cruel violence you employed against your Protestant subjects? They desired nothing but to live under the protection of laws you yourself had confirmed ; and they repaid that protection by the most hearty zeal for your service. Yet these did you force, by the most inhuman severities, either to quit the religion in which they were bred, and which their consciences still retained, or to leave their native land, and endure all the woes of a perpetual exile. If the rules of policy could not hinder you from thus depopulating your kingdom, and transferring to foreign countries its manufactures and commerce, I am surprised that your heart itself did not stop you. It makes one shudder to think, that such orders should be sent from the most polished court in Europe, as the most savage Tartars could hardly have executed without remorse and compassion.

Louis. It was not my heart, but my religion, that dictated these severities. My confessor told me, they alone would atone for all my sins.

Peter.

Peter. Had I believed in my patriarch, as you believed in your priest, I should not have been the great monarch that I was. — But I mean not to detract from the merit of a prince whose memory is dear to his subjects. They are proud of having obeyed you, which is certainly the highest praise to a king. My people also date their glory from the æra of my reign. But there is this capital distinction between us. The pomp and pageantry of state were necessary to your greatness: I was great in myself, great in the energy and powers of my mind, great in the superiority and *sovereignty* of my soul over all other men.

D I A L O G U E III.

PLATO.—FENELON.

Plato. **W**ELCOME to Elysium, O thou, the most pure, the most gentle, the most refined disciple of philosophy that the world, in modern times, has produced! Sage Fenelon, welcome! — I need not name myself to you. Our souls by sympathy must know one another.

Fen. I know you to be Plato the most amiable of all the disciples of Socrates, and the philosopher of all antiquity whom I most desired to resemble.

Plato. Homer and Orpheus are impatient to see you in that region of these happy fields, which their shades inhabit. They both acknowledge you to be a great poet, though you have written no verses. And they are now busy in composing for you unfading wreaths of all the finest and sweetest Elysian flowers. But I will lead you from them to the sacred grove of philosophy, on the highest hill of Elysium, where the air is most pure and most serene. I will conduct you to the fountain of wisdom, in which you will see, as in your own writings, the fair image

of Virtue perpetually reflected. It will raise in you more love than was felt by Narcissus, when he contemplated the beauty of his own face in the unruffled spring. But you shall not pine, as he did, for a shadow. The goddess herself will affectionately meet your embraces and mingle with your soul.

Fen. I find you retain the allegorical and poetical style, of which you were so fond in many of your writings. Mine also ran sometimes into poetry, particularly in my *Telemachus*, which I meant to make a kind of epic composition. But I dare not rank myself among the great poets, nor pretend to any equality in oratory with you, the most eloquent of philosophers, on whose lips the Attic bees distilled all their honey.

Plato. The French language is not so harmonious as the Greek: yet you have given a sweetness to it, which equally charms the ear and heart. When one reads your compositions, one thinks that one hears Apollo's lyre, strung by the hands of the Graces, and tuned by the muses. The idea of a *perfect king*, which you have exhibited in your *Telemachus*, far excels, in my own judgment, my imaginary *republic*. Your *Dialogues* breathe the pure spirit of virtue, of unaffected good sense, of just criticism, of fine taste. They are in general as superior to your countryman Fontenelle's, as reason is to false wit, or truth to affectation. The greatest fault of them, I think, is that some are too short.

Fen. It has been objected to them, and I am sensible of it myself, that most of them are too full of *common-place morals*. But I wrote them for the instruction of a young prince: and one cannot too forcibly imprint on the minds of those who are born to empire the most simple truths: because, as they grow up the flattery of a court will try to disguise and conceal from them those truths, and to eradicate from their hearts the love of their duty, if it has not taken there a very deep root.

Plato.

Plato. It is indeed the peculiar misfortune of princes, that they are often instructed with great care in the refinements of policy, and not taught the first principles of moral obligations, or taught so superficially, that the virtuous man is soon lost in the corrupt politician. But the lessons of virtue you gave your royal pupil are so graced by the charms of your eloquence, that the oldest and wisest men may attend to them with pleasure. All your writings are embellished with a sublime and agreeable imagination, which gives elegance to simplicity, and dignity to the most vulgar and obvious truths. I have heard, indeed, that your countrymen are less sensible of the beauty of your genius and style than any of their neighbours. What hath so much depraved their taste?

Fen. That which depraved the taste of the Romans after the age of Augustus; an immoderate love of *wit*, of *paradox*, of *refinement*. The works of their writers, like the faces of their women, must be painted and adorned with artificial embellishments to attract their regards. And thus the natural beauty of both is lost. But it is no wonder if few of them esteem my *Telemachus*; as the maxims I have principally inculcated there are thought by many inconsistent with the grandeur of their monarchy, and with the splendor of a refined and opulent nation. They seem generally to be falling into opinions, that the chief end of society is to procure the pleasures of luxury; that a nice and elegant taste of voluptuous enjoyments is the perfection of merit; and that a king, who is gallant, magnificent, liberal, who builds a fine palace, who furnishes it well with good statues and pictures, who encourages the fine arts, and makes them subservient to every modish vice, who has a restless ambition, a perfidious policy, and a spirit of conquest, is better for them than a Numa, or a Marcus Aurelius. Whereas to check the excesses of luxury, those excesses I mean which enfeeble the spirit of a nation; to ease the people, as much as is possible,

possible, of the burthen of taxes; to give them the blessings of peace and tranquillity, when they can be obtained without injury or dishonour; to make them frugal, and hardy, and masculine in the temper of their bodies and minds, that they may be the fitter for war whenever it does come upon them; but above all to watch diligently over their morals, and discourage whatever may defile or corrupt them, is the great business of government, and ought to be in all circumstances the principal object of a wise legislature. Unquestionably *that is the happiest country which has most virtue in it*: and to the eye of sober reason the poorest Swiss canton is a much nobler state than the kingdom of France, if it has more liberty, better morals, a more settled tranquillity, more moderation in prosperity, and more firmness in danger.

Plato. Your notions are just; and if your country rejects them, she will not long hold the rank of the first nation in Europe. Her declension is begun, her ruin approaches. For, omitting all other arguments, can a state be well served, when the raising of an opulent fortune in its service, and making a splendid use of that fortune, is a distinction more envied than any which arises from integrity in office, or public spirit in government? can that spirit, which is the parent of national greatness, continue vigorous and diffusive, where the desire of wealth, for the sake of a luxury which wealth alone can support, and an ambition aspiring, not to glory, but to profit, are the predominant passions? If it exists in a king, or a minister of state, how will either of them find, among a people so disposed, the necessary instruments to execute his great designs; or rather, what obstruction will he not find from the continual opposition of private interest to public? But if, on the contrary, a court inclines to tyranny, what a facility will be given by these dispositions to that evil purpose! how will men, with minds relaxed by the enervating ease and softness

softness of luxury, have vigour to oppose it! will not most of them lean to servitude, *as their natural state*, as that in which the extravagant and insatiable cravings of their artificial wants may best be gratified at the charge of a bountiful master, or by the spoils of an enslaved and ruined people? when all sense of public virtue is thus destroyed, will not fraud, corruption, and avarice, or the opposite workings of court-factions to bring disgrace on each other, ruin armies and fleets without the help of an enemy, and give up the independence of the nation to foreigners, after having betrayed its liberties to a king? All these mischiefs you saw attendant on that luxury, which some modern philosophers account (as I am informed) the highest good to a state. Time will shew that their doctrines are pernicious to society, pernicious to government; and that your's, tempered and moderated, so as to render them more practicable in the present circumstances of your country, are wise, salutary, and deserving of the general thanks of mankind. But, lest you should think, from the praise I have given you, that flattery can find a place in Elysium, allow me to lament, with the tender sorrow of a friend, that a man so superior to all other follies could give into the *reveries* of a madame Guyon, a distracted enthusiast. How strange was it to see *the two great lights of France*, you and the bishop of Meaux, engaged in a controversy, whether a *mad-woman* was a *heretic* or a *saint*!

Fen. I confess my own weakness, and the ridiculousness of the dispute. But did not your warm imagination carry you also into some *reveries* about *divine love*, in which you talked unintelligibly, even to yourself?

Plato. I felt something more than I was able to express.

Fen. I had my *feelings* too, as fine and as lively as your's. But we should both have done better to have avoided

avoided those subjects, in which *sentiment* took the place of *reason*.

D I A L O G U E IV.

Mr. ADDISON.—Dr. SWIFT.

Swift. SURELY, Addison, Fortune was exceedingly inclined to play the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a *minister of state*, and me a *divine*!

Addis. I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you don't mean to insinuate, that all would have been right, if our destinies had been reversed?

Swift. Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent bishop; and I should have governed Great Britain, as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

Addis. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never understood that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are very different things.

Swift. Ay; so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by seasonably putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times, when the nation itself is a mob, and ought to be treated as such by a skilful observer.

Addis. I don't deny the truth of your proposition. But is there no danger, that, from the natural vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may: but I risked it; and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me, instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority? And if I could make myself so considerable,
when

when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either house of parliament, what should I have done, if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation that would have enabled me to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

Addis. You would undoubtedly have done very marvellous acts! Perhaps you might then have been as zealous a whig as my lord Wharton himself. Or, if the whigs had unhappily offended *the statesman*, as they did *the doctor*, who knows whether you might not have brought in the pretender? Pray let me ask you one question between you and me. If your great talents had raised you to the office of first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary; are you witty upon me? do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he, or his master, could make you as great in wit, as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must be given *from above*. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And, though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my good friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough in your nature, to pretend to a competition in that point with me.

Addis. I have been told by my friends that I was rather too modest. So I will not determine this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the God of wit, who fortunately happens to be coming this way, with a soul he has brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! a question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave —

MERCURY. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you — How does my old lad? how does honest Lemuel Gulliver? have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the *flying island*,
or

or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray when did you *eat a crust with lord Peter*? is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear that, since you published the history of his case, the poor fellow, by more gentle usage, is almost got well. If he had but more food, he would be as much in his senses as *brother Martin* himself. But Martin, they tell me, has lately spawned a strange brood of Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonsians, who are madder than ever Jack was in his worst days. It is a great pity you are not alive again, to make a new edition of your *Tale of the Tub* for the use of these fellows. — Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of my old friend the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided, before the judge has heard the cause.

Addis. I own it is, in your favour; — but —

MERCURY. Don't be discouraged, friend Addison: Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another. He worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer. But yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you. — Sir Roger de Coverly, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the *Freeholder*, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of unaffected wit and humour in your admirable writings, have obtained for you a high place in the class of *my authors*, though not quite so high a one as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have got before him, if the decency of your nature and the cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But, allowing, that in the force and spirit of his wit he has really the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in shewing the mild lights and shades of a character; in distinctly

ly marking each line, and every soft gradation of tints, which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade. even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we *venerate*, even while we are *laughing*! Swift was able to do nothing that approaches to this. — He could draw an ill face, or caricature a good one, with a masterly hand: but there was all his power: and, if I am to speak as a *god*, a worthless power it is. Your's is divine. It tends to exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good MERCURY, (if I may have liberty to say a word for myself) do you think that my talent was not highly beneficial to *correct* human nature? is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

MERCURY. Men are generally not so patient of whipping as boys: and *a rough satirist* is seldom known to mend them. Satire, like antimony, if it be used as a medicine, must be rendered less corrosive. Your's is often rank poison. But I will allow that you have done some good in your way, though not half so much as Addison did in his.

Addis. Mercury, I am satisfied. It matters little what rank you assign me as a wit, if you give me the precedence as a friend and benefactor to mankind.

MERCURY. I pass sentence on the *writers*, not the *men*. And my decree is this. When any hero is brought hither, who wants to be humbled, let the task of lowering his arrogance be assigned to Swift. The same good office may be done to a philosopher vain of his wisdom and virtue, or to a bigot puffed up with spiritual pride. The doctor's discipline will soon convince the first, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a *yahoo*; and the latter, that to be *holy* he must necessarily be *humble*. I would also have him apply his *anticosmetic wash* to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant.

tulant wit. But Addison should be employed to comfort those, whose delicate minds are dejected with too painful a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them he should hold his fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight their hidden excellencies, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium. — Adieu: continue to esteem and love each other as you did in the other world, though you were of opposite parties, and (what is still more wonderful) *rival wits*. This alone is sufficient to entitle you both to Elysium.

DIALOGUE V.

ULYSSES. — CIRCE. *In CIRCE's Island*.*

Circe. **Y**OU will go then, Ulysses; but tell me without reserve — What carries you from me?

Ulyss. Pardon, goddess, the weakness of human nature. My heart will sigh for my country. It is an attachment which all my admiration of you cannot entirely overcome.

Circe. This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: but what, Ulysses, do you fear? my terrors are gone. The proudest goddess on earth, when she has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

Ulyss. It may be so, while there still remains in her heart the tenderness of love, or in her mind the fear of shame. But you, Circe, are above those vulgar sensations.

Circe. I understand your caution; it belongs to your character:

* N. B. This cannot be properly called a Dialogue of the Dead; but we have one of the same kind among Cambray's Dialogues, between Ulysses and his companion Grillus, when turned to a boar by the enchantments of Circe; and two or three others, that are supposed to have past between living persons.

character: and therefore, to remove all diffidence from you, I swear by Styx, I will do no manner of harm, either to you, or your friends, for any thing which you say, however offensive it may be to my love or my pride; but will send you away from my island with all marks of my friendship. Tell me now truly, what pleasures you hope to enjoy in the barren rock of Ithaca, which can compensate for those you leave in this paradise, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

Ulyss. The pleasures of virtue; the supreme happiness of doing good. Here I do nothing. My mind is in a palsy: all its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action, that I may worthily employ those talents, which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me. They are the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than these vacant groves. There I could reap the bright harvest of glory; here I am hid, like a coward, from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of *my former self* haunts and seems to upbraid me, wheresoever I go. I meet it under the gloom of every shade: it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides me from your arms. O goddess, unless you have power to lay that spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

Circe. May not a wise and good man, who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, be permitted to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

Ulyss. No retreat can be honourable to a wise and good man, but in company with the Muses. Here I am deprived of that sacred society. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, or think, while such a number of beasts (and the worst beasts are men turn-

ed into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting all about me?

Circe. There may be something in this: but this, I know, is not all. You suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of *your former self*, which appears to you in this island; which follows your walks; which more particularly interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my arms. It is Penelope, Ulysses, I know it is. — Don't pretend to deny it. You sigh for Penelope in my bosom itself. — And yet she is not an immortal. — She is not, as I am, endowed by nature with the gift of unfading youth. Several years have passed since her's has been faded. I might say without vanity that in her best days she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

Ulyss. You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired about her, that she is faithful to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as at the time when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of youth and beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falsehood? shall I forget my Penelope, who can't forget me; who has no pleasure so dear to her as my remembrance?

Circe. Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her. Let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode with me, that you have fixed it for ever. Let her know that she is free to dispose as she pleases of her heart and her hand. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face. — If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you don't hear of her marrying Eury-machus in a twelve-month, I understand nothing of womankind.

Ulyss. O cruel goddess! why will you force me to tell you truths I desire to conceal? If by such unmerited,

merited, such barbarous usage, I could lose her heart, it would break mine. How should I be able to endure the torment of thinking, that I had wronged such a wife? what could make me amends for her being no longer mine, for her being another's? Don't frown, Circe; I must own, (since you will have me speak) I must own *you* could not. — With all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not so powerful a charmer as she. You feel *desire*, and you give it: but you have never felt *love*, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero. Her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than death to herself. She bid me expose myself there to all the perils of war among the foremost heroes of Greece, though her poor heart sunk and trembled at every thought of those perils, and would have given all its own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations! When Minerva was teaching me the lessons of wisdom, she delighted to be present; she heard, she retained, she gave them back to me, softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musæus and Linus, with what taste did she discern every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the Muse who had inspired those verses, and had tuned their lyres to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the Gods. How beneficent was she, how tender to my people! what care did she take to instruct them in all the finer elegant arts; to relieve the necessities of the sick and aged; to superintend the education of children; to do my subjects every good office of kind intercession; to lay before me their wants, to mediate

mediate for those who were objects of mercy, to sue for those who deserved the favours of the crown: And shall I banish myself for ever from such a consort? shall I give up her society for the brutal joys of sensual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having lost the human soul, or at least all its noble and godlike powers? Oh Circe, it is impossible; I can't bear the thought.

Circe. Be gone—don't imagine that I ask you to stay. *The daughter of the sun* is not so mean-spirited, as to solicit a mortal to share her happiness with her. It is a happiness which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity and despise you. All you have said seems to me a jargon of sentiments fitter for a silly woman than a great man. Go, read, and spin too, if you please, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my island. You shall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every storm, that Neptune can raise, pursue and overwhelm you!—Be gone, I say, quit my sight.

Ulyss. Great goddess, I obey—but remember your oath.—

DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY.—AN ENGLISH DUELLIST.—A NORTH-AMERICAN SAVAGE.

Duell. **M**ERCURY, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before saw one of that species. He looks very grim.—Pray, sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Sav. Yes, I learnt it in my childhood, having been bred for some years among the English of New York. But, before I was a man, I returned to my valiant countrymen, the Mohawks; and having been villainously

ously cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the late war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my brethren were victorious; and, before I was shot, I had gloriously scalped seven men, and five women and children. In a former war I had performed still greater exploits. My name is *the Bloody Bear*: it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

Duell. *Bloody Bear*, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat; but don't understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Sav. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its customs. But, by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duell. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a sum of money. After two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park. The fellow could not fence: I was absolutely the adroitest swordsman in England. So I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any snivelling signs of contrition or repentance: and he will follow me soon; for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said,

that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged, and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.—I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling-hospital.

Sav. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman: he has murdered his friend: I say positively, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

Merc. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

Sav. Don't tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject, in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know indeed, that the English are *a barbarous nation*; but they can't possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Merc. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder; you, who have frequently massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradle?

Sav. I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend:—Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it instantly in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am determined to swim over the water.

Merc. By this touch of my wand I deprive thee of all thy strength.—Swim now if thou canst.

Sav. This is a potent enchanter.—Restore me my strength, and I promise to obey thee.

Merc. I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you: otherwise worse will befall you.

Duell.

Duell. Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

Sav. I know thou art a scoundrel. — Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend who lent thee money for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

Merc. Stop. — I command thee. No violence. — Talk to him calmly.

Sav. I must obey thee. — Well, sir, let me know what merit you had, to introduce you into good company? what could you do?

Duell. Sir, I gamed, as I told you. — Besides, I kept a good table. I *eat* as well as any man either in England or France.

Sav. *Eat!* did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder! There is *fine eating!* I have eat twenty. — My table was always *well served*. My wife was esteemed the best cook for the dressing of man's flesh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your *eating* with mine?

Duell. I danced very finely.

Sav. I'll dance with thee for thy ears. — I can dance all day long. I can dance the *war-dance* with more spirit than any man of my nation. Let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast never yet learnt. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging *rascal*?

Duell. O heavens! must I bear this! What can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword, nor pistol. And his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Merc. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths, which you must necessarily hear when you come before Rha-

damanthus. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

Duell. I sung very agreeably.

Sav. Let me hear you sing your *death* song, or the *war whoop*. I challenge you to sing. — Come, begin. — The fellow is mute. — Mercury, this is a *liar*. — He has told us nothing but *lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duell. *The lie given me!* — and alas! I dare not resent it. What an indelible disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! This indeed is *Damnation*.

Mer. Here, Charon, take these two Savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the other, for the Englishman? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but here it cannot avail. The spirit that urged him to draw his sword against his friend is not that of *honour*; it is the spirit of the Furies, and to them he must go.

Sav. If he is to be punished for his wickedness, turn him over to me. I perfectly understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this *kick on your breech*.

Duell. Oh my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

DIALOGUE VII.

PLINY THE ELDER. — PLINY THE YOUNGER.

E. Pliny. **T**HE account that you give me*, nephew, of your behaviour, amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than of true magnanimity. Nothing is
great

* V. C. Plinii Epist. l. vi. ep. 20.

great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth was shaking beneath you, when the whole heaven was darkened with sulphureous clouds; when all nature seemed falling into its final destruction, to be *reading* Livy, and *making extracts*, was an absurd affectation. To meet danger with courage is manly; but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility, where it cannot be supposed, is ridiculous falseness. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother, and save yourself without her, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that tremendous scene, by shewing yourself undismayed. But the real merit and glory of this part of your behaviour is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

Y. Pliny. That vulgar minds should consider my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture as unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder. But that you would blame it as such, I did not apprehend; you, whom no business could separate from the Muses; you, who approached nearer to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

E. Pliny. I died in doing my duty*. Let me recall to your remembrance all the particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your behaviour and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet which then lay at Misenum. On the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out, to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phænomenon, and endeavour to discover its nature and cause. This I did, as a philosopher; and it was a curiosity proper and natural to an inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have gone; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent.

When

* V. Epist. 16. l. vi.

When I came out from my house, I found all the inhabitants of Misenum flying to the sea. That I might assist them, and all others, who dwelt on the coast, I immediately commanded the whole fleet to put out, and sailed with it all round the bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the affrighted people were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I happily preserved some thousands of lives; noting at the same time, with an unshaken composure and freedom of mind, the several phænomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, our gallees were covered with ashes, the showers of which grew continually hotter and hotter; then pumice stones, and burnt and broken *pyrites*, began to fall on our heads; and we were stopt by the obstacles which the ruins of the vulcano had suddenly formed, by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up, on that part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which, you know, was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore as he was desirous to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. The family watched, and I slept; till the heaps of pumice stones, which incessantly fell from the clouds, that had by this time been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that, if I had staid any longer, I could not have got out; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house. We therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads, as well as we were able, with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing contrary, and the sea very rough, we all remained on the shore, till the descent of a sulphureous and fiery vapour suddenly oppressed my weak lungs, and put

put an end to my life. In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your conduct, I must say, my dear nephew, there was a mixture of vanity blended with your virtue, which impaired and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men whom Rome has ever produced: for none excelled you in sincere integrity of heart and greatness of sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory, by seeking the shadow? — Your eloquence had, I think, the same fault as your manners: it was generally too *affected*. You professed to make Cicero your guide and pattern. But when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and your's upon Trajan; the first seems the genuine language of truth and nature, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime oratory: the latter appears the harangue of a florid *rhetorician*, more desirous to *shine*, and to set off his own wit, than to extol the great man whose virtues he was praising.

E. Pliny. I will not question your judgment either of my life or my writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. It is perhaps some excuse for the affectation of my style, that it was the fashion of the age in which I wrote. Even the eloquence of Tacitus, however nervous and sublime, was not unaffected. Mine indeed was more diffuse, and the ornaments of it were more tawdry; but his laboured conciseness, the constant *glow* of his diction, and pointed *brilliancy* of his sentences, were no less unnatural. One principal cause of this I suppose to have been, that as we despaired of excelling the two great masters of oratory, Cicero and Livy, in their own manner, we took up another, which, to many, appeared more shining, and gave our compositions a more original air. But it is mortifying to me to say much on this subject.

Permit

Permit me therefore to resume the contemplation of that on which our conversation turned before. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have been describing! Don't you remember the beauty of that fine coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was torn with the violence of those internal fires, that forced their way through its surface. The foot of it was covered with corn fields and rich meadows, interspersed with splendid villas, and magnificent towns: the sides of it were cloathed with the best vines in Italy. How quick, how unexpected, how terrible was the change! All was at once overwhelmed, with ashes, cinders, broken rocks, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and desolation!

E. Pliny. You paint it very truly. — But has it never occurred to your philosophical mind, that this change is a striking emblem of that which must happen, by the natural course of things, to every rich, luxurious state! While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they imagine that no evil, no danger is nigh, the latent seeds of destruction are fermenting within; till, breaking out on a sudden, they lay waste all their opulence, all their boasted delights; and leave them a sad monument of the fatal effects of internal tempests and convulsions.

DIALOGUE VIII.

FERNANDO CORTEZ. — WILLIAM PENN.

Cortez. **I**S it possible, William Penn, that you should seriously compare your glory with mine! the planter of a small colony in North-America presume to vie with the conqueror of the great Mexican empire!

Penn. Friend, I pretend to no glory, — the LORD preserve me from it! — All glory is *his*; — but this I say,

say, that I was *his instrument* in a more glorious work than that performed by thee: incomparably more glorious.

Cortez. Dost thou not know, William Penn, that with less than six hundred Spanish foot, eighteen horse, and a few small pieces of cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable armies of very brave men, de-throned an emperor who had been raised to the throne by his valour, and excelled all his countrymen in the science of war, as much as they excelled all the rest of the West Indian nations? that I made him my prisoner in his own capital; and, after he had been deposed and slain by his subjects, vanquished and took Guatimozin, his successor, and accomplished my conquest of the whole empire of Mexico, which I loyally annexed to the Spanish crown? Dost thou not know, that, in doing these wonderful acts, I shewed as much courage as Alexander the Great, as much prudence as Cæsar? that, by my policy, I ranged under my banners the powerful commonwealth of Tlascala, and brought them to assist me in subduing the Mexicans, though with the loss of their own beloved independence? and that, to consummate my glory, when the governor of Cuba, Velasquez, would have taken my command from me, and sacrificed me to his envy and jealousy, I drew from him all his forces, and joined them to my own, shewing myself as superior to all other Spaniards as I was to the Indians?

Penn. I know very well that thou wast as fierce as a lion, and as subtle as a serpent. The devil, perhaps, may place thee as high *in his black list of heroes* as Alexander or Cæsar. It is not my business to interfere with him in settling thy rank. But hark thee, friend Cortez — What right hadst thou, or had the king of Spain himself, to the Mexican empire? Answer me that, if thou canst.

Cortez. The pope gave it to my master.

Penn. The devil offered to give our LORD all the
kingdoms

kingdoms of the earth; and I suppose the pope, as *his vicar*, gave thy master this: in return for which he *fell down and worshipped him*, like an idolater as he was. But suppose the high priest of Mexico had taken it into his head to give Spain to Montezuma, would his grant have been good?

Cortez. These are questions of casuistry, which it is not the business of a soldier to decide. We leave that to gownsmen. But pray, Mr. Penn, what right had you to the province you settled.

Penn. An honest right of fair purchase. We gave the native savages some things they wanted, and they in return gave us lands they did not want. All was amicably agreed on, not a drop of blood shed to stain our acquisition.

Cortez. I am afraid there was a little *fraud* in the purchase. Thy followers, William Penn, are said to think cheating in a quiet and sober way no mortal sin.

Penn. The saints are always calumniated by the ungodly. But it was a sight which an angel might contemplate with delight, to behold the colony I settled! to see us living with the Indians like innocent lambs, and taming the ferocity of their barbarous manners by the gentleness of ours! to see the whole country, which before was an uncultivated wilderness, rendered as fertile and fair as the garden of God! O Fernando Cortez, Fernando Cortez! didst thou leave the great empire of Mexico in that state? No, thou hadst turned those delightful and populous regions into a desert, a desert flooded with blood. Dost thou not remember that most infernal scene, when the noble emperor Guatimozin was stretched out by thy soldiers upon hot burning coals, to make him discover into what part of the lake of Mexico he had thrown the royal treasures? are not his groans ever sounding in the ears of thy conscience? do not they rend thy hard heart, and strike thee with more horror than the yells of the Furies?

Cortez.

Cortez. Alas! I was not present when that dire act was done. Had I been there, I would have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

Penn. Thou wast the captain of that band of robbers, who did this horrid deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy counsels and conduct enabled them to commit it: and thy skill saved them afterwards from the vengeance that was due to so enormous a crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly punished them for it, if they had not had thee for their general, thou *lieutenant of Satan*.

Cortez. The *saints* I find can *rail*, William Penn. But how do you hope to preserve this *admirable* colony which you have settled? Your people, you tell me, live *like innocent lambs*. Are there no *wolves* in North America to devour those *lambs*? But if the Americans should continue in perpetual peace with all your successors there, the French will not. Are the inhabitants of Pennsylvania to make war against *them* with prayers and preaching? If so, that garden of God, which you say you have planted, will undoubtedly be their prey, and they will take from you your property, your laws, and your religion.

Penn. The LORD's will be done! The LORD will defend us, against the rage of our enemies, if it be his good pleasure.

Cortez. Is this the wisdom of a great legislator? I have heard some of your countrymen compare you to Solon! did Solon, think you, give laws to a people, and leave those laws and that people at the mercy of every invader? The first business of legislature is, to provide a military strength that may defend the whole system. If a house is built in a land of robbers, without a gate to shut, or a bolt or bar to secure it, what avails it how well proportioned, or how commodious, the architecture of it may be? Is it richly furnished within? the more it will tempt the hands of violence and of rapine to seize its wealth. The world, William Penn, is all a land of robbers. Any state or commonwealth

commonwealth erected therein must be well fenced and secured by good military institutions; or, the happier it is in all other respects, the greater will be its danger, the more speedy its destruction. Perhaps the neighbouring English colonies may for a while protect your's: but that precarious security cannot always preserve you. Your plan of government must be changed, or your colony will be lost. What I have said is also applicable to Great Britain itself. If an increase of its wealth be not accompanied with an increase of its force, that wealth will become the prey of some of the neighbouring nations, in which the martial spirit is more prevalent than the commercial. And whatever praise may be due to its civil institutions, if they are not guarded by a wise system of military policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own dissolution.

Penn. These are suggestions of human wisdom. The doctrines I held were *inspired*: they came from above.

Cortez. It is blasphemy to say, *that any folly could come from the Fountain of Wisdom.* Whatever is inconsistent with the great laws of nature, and with the necessary state of human society, cannot possibly have been inspired by God. Self-defence is as necessary to nations as to men. And shall particulars have a right which nations have not? True religion, William Penn, is the perfection of reason. Fanaticism is the disgrace, the destruction of reason.

Penn. Though what thou sayest should be true, it does not come well from thy mouth. A *Papist* talk of *reason*! Go to the Inquisition, and tell *them of reason*! and *the great laws of nature.* They will broil thee, as thy soldiers broiled the unhappy Guatimozin. Why dost thou turn pale? Is it the name of the Inquisition, or Guatimozin, that troubles and affrights thee? O wretched man! who madest thyself a voluntary instrument to carry into the new-discovered world that hellish tribunal! Tremble and shake when thou think-
est,

est, that every murder the inquisitors have committed, every torture they have inflicted on the innocent Indians, is originally owing to thee. Thou must answer to God for all their inhumanity, for all their injustice. What wouldst thou give to part with the renown of thy conquest, and to have a conscience as pure and undisturbed as mine?

Cortez. I feel the force of thy words. They pierce me like daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I retain any memory of the ills I have caused.—Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the glory of God, and propagate in the remotest parts of the earth his holy Religion. He will be merciful to well-designing and pious error. Thou also wilt have need of that gracious indulgence; though not, I own, so much as I.

Penn. Ask thy heart, whether ambition was not thy real motive, and zeal the pretence?

Cortez. Ask thine, whether thy zeal had no worldly views, and whether thou didst believe all the nonsense of the sect, at the head of which thou wast pleased to become a legislator. Adieu! — Self-examination requires retirement.

DIALOGUE IX.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO. — MESSALLA CORVINUS.

Cato. **O**H Messalla! — is it then possible that what some of our countrymen tell me should be true? Is it possible that you could live the courtier of Octavius, that you could accept of employments and honours from him, from the tyrant of your country; you, the brave, the noble-minded, the virtuous Messalla; you, whom, I remember, my son-in-law Brutus has frequently extolled, as the most promising youth in Rome, tutored by philosophy,
trained

trained up in arms, scorning all those soft, effeminate pleasures, that reconcile men to an easy and indolent servitude, fit for all the roughest tasks of honour and virtue, fit to live or to *die* a freeman?

Mess. Marcus Cato, I revere both your life and your death: but the last, permit me to tell you did no good to your country; and the former would have done more, if you could have mitigated a little the sternness of your virtue, I will not say of your pride. For my own part, I adhered with constant integrity and unwearied zeal to the republic, while the republic existed. I fought for her at Philippi, under the only commander, who, if he had conquered, would have conquered for her, not for himself. When he was dead, I saw that nothing remained to my country but *the choice of a master*. I chose *the best*.

Cato. The best! — What! a man who had broken all laws, who had violated all trusts, who had led the armies of the commonwealth against Antony, and then joined with him and that sottish traitor Lepidus, who set up a Triumvirate more execrable by far than either of the former; who shed the best blood in Rome by an inhuman proscription; murdered even his own guardian; murdered Cicero, to whose confidence, too improvidently given, he owed all his power! Was this the master you chose? could you bring your tongue to give him the name of *Augustus*? could you stoop to beg consulships and triumphs from him? O shame to virtue! O degeneracy of Rome! To what infamy are her sons, her noblest sons, fallen! The thought of it pains me more than the wound that I died of: it stabs my soul.

Mess. Moderate, Cato, the vehemence of your indignation. There has always been too much passion mixed with your virtue. The enthusiasm you are possessed with is a noble one; but it disturbs your judgment. Hear me with patience, and with the tranquillity that becomes a philosopher. It is true, that Octavius had done all you have said: but it is no less

less true, that in our circumstances he was the best master Rome could chuse. His mind was fitted by nature for empire. His understanding was clear, and strong. His passions were cool, and under the absolute command of his reason. His name gave him an authority over the troops and the people, which no other Roman could possess in an equal degree. He used that authority to restrain the excesses of both, which it was no longer in the power of the senate to repress, nor of any other general, or magistrate in the state. He restored discipline in our armies, the first means of salvation, without which no legal government could have been formed or supported. He avoided all odious and invidious names. He maintained and respected those which time and long habits had endeared to the Roman people. He permitted a generous liberty of speech. He treated the nobles of Pompey's party as well as those of his father's, if they did not themselves, for factious purposes, keep up the distinction. He formed a plan of government, moderate, decent, respectable, which left the senate its majesty, and some of its power. He restored vigour and spirit to the laws; he made new and good ones for the reformation of manners; he enforced their execution; he governed the empire with lenity, justice, and glory: he humbled the pride of the Parthians; he broke the fierceness of the barbarous nations: he gave to his country, exhausted and languishing with the great loss of blood, which she had sustained in the course of so many civil wars, the blessing of peace; a blessing which was become so necessary for her, that without it she could enjoy no other. In doing these things, I acknowledge, he had my assistance. I am prouder of it, and I think I can justify myself more effectually to my country, than if I had died by my own hand at Philippi. Believe me, Cato, it is better *to do some good* than to *project a great deal*. A little practicable virtue is of more use
to

to society than the most sublime theory, or the best principles of government ill applied.

Cato. Yet I must think it was beneath the character of Messalla to join in supporting a government, which, though coloured and mitigated, was still a tyranny. Had you not better have gone into a voluntary exile, where you would not have seen the face of the tyrant, and where you might have quietly practised those private virtues, which are all the gods require from good men in certain situations?

Mess. No: — I did much more good by continuing at Rome. Had Augustus required of me any thing, base, any thing servile, I would have gone into exile, I would have died, rather than do it. — But he respected my virtue, he respected my dignity; he treated me as well as Agrippa, or as Mæcenas, with this distinction alone, that he never employed my sword but against foreign nations, or the old enemies of the republic.

Cato. It must, I own, have been a pleasure to be employed against Antony, that monster of vice, who plotted the ruin of liberty, and the raising of himself to sovereign power, amidst the riot of Bacchanals, and in the embraces of harlots: who, when he had attained to that power, delivered it up to a lascivious queen, and would have made an Egyptian strumpet the mistress of Rome, if the battle of Actium had not saved us from *that last of misfortunes*.

Mess. In that battle I had a considerable share. So I had in encouraging the liberal arts and sciences, which Augustus protected. Under his judicious patronage the Muses made Rome their capital seat. It would have pleased you to have known Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, Livy, and many more, whose names will be illustrious to all generations.

Cato. I understand you, Messalla. Your Augustus and you, after the ruin of our liberty, made Rome a Greek city, an academy of fine wits, another Athens under the government of Demetrius Phalareus.

reus. I had much rather have seen her under Fabricius and Curius, and her other honest old consuls, who could not read.

Mess. Yet to these writers she will owe as much of her glory as she did to those heroes. I could say more, a great deal more, on the happiness of the mild dominion of Augustus. I might even add, that the vast extent of the empire, the factions of the nobility, and the corruption of the people, which no laws under the ordinary magistrates of the state were able to restrain, seemed necessarily to require some change in the government: that Cato himself, had he remained upon earth, could have done us no good, unless he would have yielded to become *our prince*. But I see you consider me as a deserter from the republic, and an apologist for a tyrant. I therefore leave you to the company of those ancient Romans, for whose society you were always much fitter than for that of your contemporaries. Cato should have lived with Fabricius and Curius, not with Pompey and Cæsar.

DIALOGUE X.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden.

Chancellor OXENSTIERN.

Christ. **Y**OU seem to avoid me, Oxenstiern; and now we are met, you don't pay me the reverence that is due to your queen! Have you forgotten that I was your sovereign?

Oxenst. I am not your subject here, madam; but have you forgotten, that you yourself broke that bond, and freed me from my allegiance, many years before you died, by abdicating the crown, against my advice and the inclination of your people? Reverence here is paid only to virtue.

Christ. I see you would mortify me, if it were in your power, for acting against your advice. But my

same does not depend upon your judgment. All Europe admired the greatness of my mind in resigning a crown, to dedicate myself entirely to the love of the sciences and the fine arts: things of which you had no taste in barbarous Sweden, the realm of Goths and Vandals.

Oxens. There is hardly any mind *too great* for a crown; but there are many *too little*. Are you sure, madam, it was magnanimity, that caused you to fly from the government of a kingdom, which your ancestors, and particularly your heroic father, Gustavus, had ruled with so much glory?

Christ. Am I sure of it? Yes:—and to confirm my own judgment, I have that of many learned men and *beaux esprits* of all countries, who have celebrated my action as the perfection of heroism.

Oxens. Those *beaux esprits* judged according to their predominant passion. I have heard young ladies express their admiration of Mark Antony for heroically leaving his fleet at the battle of Actium, to follow his mistress. Your passion for literature had the same effect upon you. But why did not you indulge it in a manner more becoming your birth and rank? why did not you bring the Muses to Sweden, instead of deserting that kingdom to seek them in Rome? For a prince to encourage and protect arts and sciences, and more especially to instruct an illiterate people, and inspire them with knowledge, politeness, and fine taste, is indeed an act of true greatness.

Christ. The Swedes were too gross to be refined by any culture, which I could have given to their dull, their half-frozen souls. Wit and genius require the influence of a more Southern climate.

Oxens. The Swedes too gross! No, madam: not even the Russians are too gross to be refined, if they had a prince to instruct them.

Christ. It was too tedious a work for the vivacity of my temper to polish bears into men: I should have died of the spleen before I had made any proficiency in

in it. My desire was to shine among those who were qualified to judge of my talents. At Paris, at Rome, I had the glory of shewing the French and Italian wits, that the North could produce *one* not inferior to them. They beheld me with wonder. The homage I had received in my palace at Stockholm was paid to my dignity : that which I drew from the French and Roman academies was paid to my talents. How much more glorious, how much more delightful to an elegant and rational mind, was the latter than the former ! Could you once have felt the joy, the transport of my heart, when I saw the greatest authors, and all the celebrated artists, in the most learned and civilized countries of Europe, bringing their works to me, and submitting the merit of them to my decisions ; when I saw the philosophers, the rhetoricians, the poets, making my judgment the standard of their reputation ; you would not wonder that I preferred the empire of wit to any other empire.

Oxenf. O great Gustavus ! my ever honoured, my adored master ! O greatest of kings, greatest in valour, in virtue, in wisdom, with what indignation must thy soul, enthroned in heaven, have looked down on thy unworthy, thy degenerate daughter ! With what shame must thou have seen her rambling about from court to court, deprived of her royal dignity, debased into a pedant, a witling, a smatterer in sculpture and painting, reduced to beg or buy flattery from each needy rhetorician, or hireling poet ! I weep to think on this stain, this dishonourable stain, to thy illustrious blood ! And yet — would to God ! would to God ! this was all the pollution it has suffered !

Christ. Darest thou, Oxenstiern, impute any blemish to my honour ?

Oxenf. Madam, the world will scarce respect the frailties of queens when they are on their thrones ; much less when they have voluntarily degraded themselves to the level of the vulgar. And if scandalous tongues have unjustly aspersed their fame, the way to clear it is not by an *assassination*.

Christ. Oh! that I were alive again, and restored to my throne, that I might punish the insolence of this hoary traitor! — But, see! he leaves me, he turns his back upon me with cool contempt! — Alas! do I not deserve this scorn? In spite of myself I must confess that I do — O vanity, how short-lived are the pleasures thou bestowest! I was thy votary: thou wast the god for whom I changed my religion. For thee I forsook my country and my throne. What compensation have I gained for all these sacrifices, so lavishly, so imprudently made? Some puffs of incense from authors, who thought their flattery due to the rank I had held, or hoped to advance themselves by my recommendation, or, at best, over-rated my passion for literature, and praised me to raise the value of those talents with which they were endowed. But in the esteem of *wise men* I stand very low; and *their esteem alone is the true measure of glory*. Nothing, I perceive, can give the mind a lasting joy, but the consciousness of having performed our duty in that station, which it has pleased the divine Providence to assign to us. The glory of virtue is solid and eternal: all other will fade away like a thin vapoury cloud, on which the casual glance of some faint beams of light has superficially imprinted their weak and transient colours.

DIALOGUE XI.

TITUS VESPASIANUS.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

Titus. **N**O — Scipio, I can't give place to you in this. — In other respects I acknowledge myself your inferior, though I was emperor of Rome, and you only her consul. I think your triumph over Carthage more glorious than mine over Judæa: but in that I gained over love I must esteem myself superior

rior to you, though your generosity with regard to the fair Celtiberian your captive has been celebrated so highly.

Scip. Fame has been then unjust to your merit: for little is said of the *continence* of Titus: but mine has been the favourite topic of eloquence in every age and country.

Titus. It has: — and in particular your great historian Livy has poured forth all the ornaments of his admirable rhetoric to embellish and dignify that part of your story. I had a great historian too, Cornelius Tacitus: but either from the brevity which he affected in writing, or from the severity of his nature, which, never having felt the passion of love, thought the subduing of it too easy a victory to deserve great encomiums, he has bestowed but three lines upon my parting with Berenicé, which cost me more pain, and greater efforts of mind, than the conquest of Jerusalem.

Scip. I wish to hear from yourself the history of that parting, and what could make it so hard and painful to you.

Titus. While I served in Palestine under the auspices of my father Vespasian, I became acquainted with Berenice, sister to king Agrippa, and who was herself a queen in one of those Eastern countries. She was the most beautiful woman in Asia; but she had graces more irresistible still than her beauty. She had all the insinuation and wit of Cleopatra, without her coquetry. I loved her, and was beloved: she loved my person, not my greatness. Her tenderness, her fidelity, so enflamed my passion for her, that I gave her a promise of marriage.

Scip. What do I hear? A Roman senator promise to marry a queen!

Titus. I expected, Scipio, that your ears would be offended with the sound of such a match. But consider that Rome was very different in my time from Rome in your's. The ferocious pride of our ancient republican

republican senators had bent itself to the obsequious complaisance of a court. Berenicé made no doubt, and I flattered myself that it would not be inflexible in this point alone. But we thought it necessary to defer the completion of our wishes till the death of my father. On that event the Roman empire, and (what I knew she valued more) *my hand*, became due to her, according to my engagements.

Scipio. The Roman empire due to a Syrian queen! Oh Rome, how art thou fallen! Accursed be the memory of Octavius Cæsar, who, by oppressing its liberty, so lowered the majesty of the republic, that a brave and virtuous Roman, in whom was vested all the power of that mighty state, could entertain such a thought! But did you find the senate and people so servile, so lost to all sense of their honour and dignity, as to affront the great genius of imperial Rome, and the eyes of her tutelary gods, the eyes of Jupiter Capitolinus, with the sight of a queen, an Asiatic queen, on the throne of the Cæsars?

Titus. I did not; — they judged of it as you, Scipio, judge; they detested, they disdained it. In vain did I urge to some particular friends, who represented to me the sense of the senate and people, that a Messalina, a Poppæa, were a much greater dishonour to the throne of the Cæsars than a virtuous foreign princess*. Their prejudices were unconquerable; I saw it would be impossible for me to remove them. But I might have used my authority to silence their murmurs. A liberal donative to the soldiers, by whom I was fondly beloved, would have secured their fidelity, and consequently would have forced the senate and people to yield to my inclination. Berenicé knew this, and with tears implored me not to sacrifice her happiness and my own to an unjust prepossession.

* The Character of Berenicé in this dialogue is conformable to the idea given of her by Racine, not by Josephus.

prepossession. Shall I own it to you, Publius? My heart not only pitied her, but acknowledged the truth and solidity of her reasons. Yet so much did I abhor the idea of tyranny, so much respect did I pay to the sentiments of my subjects, that I determined to separate myself from her for ever, rather than force either the laws or the prejudices of Rome to submit to my will.

Scipio. Give me thy hand, noble Titus. Thou wast worthy of the empire; and Scipio Africanus honours thy virtue.

Titus. My virtue can have no greater reward from the approbation of man. But, O Scipio, think what anguish my heart must have felt, when I took that resolution, and when I communicated it to my dear, my unhappy Berenicé. You saw the struggle of Masinissa, when you forced him to give up his beloved Sophonisba. Mine was a harder conflict. She had abandoned him to marry the king of Numidia. He knew that her ruling passion was ambition, not love. He could not rationally esteem her, when she quitted a husband, whom she had ruined, who had lost his crown and his liberty in the cause of her country, and for her sake, to give her person to him, the capital foe of that unfortunate husband. He must, in spite of his passion, have thought her a perfidious, a detestable woman. But I esteemed Berenicé: she deserved my esteem. I was certain she would not have accepted the empire from any other hand: and had I been a private man, she would have raised me to her throne. Yet I had the fortitude, I ought, perhaps, to say, the *hardness of heart*, to bid her depart from my sight; depart for ever! What, O Publius, was your conquest over yourself, in giving back to her betrothed lover the Celtiberian captive, compared to this? Indeed *that* was no conquest. I will not so dishonour the virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any struggle with himself on that account. A woman engaged to another, engaged by
affection

affection as well as vows. let her have been ever so beautiful, could raise in your heart no sentiments but compassion and friendship. To have violated her, would have been an act of brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her husband, would have been cruel. But where love is mutual, where the object beloved suffers more in the separation than you do yourself, to part with *her* is indeed a struggle! It is the hardest sacrifice a good heart can make to its duty.

Scipio. I acknowledge that it is, and yield you the palm. But I will own to you, Titus, I never knew much of the tenderness you describe. Hannibal, Carthage, Rome, the saving of my country, the subduing of its rival, these filled my thoughts, and left no room there for those effeminate passions. I do not blame your sensibility: but, when I went to the capitol *to talk with J O V E*, I never consulted him about *love affairs*.

Titus. If my soul had been possessed by ambition alone, I might possibly have been a greater man than I was; but I should not have been more virtuous, nor have gained the title I preferred to that of Conqueror of Judæa and emperor of Rome, in being called *the Delight of Humankind*.

DIALOGUE XII.

HENRY Duke of GUISE. — MACHIAVEL.

Guise. **A** VAUNT! thou fiend — I abhor thy sight — I look upon thee as the original cause of my death, and of all the calamities brought upon the French nation, in my father's time and my own.

Machia. I the cause of your death! You surprize me!

Guise.

Guise. Yes:—Your pernicious maxims of policy, imported from Florence with Catherine of Medicis, your wicked disciple, produced in France such a government, such dissimulation, such perfidy, such violent, ruthless counsels, as threw that whole kingdom into the utmost confusion, and ended my life, even in the palace of my sovereign, by the swords of assassins.

Machia. Whoever may have a right to complain of my policy, you, Sir, have not. You owed your greatness to it, and your deviating from it was the real cause of your death. If it had not been for the assassination of admiral Coligni and the massacre of the Huguenots, the strength and power which the conduct of so able a chief would have given to that party, after the death of your father, its most dangerous enemy, would have been fatal to your house: nor could you, even with all the advantage you drew from that *great stroke of Royal policy*, have acquired the authority you afterwards rose to in the kingdom of France, but by pursuing my maxims; by availing yourself of the specious name of religion, to serve the secret purposes of your ambition; and by suffering no restraint of fear or conscience, not even the guilt of exciting a civil war, to check the necessary progress of your well-concerted designs. But on the day of the *barricades* you most imprudently let the king escape out of Paris, when you might have slain or deposed him. This was directly against the great rule of my politics, *not to stop short in rebellion or treason till the work is fully compleated*. And you were justly censured for it by Pope Sixtus Quintus, a more consummate politician, who said, *you ought to have known, that when a subject draws his sword against his king, he should throw away the scabbard*. You likewise deviated from my counsels, by putting yourself in the power of a sovereign you had so much offended. Why would you, against all the cautions I had given, expose your life in a royal castle to the mercy of
of

of that prince? You trusted to his fear; but fear, insulted and desperate, is often cruel. Impute therefore your death, not to any fault in my maxims, but to your own folly in not having sufficiently observed them.

Guise. If neither I, nor that prince, had ever practised your maxims in any part of our conduct, he would have reigned many years with honour and peace, and I should have risen by my courage and talents to as high a pitch of greatness, as it consisted with the duty of a subject to desire. But your instructions led us on into those crooked paths, out of which there was no retreat without great danger, nor a possibility of advancing without being detested by all mankind; and *whoever is so has every thing to fear from that detestation.* I will give you a proof of this in the fate of a prince, who ought to have been your hero, instead of Cæsar Borgia, because he was incomparably a greater man, and, of all who ever lived, seems to have acted most steadily according to the rules laid down by you*; I mean Richard III, king of England. He stopped at no crime that could be profitable to him: he was a dissembler, a hypocrite, a murderer in cool blood: after the death of his brother he gained the crown, by cutting off, without pity, all who stood in his way. He trusted no man any further than helped his own purposes, and consisted with his own safety. He liberally rewarded all services done him, but would not let the remembrance of them atone for offences, or save any man from destruction who obstructed his views. Nevertheless, though his nature shrunk from no wickedness which could serve his ambition, he possessed and exercised all those virtues, which you recommend to the practice of *your prince*. He was bold and prudent in war, just and strict in the general administration of his government, and particularly careful, by a vigorous execution

* See Machiavel's Prince.

tion of the laws, to protect the people against injuries or oppressions from the great. In all his actions and words there constantly appeared the highest concern for the honour of the nation. He was neither greedy of wealth that belonged to other men, nor profuse of his own: but knew how to give, and where to save. He professed a most edifying sense of religion, pretended great zeal for the reformation of manners, and was really an example of sobriety, chastity, and temperance, in the whole course of his life. Nor did he shed any blood, but of those who were such obstacles in his way to dominion, as could not possibly be removed by any other means. This was a prince *after your heart*: yet, mark his end. The horror his crimes had excited in the minds of his subjects, and the detestation it produced, were so pernicious to him, that they enabled an *exile*, who had no right to the crown, and whose abilities were much inferior to his, to invade his realm and destroy him.

Machia. This example, I own, may seem to be of some weight against the truth of my system. But at the same time it demonstrates, that there was nothing so new in the doctrines I published, as to make it reasonable to charge me with the disorders and mischiefs, which, since my time, any kingdom may have happened to suffer from the ambition of a subject, or the tyranny of a prince. Human nature wants no teaching, to render it wicked. In courts more especially there has been, from the first institutions of monarchies, a policy practised, not less repugnant than mine to the narrow and vulgar laws of humanity and religion. Why should I be singled out as worse than other statesmen?

Guise. There have been, it must be owned, in all ages and all states, many wicked politicians. But thou art the first that ever *taught the science of tyranny*, reduced it to rules, and instructed his disciples how to acquire and secure it, by treachery, perjuries, assassinations, proscriptions; and with a particular caution,
not

not to be stopped in the progress of their crimes by any check of the conscience or feeling of the heart; but to push them as far as they shall judge to be necessary to their greatness and safety. It is this which has given thee a pre-eminence in guilt over all other statesmen.

Machia. If you had read my book with candour, you would have perceived, that I did not desire to render men either tyrants or rebels, but only shewed, if they were so, what conduct, in such circumstances, it would be rational and expedient for them to observe.

Guise. When you were a minister of state in Florence, if any chemist, or physician, had published a treatise, to instruct his countrymen in the art of poisoning, and how to do it with the most certain destruction to others and security to themselves, would you have allowed him to plead in his justification, that he did not desire men to poison their neighbours; but, if they would use such evil means of mending their fortunes, there could surely be no harm in letting them know, what were the most effectual poisons, and by what methods they might give them without being discovered? Would you have thought it a sufficient apology for him, that he had dropped in his preface, or here and there in his book, a sober exhortation against the committing of murder? Without all doubt, as a magistrate concerned for the safety of the people of Florence, you would have punished the wretch with the utmost severity, and taken great care to destroy every copy of so pernicious a book. Yet your own admired work contains a more baneful and more infernal art. It poisons states and kingdoms, and spreads its malignity, like a general pestilence, over the whole world.

Machia. You must acknowledge at least, that my discourse on Livy is full of wise and virtuous maxims and precepts of government.

Guise. This, I think, rather aggravates than allevi-
ates

ates your guilt. How could you study and comment upon Livy with so acute and profound an understanding, and afterwards write a book so absolutely repugnant to all the lessons of policy taught by that sage and moral historian? how could you, who had seen the picture of virtue so amiably drawn by his hand, and who seemed yourself to be sensible of all its charms, fall in love with a *fury*, and set up her dreadful image, as an object of worship to princes?

Machia. I was seduced by vanity. — My heart was formed to love virtue. But I wanted to be thought *a greater genius in politics* than Aristotle or Plato. Vanity, sir, is a passion as strong in authors as ambition in princes, or rather it is the same passion exerting itself differently. I was *a duke of Guise* in the republic of letters.

Guise. The bad influences of your guilt have reached further than mine, and been more lasting. But, Heaven be praised, your credit is at present much declining in Europe. I have been told by some shades who are lately arrived here, that the ablest statesman of his time, a king, with whose fame the world is filled, has answered your book, and confuted all the principles of it, with a noble scorn and abhorrence. I am also assured, that in England there is a great and good king, *whose whole life has been a continued opposition to your evil system*; who has hated all cruelty, all fraud, all falseness; whose word has been sacred, whose honour inviolate; who has made the laws of his kingdom the rules of his government, and good faith and a regard for the liberty of mankind the principles of his conduct with respect to foreign powers; who reigns more absolutely now in the hearts of his people, and does greater things by the confidence they place in him, and by the efforts they make from the generous zeal of affection, than any monarch ever did, or ever will do, by all the arts of iniquity which you recommended.

DIALOGUE XIII.

VIRGIL. — HORACE. — MERCURY. — SCALIGER
THE ELDER.

Virg. **M**Y dear Horace, your company is my greatest delight, even in the Elysian fields. No wonder it was so when we lived together in Rome. Never had man so genteel, so agreeable, so easy a wit, or a temper so pliant to the inclinations of others in the intercourse of society. And then such integrity, such fidelity, such generosity in your nature! A soul so free from all envy, so benevolent, so sincere, so placable in its anger, so warm and constant in its affections! You were as necessary to Mæcenas, as he to Augustus. Your conversation sweetened to him all the cares of his ministry: your gaiety cheered his drooping spirits; and your counsels assisted him when he wanted advice. For you were capable, my dear Horace, of counselling statesmen. Your sagacity, your discretion, your secrecy, your clear judgment in all affairs, recommended you to the confidence, not of Mæcenas alone, but of Augustus himself; which you nobly made use of to serve your old friends of the republican party, and to confirm both the minister and the prince in their love of mild and moderate measures, yet with a severe restraint of licentiousness, the most dangerous enemy to the whole commonwealth under any form of government.

Hor. To be so praised by Virgil, would have put me in Elysium while I was alive. — But I know your modesty will not suffer me, in return for these encomiums, to speak of your character. Supposing it as perfect as your poems, you would think, as you did of them, that it wanted correction.

Virg. Don't talk of my modesty. — How much greater was your's, when you disclaimed the name of a poet, you whose odes are so noble, so harmonious, so sublime!

Hor.

Hor. I felt myself too inferior to the dignity of that name.

Virg. I think you did like Augustus, when he refused to accept the title of king, but kept all the power with which it was ever attended. Even in your epistles and satires, where the poet was concealed, as much as he could be, you may properly be compared to a prince in disguise, or in his hours of familiarity with his intimate friends: the pomp and majesty were let drop, but the greatness remained.

Hor. Well:—I will not contradict you; and (to say the truth) I should do it with no very good grace, because in some of my odes I have not spoken so modestly of my own poetry, as in my epistles. But to make you know your pre-eminence over me and all writers of Latin verse, I will carry you to Quintilian, the best of all Roman critics, who will tell you in what rank you ought to be placed.

Virg. I fear his judgment of me was biassed by your commendation. — But who is this shade that Mercury is conducting? I never saw one that stalked with so much pride, or had such ridiculous arrogance expressed in his looks!

Hor. They come towards us:—Hail, Mercury! What is this stranger with you?

Merc. His name is Julius Cæsar Scaliger, and he is by profession a *critic*.

Hor. Julius Cæsar Scaliger! He was, I presume, a *dictator* in criticism.

Merc. Yes, and he has exercised his sovereign power over you.

Hor. I will not presume to oppose it. I had enough of following Brutus at Philippi.

Merc. Talk to him a little:—He'll amuse you. I brought him to you on purpose.

Hor. Virgil, do you accost him:—I can't do it with proper gravity: I shall laugh in his face.

Virg. Sir, may I ask for what reason you cast your eyes so superciliously upon Horace and me? I don't remember

remember that Augustus ever looked down upon us with such an air of superiority, when we were his subjects.

Scal. He was only a sovereign over your bodies, and owed his power to violence and usurpation. But I have from nature an absolute dominion over the wit of all authors, who are subjected to me as the greatest of critics or *hypercritics*.

Virg. Your jurisdiction, great sir, is very extensive:—and what judgments have you been pleased to pass upon us?

Scal. Is it possible you should be ignorant of my decrees? I have placed you, Virgil, above Homer; whom I have shewn to be —

Virg. Hold, sir,—no blasphemy against my master.

Hor. But what have you said of me?

Scal. I have said, *that I had rather have written the little Dialogue between you and Lydia, than have been made king of Arragon.*

Hor. If we were in the other world, you should give me the kingdom, and take both the ode and the lady in return. But did you always pronounce so favourably for us?

Scal. Send for my works and read them.—Mercury will bring them to you with the first learned ghost that arrives here from Europe. There is instruction for you in them: I tell you of your faults.—But it was my whim to commend that little ode; and I never do things by halves. When I give praise, I give it liberally, to shew my royal bounty. But I generally blame, to exert all the vigour of my censorian power, and keep my subjects in awe.

Hor. You did not confine your sovereignty to poets; you exercised it, no doubt, over all other writers.

Scal. I was a poet, a philosopher, a statesman, an orator, an historian, a divine, without doing the drudgery of any of these, but only censuring those who did, and shewing thereby the superiority of my genius over them all.

Hor.

Hor. A short way indeed to universal fame! And I suppose you were very peremptory in your decisions.

Scal. Peremptory! ay. — If any man dared to contradict my opinions, I called him a dunce, a rascal, a villain, and frightened him out of his wits.

Virg. But what said others to this method of disputation?

Scal. They generally believed me because of the confidence of my assertions; and thought I could not be so insolent, or so angry, if I was not absolutely sure of being in the right. Besides, in my controversies, I had a great help from the language in which I wrote: for one can scold and call names with a much better grace in Latin than in French, or any tame, modern tongue.

Hor. Have not I heard, that you pretended to derive your descent from the princes of Verona?

Scal. Pretended! do you presume to deny it?

Hor. Not I indeed: — Genealogy is not my science. If you should claim to descend in a direct line from king Midas, I would not dispute it.

Virg. I wonder, Scaliger, that you stooped to so low an ambition. Was it not greater to reign over all Mount Parnassus than over a petty state in Italy?

Scal. You say well. — I was too condescending to the prejudices of vulgar opinion. The ignorant multitude imagine that a prince is a greater man than a critic. Their folly made me desire to claim kindred with the *Scalas* of Verona.

Hor. Pray, Mercury, how do you intend to dispose of this august person? You can't think it proper to let him remain with us. — He must be placed with the demigods; he must go to Olympus.

Merc. Be not afraid. — He shall not trouble you long. I brought him hither to divert you with the sight of an animal you never had seen, and myself with your surprize. He is the chief of all the modern critics, the most renowned captain of that numerous and dreadful band. Whatever you may think of him,

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I can seriously assure you, that, before he went mad, he had good parts, and great learning. But I will now explain to you the original cause of the absurdities he has uttered. His mind was formed in such a manner, that, like some perspective glasses, it either diminished or magnified all objects too much; but above all others it magnified the good man to himself. This made him so proud that it turned his brain. Now I have had my sport with him, I think it will be charity to restore him to his senses; or rather to bestow what nature denied him, a sound judgment. Come hither, Scaliger.—By this touch of my caduceus I give thee power to see things as they are, and among others thyself.—Look, gentlemen, how his countenance is fallen in a moment! Hear what he says:—He is talking to himself.

Scal. Bless me! with what persons have I been discoursing! with Virgil and Horace! How could I venture to open my lips in their presence? Good Mercury, I beseech you, let me retire from a company for which I am very unfit. Let me go and hide my head in the deepest shade of that grove which I see in the valley. After I have performed a penance there, I will crawl on my knees to the feet of those illustrious shades, and beg them to see me burn my impertinent books of criticism, in the fiery billows of Phlegethon, with my own hands.

Merc. They will both receive thee into favour. This mortification of truly knowing thyself is a sufficient atonement for thy former presumption.

DIALOGUE XIV.

BOILEAU. — — — POPE.

Boil. **M**R. Pope, you have done me great honour. I am told, that you made me your model in poetry, and walked on Parnassus in the same paths which I had trod.

Pope.

Pope. We both followed Horace: but in our manner of imitation, and in the turn of our natural genius, there was, I believe, much resemblance. We both were too irritable, and too easily hurt by offences, even from the lowest of men. The keen edge of our wit was frequently turned against those whom it was more a shame to contend with than an honour to vanquish.

Boil. Yes: — But in general we were the champions of good morals, good sense, and good learning. If our love of these was sometimes heated into anger against those who offended them no less than us, is that anger to be blamed?

Pope. It would have been nobler, if we had not been parties in the quarrel. Our enemies observe, that neither our censure, nor our praise, was always impartial.

Boil. It might perhaps have been better if in some instances we had not praised or blamed so much. But in panegyric and satire moderation is insipid.

Pope. Moderation is a cold *unpoetical* virtue. Mere historical truth is better written in prose. And therefore I think you did judiciously, when you threw into the fire your history of Louis le Grand, and trusted his fame to your poems.

Boil. When those poems were published, that monarch was the idol of the French nation. If you and I had not known, in our occasional compositions, how to speak to the passions, as well as to the sober reason of mankind, we should not have acquired that despotic authority in the empire of wit, which made us so formidable to all the inferior tribe of poets in England and France. Besides, sharp satirists want great patrons.

Pope. All the praise which my friends received from me was *unbought*. In *this*, at least, I may boast a superiority over the *pensioned Boileau*.

Boil. A *pension* in France was an honourable distinction. Had you been a Frenchman, you would have ambitiously sought it; had I been an Englishman, I should have proudly declined it. If our merit in

other respects be not unequal, this difference will not set me much below you in the temple of virtue or of fame.

Pope. It is not for me to draw a comparison between our works. But, if I may believe the best critics who have talked to me on the subject, my *Rape of the Lock* is not inferior to your *Lutrin*; and my *Art of Criticism* may well be compared with your *Art of Poetry*: my *Ethic Epistles* are esteemed at least equal to your's, and my *Satires* much better.

Boil. Hold, Mr. Pope. ——— If there is really such a sympathy in our natures as you have supposed, there may be reason to fear, that, if we go on in this manner comparing our works, we shall not part in good friendship.

Pope. No, no: — the mild air of the Elysian fields has mitigated my temper, as I presume it has your's. But in truth our reputations are nearly on a level. Our writings are admired, almost equally (as I hear) for *energy and justness of thought*. We both of us carried the beauty of our *diction*, and the harmony of our *numbers*, to the highest perfection that our languages would admit. Our poems were polished to the utmost degree of correctness, yet without losing their fire, or the agreeable appearance of freedom and ease. We borrowed much from the ancients, though you, I believe, more than I: but our imitations (to use an expression of your own) *had still an original air*. *

Boil. I will confess, sir, (to shew you that the Elysian climate has its effects upon me) I will fairly confess, without the least ill humour, that in your *Eloisa to Abelard*, your *Verses to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady*, and some others you wrote in your youth, there is more fire of poetry, than in any of mine. You excelled in *the pathetic*, which I never approached. I will also allow, that you hit the *manner* of Horace, and *the sly delicacy* of his wit, more exactly than I, or

* See Boileau's epigram on himself.

I, or than any other man who has written since his time. Nor could I, nor did even Lucretius himself, make *philosophy* so *poetical*, and embellish it with such charms as you have given to that of Plato, or (to speak more properly) of some of his modern disciples, in your celebrated *Essay on man*.

Pope. What do you think of my *Homer*?

Boil. Your *Homer* is the most spirited, the most poetical, the most elegant, and the most pleasing translation, that ever was made of any ancient poem; though not so much in the *manner* of the original, or so exactly agreeable to the *sense* in all places, as might perhaps be desired. But when I consider the years you spent in this work, and how many excellent original poems you might, with less difficulty, have produced in that time, I can't but regret that your talents were thus employed. A great poet, so tied down to a tedious translation, is a *Columbus chained to an oar*. What new regions of fancy, full of treasures yet untouched, might you have explored, if you had been at liberty to have boldly expanded your sails, and steered your own course, under the conduct and direction of your own genius!—But I am still more angry with you for your edition of Shakespear. The office of an *editor* was below you, and your mind was unfit for the drudgery it requires. Would any body think of employing a Raphael to clean an old picture?

Pope. The principal cause of my undertaking that task was zeal for the honour of Shakespear: and, if you knew all his beauties as well as I, you would not wonder at this zeal. No other author had ever so copious, so bold, so *creative* an imagination, with so perfect a knowledge of the passions, the humours, and sentiments of mankind. He painted all characters, from kings down to peasants, with equal truth and equal force. If human nature were destroyed, and no monument were left of it except his works,
other

other beings might know *what man was* from those writings.

Boil. You say he painted all characters, from kings down to peasants, with equal truth and equal force, I can't deny that he did so: but I wish he had not jumbled those characters together, in the composition of his pictures, as he has frequently done.

Pope. The strange mixture of tragedy, comedy, and farce, in the same play, nay sometimes in the same scene, I acknowledge to be quite inexcusable. But this was the taste of the times when Shakespear wrote.

Boil. A great genius ought to guide, not servilely follow, the taste of his contemporaries.

Pope. Consider from how thick a darkness of barbarism the genius of Shakespear broke forth! What were the English, and what (let me ask you) were the French dramatic performances, in the age when he flourished? The advances he made towards the highest perfection both of tragedy and comedy are amazing! In the principal points, in the power of exciting terror and pity, or raising laughter in an audience, none yet has excelled him, and very few have equalled.

Boil. Do you think that he was equal in comedy to Moliere?

Pope. In *comic force* I do: but in the fine and delicate strokes of satire, and what is called *genteel comedy*, he was greatly inferior to that admirable writer. There is nothing in him to compare with the *Misanthrope*, the *Ecole des Femmes*, or *Tartuffe*.

Boil. This, Mr. Pope, is a great deal for an Englishman to acknowledge. A veneration for Shakespear seems to be a part of your national religion, and the only part in which even your men of sense are fanatics.

Pope. He who can read Shakespear, and be cool enough for all the accuracy of sober criticism, has more of reason than taste.

Boil.

Boil. I join with you in admiring him as a prodigy of genius, though I find the most shocking absurdities in his plays; absurdities which no critic of my nation can pardon.

Pope. We will be satisfied with your feeling the excellence of his beauties. But you would admire him still more, if you could see the chief characters in all his best tragedies represented by an actor, who appeared on the stage a little before I left the world. He has shewn the English nation more excellencies in Shakespear, than the quickest wits could discern, and has imprinted them on the heart with a livelier feeling than the most sensible natures had ever experienced without his help.

Boil. The variety, spirit, and force of Mr. Garrick's action have been much praised to me by many of his countrymen, whose shades I converse with, and who agree in speaking of him as we do of *Baron*, our most natural and most admired actor. I have also heard of another, who has now quitted the stage, but who had filled, with great dignity, force, and elevation, some tragic parts; and excelled so much in the comic, that none ever has deserved a higher applause.

Pope. Mr. Quin was indeed a most perfect comedian. In the part of *Falstaff* particularly, wherein the utmost force of Shakespear's *humour* appears, he attained to such perfection, that he was not an actor; he was the man described by Shakespear; he was *Falstaff* himself! When I saw him do it, the pleasantry of the *fat knight* appeared to me so bewitching, all his vices were so mirthful, that I could not much wonder at his having seduced a young prince even to *rob* in his company.

Boil. That character is not well understood by the French. They suppose it belongs, not to comedy, but to farce: whereas the English see in it the finest and highest strokes of wit and humour. Perhaps these different judgments may be accounted for, in
some

some measure, by the diversity of manners in different countries. But don't you allow, Mr. Pope, that our writers, both of tragedy and comedy, are, upon the whole, more perfect masters of their art than your's? If you deny it, I will appeal to the Athenians, the only judges qualified to decide the dispute. I will refer it to Euripides, Sophocles, and Menander.

Pope. I am afraid of those judges; for I see them continually walking hand in hand, and engaged in the most friendly conversation with Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. Our dramatic writers seem, in general, not so fond of their company: they sometimes shove rudely by them, and give themselves airs of superiority. They slight their reprimands, and laugh at their precepts. In short, they will be tried by *their country* alone; and that judicature is partial.

Boil. I will press this question no farther. — But let me ask you, to which of our rival tragedians, Racine and Corneille, do you give the preference?

Pope. The sublimest plays of Corneille are, in my judgment, equalled by the *Athalie* of Racine; and the tender passions are certainly touched by that elegant and most pathetic writer, with a much finer hand. I need not add that he is infinitely more correct than Corneille, and more harmonious and noble in his versification. Corneille formed himself entirely upon Lucan; but the master of Racine was Virgil. How much better a taste had the latter than the former in chusing his model!

Boil. My friendship with Racine, and my partiality for his writings, make me hear with great pleasure the preference given to him above Corneille by so judicious a critic.

Pope. That he excelled his competitor in the particulars I have mentioned, can't I think be denied. But yet the spirit and the majesty of ancient Rome were never so well expressed as by Corneille. Nor has any other French dramatic writer, in the general character

Character of his works, shewn such a masculine strength and greatness of thought. — Racine is the swan described by ancient poets, which rises to the clouds on downy wings, and sings a sweet, but a gentle and plaintive note. Corneille is the eagle, which soars to the skies on bold and founding pinions, and fears not to perch on the sceptre of Jupiter, or to bear in his pounces the lightning of the God.

Boil. I am glad to find, Mr. Pope, that in praising Corneille you run into poetry, which is not the language of *sober criticism*, though sometimes used by Longinus.

Pope. I caught the fire from the idea of Corneille.

Boil. He has bright flashes; yet I think that in *his thunder* there is often more *noise* than *fire*. Don't you find him too declamatory, too turgid, too unnatural, even in his best tragedies?

Pope. I own I do—Yet the greatness and elevation of his sentiments, and the nervous vigour of his sense, atone, in my opinion, for all his faults. But let me now, in my turn, desire your opinion of our epic poet, Milton.

Boil. Longinus perhaps would prefer him to all other writers: for he surpasses even Homer in the *sublime*. But other critics, who require variety, and agreeableness, and a correct regularity of thought and judgment in an epic poem; who can endure no absurdities, no extravagant fictions, would place him far below Virgil.

Pope. His genius was indeed so vast and sublime, that his poem seems beyond the limits of criticism; as his subject is beyond the limits of nature. The bright and excessive blaze of poetical fire, which shines in so many parts of the *Paradise Lost*, will hardly permit the dazzled eye to see its faults.

Boil. The taste of your countrymen is much changed since the days of Charles II, when Dryden was thought a greater poet than Milton!

Pope.

Pope. The politics of Milton at that time brought his poetry into disgrace: for it is a rule with the English; they see no good in a man whose politics they dislike. But, as their notions of government are apt to change, men of parts, whom they have slighted, become their favourite authors, and others, who have possessed their warmest admiration, are in their turn under-valued. This revolution of favour was experienced by Dryden as well as Milton. He lived to see his writings, together with his politics, quite out of fashion. But even in the days of his highest prosperity, when the generality of the people admired his *Almanzor*, and thought his *Indian Emperor* the perfection of tragedy, the duke of Buckingham, and lord Rochester, the two wittiest noblemen our country has produced, attacked his fame, and turned the rants of his heroes, the jargon of his spirits, and the absurdity of his plots into just ridicule.

Boil. You have made him good amends by the praise you have given him in some of your writings.

Pope. I owed him that praise, as my master in the art of versification. Yet I subscribe to the censures which have been passed by other writers on many of his works. They are good critics, but he is still a great poet. You, Sir, I am sure, must particularly admire him as an excellent satirist. His *Absalom and Achitophel* is a master-piece in that way of writing, and his *Mac Fleckno* is, I think, inferior to it in nothing, but the meanness of the subject.

Boil. Did not you take the model of your *Dunciad* from the latter of those very ingenious satires?

Pope. I did — but my work is more extensive than his, and my imagination has taken in it a greater scope.

Boil. Some critics may doubt whether the length of your poem was so properly suited to the meanness of the subject as the brevity of his. Three cantos to expose a dunce crowned with laurel! I have not given above three lines to the author of the *Pucelle*.

Pope.

Pope. My intention was to expose, not one author alone, but all the dulness and false taste of the English nation in my times. Could such a design be contracted into a narrower compass?

Boil. We will not dispute on this point, nor whether the hero of your *Dunciad* was really a dunce. But has not Dryden been accused of immorality and prophaneness in some of his writings?

Pope. He has, with too much reason: and I am sorry to say, that all our best comic writers, after Shakespear and Jonson, except Addison and Steele, are as liable as he to that heavy charge. Fletcher is shocking. Etheridge, Wycherly, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, have painted the manners of the times in which they wrote with a masterly hand; but they are too often such manners, that a virtuous man, and much more a virtuous woman, must be greatly offended at the representation.

Boil. In this respect our stage is far preferable to your's. It is a school of morality. Vice is exposed to contempt and to hatred. No false colours are laid on to conceal its deformity; but those with which it paints itself are there taken off.

Pope. It is a wonderful thing, that in France the *Comic Muse* should be *the gravest lady in the nation*. Of late she is so *grave*, that one might almost mistake her for her sister Melpomene. Moliere made her indeed a good moral philosopher; but then she philosophized, like Democritus, with a merry laughing face. Now she weeps over vice, instead of shewing it to mankind, as I think she generally ought to do, in ridiculous lights.

Boil. Her business is more with folly than with vice; and when she attacks the latter, it should be rather with ridicule than invective. But sometimes she may be allowed to raise her voice, and change her usual smile into a frown of just indignation.

Pope. I like her best when she smiles. But did you never reprove your witty friend La Fontaine for the
vicious

vicious levity that appears in many of his Tales? He was as guilty of the crime of *debauching the Muses*, as any of our comic poets.

Boil. I own he was; and bewail the prostitution of his genius, as I should that of an innocent and beautiful country girl. He was all nature, all simplicity; yet in that simplicity there was a grace, and unaffected vivacity, with a justness of thought and easy elegance of expression, that can hardly be found in any other writer. His *manner* is quite original, and peculiar to himself, though all the *matter* of his writings is borrowed from others.

Pope. In that *manner* he has been imitated by my friend Mr. Prior.

Boil. He has very successfully. Some of Prior's tales have the spirit of La Fontaine's with more judgment, but not, I think, with such an amiable and graceful simplicity.

Pope. Prior's harp had more strings than La Fontaine's. He was a fine poet in many different ways: La Fontaine but in one. And, though in some of his tales he imitated that author, his *Alma* was an original, and of singular beauty.

Boil. There is a writer of *heroic poetry*, who lived before Milton, and whom some of your countrymen place in the highest class of your poets, though he is little known in France. I see him sometimes in company with Homer and Virgil, but oftener with Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante.

Pope. I understand you mean *Spenser*. There is a force and beauty in some of his *images* and *descriptions*, equal to any in those writers you have seen him converse with. But he had not the art of properly *shading* his pictures. He brings the minute and disagreeable parts too much into sight; and mingles too frequently vulgar and mean ideas with noble and sublime. Had he chosen a subject proper for *epic poetry*, he seems to have had a sufficient elevation and strength in

in his genius to make him *a great epic poet*: but the allegory, which is continued throughout the whole work, fatigues the mind, and cannot interest the heart so much as those poems, the chief actors in which are supposed to have really existed. The Syrens and Circe in the *Odyssy* are allegorical persons; but Ulysses, the hero of the poem, was a man renowned in Greece, which makes the account of his adventures affecting and delightful. To be now and then in Fairy-land, among imaginary beings, is a pleasing variety, and helps to distinguish the poet from the orator or historian: but to be always there, is irksome.

Boil. Is not Spenser likewise blameable for confounding the Christian with the Pagan theology, in some parts of his poem?

Pope. Yes; he had that fault in common with Dante, with Ariosto, and with Camoens.

Boil. Who is the poet that arrived soon after you in Elysium, whom I saw Spenser lead in and present to Virgil, as the author of a poem resembling the *Georgics*? On his head was a garland of the several kinds of flowers that blow in each season, with evergreens intermixed.

Pope. Your description points out *Thomson*. He painted nature exactly, and with great strength of pencil. His imagination was rich, extensive, and sublime: his diction bold and glowing, but sometimes *obscure* and *affected*. Nor did he always know when to *stop*, or what to *reject*.

Boil. I should suppose that he wrote tragedies upon the *Greek model*. For he is often admitted into the grove of Euripides.

Pope. He enjoys that distinction both as a *tragedian* and as a *moralist*. For, not only in his plays, but all his other works, there is the purest *morality* animated by *piety*, and rendered more touching by the fine and delicate sentiments of a most *tender* and *benevolent* heart.

Boil.

Boil. St. Evremond has brought me acquainted with Waller. — I was surprized to find in his writings a politeness and *gallantry* which the French suppose to be appropriated only to their's. His genius was a composition, which is seldom to be met with, of the *sublime* and the *agreeable*. In his comparison between himself and Apollo, as the lover of Daphne, and in that between Amoret and Sacharissa, there is a *finesse* and delicacy of wit, which the most elegant of our writers have never exceeded. Nor had Sarrazin or Voiture the art of praising more *genteely* the ladies they admired. But his epistle to Cromwell, and his poem on the death of that extraordinary man, are written with a force and greatness of manner, which give him rank among the poets of the first class.

Pope. Mr. Waller was unquestionably a very fine writer. His muse was as well qualified as the Graces themselves to dress out a Venus; and he could even adorn the brows of a conqueror with fragrant and beautiful wreaths. But he had some puerile and low thoughts, which unaccountably mixed with the elegant and the noble, like school-boys or mob admitted into a palace. There was also an intemperance and a luxuriancy in his wit, which he did not enough restrain. He wrote little to the understanding, and less to the heart; but he frequently delights the imagination, and sometimes strikes it with flashes of the highest *sublime*. — We had another poet of the age of Charles the First, extremely admired by all his contemporaries, in whose works there is still more affectation of wit, a greater redundancy of imagination, a worse taste, and less judgment: but he touched the heart more, and had finer feelings than Waller. — I mean Cowley.

Boil. I have been often solicited to admire his writings by his learned friend Dr. Spratt. He seems to me a great wit, and a very amiable man, but not a good poet.

Pope.

Pope. The *spirit* of poetry is strong in some of his odes; but in the *art* of poetry he is always extremely deficient.

Boil. I hear that of late his reputation is much lowered in the opinion of the English. Yet I cannot but think, that if a moderate portion of the superfluities of his wit were given by Apollo to some of their modern bards, who write common-place morals in very smooth verse, without any absurdity, but without a single new thought, or one enlivening spark of imagination, it would be a great favour to them, and do them more service, than all the rules laid down in my Art of Poetry, and your's of Criticism.

Pope. I am much of your mind. — But I left in England some poets, whom you, I know, will admire, not only for the harmony, and correctness of style, but the spirit, and genius, you will find in their writings.

Boil. France too has produced some very excellent writers, since the time of my death. — Of one particularly I hear wonders. Fame to him is as kind as if he had been dead a thousand years. She brings his praises to me from all parts of Europe. — You know I speak of Voltaire.

Pope. I do: the English nation yields to none in admiration of his extensive genius. Other writers excel in some one particular branch of wit or science; but when the king of Prussia drew Voltaire from Paris to Berlin, he had a whole Academy of *Belles Lettres* in *him* alone.

Boil. That prince himself has such talents for poetry as no other monarch, in any age or country, has ever possessed. What an astonishing compass must there be in his mind, what an heroic tranquillity and firmness in his heart, that he can, in the evening, compose an ode or epistle in the most elegant verse, and the next morning fight a battle with the conduct of Cæsar, or Gustavus Adolphus!

Pope.

Pope. I envy Voltaire so noble a subject both for his verse and his prose. But if that prince will write his own *Commentaries*, he will want no historian. I hope that in writing them, he will not restrain his pen, as Cæsar has done, to a mere account of his wars, but let us see the politician, and the benignant protector of arts and sciences, as well as the warrior, in that picture of himself. Voltaire has shewn us, that the events of battles and sieges are not the most interesting parts of good history, but that all the improvements and embellishments of human society ought to be carefully and particularly recorded there.

Boil. The progress of arts and knowledge, and the great changes that have happened in the manners of mankind, are objects far more worthy of a reader's attention than the revolutions of fortune. And it is chiefly to Voltaire that we owe this instructive species of history.

Pope. He has not only been the father of it among the moderns, but has carried it himself to its utmost perfection.

Boil. Is he not too *universal*? Can any writer be *exact*, who is so comprehensive?

Pope. A traveller round the world cannot inspect every region with such an accurate care, as exactly to describe each single part. If the outlines are well marked, and the observations on the principal points are judicious, it is all that can be required.

Boil. I would however advise and exhort the French and English youth, to take a fuller survey of some particular provinces, and to remember, that although, in travels of this sort, a lively imagination is a very agreeable companion, it is not the best guide. To speak without a metaphor, the study of history both sacred and profane, requires a critical and laborious investigation. The composer of a set of lively and witty remarks on facts ill examined, or incorrectly delivered, is not an historian.

Pope.

Pope. We cannot, I think, deny that name to the author of the Life of Charles the XIIth, king of Sweden.

Boil. No, certainly. — I esteem it the very best history that this age has produced. As full of spirit as the hero whose actions it relates, it is nevertheless most exact in all matters of importance. The style of it is elegant, perspicuous, unaffected; the disposition and method are excellent, the judgments given by the writer acute and just.

Pope. Are you not pleased with that philosophical freedom of thought, which discovers itself in all the works of Voltaire, but more particularly in those of an historical nature?

Boil. If it were properly regulated, I should reckon it among their highest perfections. Superstition, and bigotry, and party spirit, are as great enemies to the truth and candour of history, as malice or adulation. To think freely, is therefore a most necessary quality in a perfect historian. But all liberty has its bounds, which, in some of his writings, Voltaire, I fear, has not observed. Would to heaven he would reflect, while it is yet in his power to correct what is faulty, that all his works will outlive him; that many nations will read them; and that the judgment pronounced here upon the writer himself will be according to the scope and tendency of them, and to the extent of their good or evil effects on the great society of mankind!

Pope. It would be well for all Europe, if some wits of your country, who give the tone to this age in all polite literature, had the same serious thoughts you recommend to Voltaire. Witty writings, when directed to serve the good ends of virtue and religion, are like the lights hung out in a *pharos*, to guide the mariners safe through dangerous seas: but the brightness of those, that are impious or immoral, shines only to betray, and lead men to destruction.

Boil. Has England been free from all seductions of this nature?

Pope. No. — But the French have the art of rendering vice and impiety more agreeable than the English.

Boil. I am not very proud of this superiority in the talents of my countrymen. But, as I am told that the *good sense* of the English is now admired in France, I hope it will soon convince both nations, *that true wisdom is virtue, and true virtue is religion.*

Pope. I think it also to be wished, that a taste for *the frivolous* may not continue too prevalent among the French. There is a great difference between gathering flowers at the foot of Parnassus, and ascending the arduous heights of the mountain. The palms and laurels grow there; and if any of your countrymen aspire to gain them, they must no longer enervate all the vigour of their minds by this habit of trifling. I would have them be perpetual competitors with the English in manly wit and substantial learning. But let the competition be friendly. There is nothing which so contracts and debases the mind as national envy. True wit, like true virtue, naturally loves its own image, in whatever place it is found.

DIALOGUE XV.

OCTAVIA. — PORTIA. — ARRIA.

Port. **H**OW has it happened, Octavia, that Arria and I, who have a higher rank than you in the temple of Fame, should have a lower here in Elysium? We are told, that the virtues, you exerted as a wife, were greater than our's. Be so good as to explain to us what were those virtues. It is the privilege of this place, that one can bear superiority without mortification. The jealousy of precedence died with the rest of our mortal frailties. Tell us then

then your own story. We will sit down under the shade of this myrtle grove, and listen to it with pleasure.

Octav. Noble ladies, the glory of our sex and of Rome, I will not refuse to comply with your desire, though it recalls to my mind some scenes, my heart would wish to forget. There can be only one reason why Minos should have given to my conjugal virtues a preference above your's; which is, that the trial assigned to them was harder.

Arria. How! madam; harder than *to die* for your husband! We *died* for ours.

Octav. You did, for husbands who loved you, and were the most virtuous men of the ages they lived in; who trusted you with their lives, their fame, their honour. To *outlive* such husbands is, in my judgment, a harder effort of virtue, than to *die for them*, or *with them*. But Mark Antony, to whom my brother Octavius, for reasons of state, gave my hand, was indifferent to me, and loved another. Yet he has told me himself, I was handsomer than his mistress Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was; and to men *that* is generally a charm sufficient to turn the scale in one's favour. I had been loved by Marcellus. Antony said he loved me, when he pledged to me his faith. Perhaps he did for a time: a new handsome woman might, from his natural inconstancy, make him forget an old attachment. He was but too amiable. — His very vices had charms beyond other mens virtues. Such vivacity! such fire! such a towering pride! He seemed made by nature to command; to govern the world; to govern it with such ease, that the business of it did not rob him of an hour of pleasure! Nevertheless, while his inclination for me continued, this haughty lord of mankind, who could hardly bring his high spirit to treat my brother, his partner in empire, with the necessary respect, was to me as submissive, as obedient to every wish of my heart, as the humblest lover that ever

sighed in the vales of Arcadia. Thus he seduced my affection from the manes of Marcellus, and fixed it on himself. He fixed it, ladies, (I own it with some confusion) more fondly than it had ever been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done so, he scorned me, he forsook me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was:—the sister of Cæsar, sacrificed to a vile Egyptian queen, the harlot of Julius, the disgrace of her sex! Every outrage was added that could incense me still more. He gave her, at sundry times, as public marks of his love, many provinces of the empire of Rome in the East. He read her love-letters openly, in his tribunal itself; even while he was hearing and judging the causes of kings*. Nay he left his tribunal, and one of the best Roman orators pleading before him, to follow her litter, in which she happened to be passing by at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all these demonstrations of his extravagant passion for that infamous woman, he had the assurance, in a letter to my brother, to call her *his wife*†. Which of you, ladies, could have patiently borne this treatment?

Arria. Not I, madam, in truth. Had I been in your place, the dagger with which I pierced my own bosom, to shew my dear Pætus *how easy it was to die*, that dagger should I have plunged into Antony's heart, if piety to the gods, and a due respect to the purity of my own soul had not stopped my hand. But, I verily believe, I should have killed myself; not, as I did, out of affection to my husband, but of shame and indignation at the wrongs I endured.

Port. I must own, Octavia, that to bear such usage was harder to a woman than *to swallow fire*.

Octav. Yet I did bear it, madam, without even a complaint, which could hurt or offend my husband.

* See Plutarch's Life of Antony. † V. Suetonium in Augusto Cæsare.

band *. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian expedition, which his impatience to bear a long absence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me rich presents of clothes and money for his troops, a great number of horses, and two thousand chosen soldiers, equipped and armed like my brother's prætorian bands. He sent to stop me at Athens, because his mistress was then with him. I obeyed his orders: but I wrote to him, by one of his most faithful friends, a letter full of resignation, and such a tenderness for him as I imagined might have power to touch his heart. My envoy served me so well, he set my fidelity in so fair a light, and gave such reasons to Antony, why he ought to see and receive me with kindness, that Cleopatra was alarmed. All her arts were employed to prevent him from seeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt †. — Those arts prevailed. He sent me back into Italy, and gave himself up more absolutely than ever to the witchcraft of that *Circe*. He added Africa to the states he had bestowed on her before; and declared Cæsarion, her spurious son by Julius Cæsar, heir to all her dominions, except Phœnicia, and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy his second son by her; and at the same time declared his eldest son by her, whom he had espoused to the princess of Media, heir to that kingdom, and king of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian empire, which he meant to conquer for *him*. The children I had brought him he entirely neglected, as if they had been bastards. — I wept. I lamented the wretched captivity he was in; — but I never reproached him. My brother exasperated at so many indignities, commanded me to quit the house of my husband at Rome, and come into his. — I refused to obey him. — I remained in Antony's house, I persisted to take care of his

* See Plutarch's Life of Antony. † Ibid.

his children by Fulvia, the same tender care, as of my own. I gave my protection to all his friends at Rome. I implored my brother not to make my jealousy or my wrongs the cause of a civil war. But the injuries done to Rome by Antony's conduct could not possibly be forgiven. When he found he should draw the Roman arms on himself, he sent orders to me to leave his house. I did so, but carried with me all his children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldest, who was then with him in Egypt. After his death and Cleopatra's, I took her children by him, and bred them up with my own.

Arria. Is it possible, madam? the children of Cleopatra?

Octav. Yes, the children of my rival. I married her daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania, the most accomplished, and the handsomest prince in the world.

Arria. Tell me, Octavia, did not your pride and resentment entirely cure you of your passion for Antony, as soon as you saw him go back to Cleopatra? and was not your whole conduct afterward the effect of cool reason, undisturbed by the agitations of jealous and tortured love?

Octav. You probe my heart very deeply. That I had some help from resentment and the natural pride of my sex, I will not deny. But I was not become *indifferent* to my husband. I loved the Antony who had been my lover, more than I was angry with the Antony who forsook me, and loved another woman. Had he left Cleopatra, and returned to me again with all his former affection, I really believe I should have loved him as well as before.

Arria. If the merit of a wife is to be measured by her sufferings, your heart was unquestionably the most perfect model of conjugal virtue. The wound I gave mine was but a scratch in comparison to many you felt. Yet I don't know, whether it would be any benefit to the world, that there should be in it
many

many Octavias. *Too good subjects are apt to make bad kings.*

Port. True, Arria; the wives of Brutus and Cinna Pætus may be allowed to have spirits a little rebellious. Octavia was educated in the court of her brother. Subjection and Patience were much better taught there than in our houses, where the Roman liberty made its last abode: and though I will not dispute the judgment of Minos, I can't help thinking that the affection of a wife to her husband is more or less respectable in proportion to the character of that husband. If I could have had for Antony the same friendship as I had for Brutus, I should have despised myself.

Octav. My fondness for Antony was ill placed; but my perseverance in the performance of all the duties of a wife, notwithstanding his ill usage, a perseverance made more difficult by the very excess of my love, appeared to Minos the highest and most meritorious effort of female resolution, against the seductions of the most dangerous enemy to our virtue, *offended pride.*

DIALOGUE XVI.

LOUISE DE COLIGNI, Princess of Orange.

FRANCES WALSINGHAM, Countess of Essex and of Clanrickard; before Lady SIDNEY.

P. Orange. **O**UR destinies, madam, had a great and surprising conformity. I was the daughter of admiral Coligni, you of secretary Walsingham, two persons who were the most consummate statesmen and ablest supports of the Protestant religion, in France and in England. I was married to Coligni, the finest gentlemen of our party, the most admired for his valour, his virtue, and his learning: you to Sir Philip Sidney, who enjoyed the same pre-eminence

pre-eminence among the English. Both these husbands were cut off, in the flower of their youth and of glory, by violent deaths, and we both married again with still greater men; I with William Prince of Orange,* the founder of the Dutch Commonwealth; you with Devereux earl of Essex,† the favourite of Elizabeth, and of the whole English nation. But, alas! to compleat the resemblance of our fates, we both saw those second husbands, who had raised us so high, destroyed in the full meridian of their glory and greatness; mine by the pistol of an assassin; your's still more unhappily, by the axe, as a traitor.

C. Clanr. There was indeed in some principal events of our lives the conformity you observe. But your destiny, though it raised you higher than me, was more unhappy than mine. For my father lived honourably, and died in peace: your's was assassinated in his old age. How, madam, did you support or recover your spirits under so many misfortunes?

P. Orange. The prince of Orange left an infant son to my care. The educating of him to be worthy of so illustrious a father, to be the heir of his virtue as well as of his greatness, and the affairs of the commonwealth, in which I interested myself for his sake, so filled my mind, that they in some measure took from me the sense of my grief, which nothing but such a great and important scene of business, such a necessary task of private and public duty, could have ever relieved. But let me enquire in my turn: how did your heart find a balm to alleviate the anguish of the wounds it had suffered? what employed your widowed hours after the death of your Essex?

C. Clanr. Madam, I did not long continue a widow: I married again.

P. Orange.

* See Du Maurier Memoires de Hollande, from p. 177 to 190.

† Biographia Britannica. ESSEX.

P. Orange. Married again! With what prince, what king did you marry? The widow of sir Philip Sidney and of my lord Essex could not descend from them to a subject of less illustrious fame; and where could you find one that was comparable to either?

C. Clanr. I did not seek for one, madam: the heroism of the former, and the ambition of the latter, had made me very unhappy. I desired a quiet life and the joys of wedded love, with an agreeable, virtuous, well-born, unambitious, unenterprising husband. All this I found in the earl of Clanrickard: and, believe me, madam, I enjoyed more solid felicity in Ireland with him, than I ever had possessed with my two former husbands, in the pride of their glory, when England and all Europe resounded with their praise.

P. Orange. Can it be possible, that the daughter of Walsingham, and the wife of Sidney and Essex, should have sentiments so inferior to the minds from which she sprang, and to which she was matched! Believe me, madam, there was no hour of the many years I lived after the death of the prince of Orange, in which I would have exchanged the pride and joy, I continually had in hearing his praise, and seeing the monuments of his glory in the free commonwealth his wisdom had founded, for any other delights the world could give. The cares that I shared with him, while he remained upon earth, were a happiness to my mind, because they exalted its powers. The remembrance of them was dear to me after I had lost him. I thought his great soul, though removed to a higher sphere, would look down upon mine with some tenderness of affection, as its fellow-labourer in the heroic and divine work of delivering and freeing his country. But to be divorced from that soul! to be no longer his wife! to be the consort of an inferior, inglorious husband! I had much rather have died a thousand deaths, than that my heart should one moment have conceived such a thing.

C. Clanr.

C. Clanr. Your highness must not judge of all hearts by your own. The ruling passion of *that* was apparently ambition. My inclinations were not so noble as your's, but better suited, perhaps, to the nature of woman. I loved Sir Philip Sidney, I loved the earl of Essex, rather as amiable men than as heroes and statesmen. They were so taken up with their wars and state-affairs, that my tenderness for them was too often neglected. The earl of Clanrickard was constantly and wholly mine. He was brave, but had not that *spirit of chivalry*, with which Sir Philip Sidney was absolutely possessed. He had, in a high degree, the esteem of Elizabeth, but did not aspire to her *love*; nor did he wish to be the rival of Carr or of Villers in the affection of James. Such, madam, was the man on whom my last choice bestowed my hand, and whose kindness compensated for all my misfortunes! Providence has assigned to different tempers different comforts. To you it gave the education of a prince, the government of a state, the pride of being called the wife of a hero; to me a *good living husband*, quiet, opulence, nobility, and a fair reputation, though not in a degree so exalted as your's. If our whole sex were to chuse between your consolations and mine, your highness, I think, would find very few of your taste. But I respect the sublimity of your ideas. Now that we have no bodies, they appear less unnatural than I should have thought them in the other world.

P. Orange. Adieu, madam; our souls are of a different order, and were not made to sympathize or converse with each other.

DIALOGUE XVII.

MARCUS BRUTUS — POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

Brut. **W**ELL, Atticus, I find, that, notwithstanding your friendship for Cicero and for me, you survived us both many years, with
the

the same chearful spirit you had always possessed, and, by prudently wedding your daughter to Agrippa, secured the favour of Octavius Cæsar, and even contracted a close alliance with him by your grand-daughter's marriage with Tiberius Nero.

Attic. You know, Brutus, my philosophy was the Epicurean. I loved my friends, and I served them in their wants and distresses with great generosity; but I did not think myself obliged to die when they died, or not to make others, as occasions should offer.

Brut. You did, I acknowledge, *serve* your friends, as far as you could, without bringing yourself, on their account, into any great danger or disturbance of mind: but that you *loved* them, I much doubt. If you loved Cicero, how could you love Antony? if you loved me, how could you love Octavius? if you loved Octavius, how could you avoid taking part against Antony in their last civil war? Affection cannot be so strangely divided, and with so much equality, among men of such opposite characters, and who were such irreconcilable enemies to each other.

Attic. From my earliest youth I possessed the singular talent of ingratiating myself with the heads of different parties, and yet not engaging with any of them, so far as to disturb my own quiet. My family was connected with the Marian party; and though I retired to Athens, that I might not be unwillingly involved in the troubles, which that turbulent faction had begun to excite, yet, when young Marius was declared an enemy by the senate, I sent him a sum of money, to support him in his exile. Nor did this hinder me from making my court so well to Sylla, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the highest marks of his favour. Nevertheless, when he pressed me to go with him to Rome*, I declined it, being as unwilling to fight for him against the Marian

* Vide Cornel. Nepot. in Vita Attici.

rian party, as for them against him. He admired my conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the presents made to him during his abode in that city, to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to shew that moderation in all contentions of this kind had been always my principle; and that in the instances you mentioned I did not act from any levity or inconstancy in my nature, but from a regular consistent plan of conduct, which my reason convinced me was the wisest I could follow.

Brut. I remember indeed that you observed the same neutrality between Pompey and Julius Cæsar.

Attic. I did so — and that I might be able to do it with dignity, and without the reproach of ingratitude, I never would accept any office or honour from either of those great men; nor from Cicero, though my sister had married his brother; nor from you, Marcus Brutus, whose friendship I thought the greatest honour of my life.

Brut. Are there no obligations to a good heart, Pomponius, but honours and offices? or could you, by refusing to encumber yourself with these, dissolve all other ties? But, setting aside any considerations of private affection or esteem, how were you able to reconcile your conduct with that which is the ruling principle in the heart of every virtuous man, and more especially a virtuous Roman, *the love of the Public?*

Attic. The times I lived in were so bad, and the conflict of parties had so little to do in reality with *the love of the public*, that I thought my virtue much safer and purer by avoiding, than mixing in the fray.

Brut. Possibly, in the dispute between Marius and Sylla, and even in that between Pompey and Cæsar, a virtuous man might see so much to blame on both sides, and so much to fear, whichever faction should overcome the other, as to be justified in not engaging with either. But let me say, without vanity, in the war which I waged against Antony and Octavius, you

you could have nothing to blame: for I know you approved the principle upon which I killed Julius Cæsar. Nor had you any thing to fear if our arms had succeeded; for you knew that my intentions were upright and pure; nor was it doubtful that Cassius was as much determined as I to restore the Republic. How could you then, with any sense of virtue in your heart, maintain an indifference and neutrality between the *deliverers* and the *tyrants* of your country?

Attic. My answer to this will necessarily require explanations, which my respect to the *manes* of Brutus makes me wish to avoid.

Brut. In the other world I loved truth, and was desirous that all might speak it with freedom: but here even the tender ears of a tyrant are compelled to endure it. If I committed any faults, or erred in my judgment, the calamities I have suffered are a punishment for it. Tell me then truly, and without fear of offending, what you think were my failings.

Attic. You said that the principle upon which you killed Julius Cæsar had my approbation. This I do not deny:—but did I ever declare or give you reason to believe, that I thought it a *prudent* or *well-timed* act? I had quite other thoughts. Nothing ever seemed to me *worse judged* or *worse timed*: and these, Brutus, were my reasons. Cæsar was just setting out to make war on the Parthians. This was an enterprise of no little difficulty, and no little danger. But his unbounded ambition, and that restless spirit, which never would suffer him to take any repose, did not intend to stop there*. You know very well, (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vast plan, of marching, after he had conquered the whole Parthian empire, along the coast of the Caspian sea and the sides of Mount Caucasus, into Scythia, in order to subdue all the countries that border on Germany, and Germany itself; from whence he proposed to return to Rome by Gaul. Consider now, I beseech

* V. Plutarch. in Vita Jul. Cæsar.

I beseech you, how much time the execution of this project required. In some of his battles with so many fierce and warlike nations, the bravest of all the barbarians, he might have been slain : but if he had not, disease, or age itself, might have ended his life, before he could have compleated such an immense undertaking. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty-sixth year, and of an infirm constitution. Except his bastard by Cleopatra, he had no son : nor was his power so absolute, or so quietly settled, that he could have a thought of bequeathing the empire, like a private inheritance, to his sister's grandson, Octavius. While he was absent, there was no reason to fear any violence, or male-administration in Italy, or in Rome. Cicero would have had the chief authority in the senate. The prætorship of the city had been conferred upon you by the favour of Cæsar ; and your known credit with him, added to the high reputation of your virtues and abilities, gave you a weight in all business, which none of his party, left behind him in Italy, would have been able to oppose. What a fair prospect was here of good order, peace, and liberty at home, while abroad the Roman name would have been rendered more glorious, the disgrace of Crassus revenged, and the empire extended beyond the utmost ambition of our forefathers, by the greatest general that ever led the armies of Rome, or, perhaps, of any other nation ! What did it signify, whether in Asia, and among the barbarians, that general bore the name of king, or dictator ? Nothing could be more puerile in you and your friends, than to start so much at the proposition of his taking that name in Italy itself, when you had suffered him to enjoy all the power of royalty, and much more than any king of Rome had possessed from Romulus down to Tarquin.

Brut. We considered that name as the last insult offered to our liberty and our laws. It was an ensign of tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant purpose

pose of rendering the servitude of Rome more apparent. We therefore determined to punish the tyrant, and restore our country to freedom.

Attic. You punished the tyrant, but you did not restore your country to freedom. By sparing Antony against the opinion of Cassius, you suffered the tyranny to remain. He was consul, and, from the moment that Cæsar was dead, the chief power of the state was in his hands. The soldiers adored him for his liberality, valour, and military frankness. His eloquence was more persuasive from appearing unstudied. The nobility of his house, which descended from Hercules, would naturally inflame his heart with ambition. The whole course of his life had evidently shewn, that his thoughts were high and aspiring, and that he had little respect for the liberty of his country. He had been the second man in Cæsar's party: by saving him you gave a new head to that party, which could no longer subsist without your ruin. Many, who would have wished the restoration of liberty, if Cæsar had died a natural death, were so incensed at his murder, that merely for the sake of punishing *that*, they were willing to confer all power upon Antony, and make him absolute master of the republic. This was particularly true with respect to the veterans who had served under Cæsar: and he saw it so plainly, that he presently availed himself of their dispositions. You and Cassius were obliged to fly out of Italy; and Cicero, who was unwilling to take the same part, could find no expedient to save himself and the senate, but the wretched one of supporting and raising very high another Cæsar, the adopted son and heir of him you had slain, to oppose Antony, and to divide the Cæsarean party. But even while he did this, he perpetually offended that party, and made them his enemies, by harangues in the senate, which breathed the very spirit of the old Pompeian faction, and made him appear to Octavius, and all the friends of the dead dictator, no less guilty of his death, than those

those who had killed him. What could this end in, but that which you and your friends had most to fear, a reunion of the whole Cæsarean party, and of their principal leaders, however discordant the one with the other, to destroy the Pompeians? For my own part, I foresaw it long before the event, and therefore kept myself wholly clear of those proceedings.—You think I ought to have joined you and Cassius at Philippi, because I knew your good intentions, and that if you succeeded, you designed to restore the commonwealth. I am persuaded you did both agree in that point; but you differed in so many others, there was such a dissimilitude in your tempers and characters, that the union between you could not have lasted long; and your dissention would have had most fatal effects, with regard both to the settlement and to the administration of the republic. Besides, the whole mass of it was in such a fermentation, and so corrupted, that I am convinced new disorders would soon have arisen. If you had applied gentle remedies, to which your nature inclined, those remedies would have failed: if Cassius had induced you to act with severity, your government would have been stigmatized with the name of a tyranny more detestable than that against which you conspired; and Cæsar's clemency would have been the perpetual topic of every factious oration to the people, and of every seditious discourse to the soldiers. Thus you would have soon been plunged in the miseries of another civil war, or perhaps assassinated in the senate, as Julius was by you. Nothing could give the Roman empire a lasting tranquillity, but such a prudent plan of a *mitigated imperial power*, as was afterwards formed by Octavius, when he had ably and happily delivered himself from all opposition and partnership in the government. Those quiet times I lived to see: and I must say, they were the best I ever had seen, far better than those under the turbulent aristocracy for which you contended. And let me boast a little of my own
prudence,

prudence, which, through so many storms, could steer me safe into that port. Had it only given me safety without reputation, I should not think that I ought to value myself upon it. But in all these revolutions my honour remained as unimpaired as my fortune. I so conducted myself, that I lost no esteem, in being Antony's friend, after having been Cicero's; or in my alliance with Agrippa and Augustus Cæsar, after my friendship with you. Nor did either Cæsar or Antony blame my inaction in the quarrels between them; but, on the contrary, they both seemed to respect me the more for the neutrality I observed. My obligations to the one, and alliance with the other, made it improper for me to act against either: and my constant tenour of life had procured me an exemption from all civil wars by a kind of *prescription*.

Brut. If man were born to no higher purpose, than to wear out a long life in ease and prosperity, with the general esteem of the world, your wisdom was evidently as much superior to mine, as my life was shorter and more unhappy than your's. Nay, I verily believe, it exceeded the prudence of any other man that ever existed, considering in what difficult circumstances you were placed, and with how many violent shocks and sudden changes of fortune you were obliged to contend. But *here* the most *virtuous* and *public-spirited* conduct is found to have been the most *prudent*. The motive of our actions, not the success, gives us *here* renown. And, could I return to that life from whence I am escaped, I would not change my character to imitate your's: I would again be Brutus rather than Atticus. Even without the sweet hope of an eternal reward in a more perfect state, which is the strongest and most immovable support to the good under every misfortune, I swear by the gods, I would not give up *the noble feelings of my heart*, that elevation of mind that accompanies active and suffering virtue, for your seventy-seven years of constant tranquillity, with all the praise you obtained

from the learned men whom you patronized, or the great men whom you courted.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, King of England.
JOHN DE WITT, Pensionary of Holland.

Will. **T**HOUGH I had no cause to love you, yet, believe me, I sincerely lament your fate. Who could have thought that De Witt, the most popular minister that ever served a commonwealth, should fall a sacrifice to popular fury! Such admirable talents, such virtues, as you were endowed with, so clear, so cool, so comprehensive a head, a heart so untainted with any kind of vice, despising money, despising pleasure, despising the vain ostentation of greatness, such application to business, such ability in it, such courage, such firmness, and so perfect a knowledge of the nation you governed, seemed to assure you of a fixed and stable support in the public affection. But nothing can be durable that depends on the passions of the people.

De Witt. It is very generous in your majesty, not only to compassionate the fate of a man, whose political principles made him an enemy to your greatness, but ascribe it to the caprice and inconstancy of the people; as if there had been nothing very blameable in his conduct. I feel the magnanimity of this discourse from your majesty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my death. But I must frankly confess, that, although the rage of the populace was carried much too far, when they tore me and my unfortunate brother to pieces, yet I certainly had deserved to lose their affection, by relying too much on the uncertain and dangerous friendship of France, and by weakening the military strength of the state, to serve little purposes of my own

own power, and secure to myself the interested affection of the burgomasters, or others, who had credit and weight in the faction, the favour of which I courted. This had almost subjected my country to France, if you, great prince, had not been set at the head of the falling republic, and had not exerted such extraordinary virtues and abilities, to raise and support it, as surpassed even the heroism and prudence of William, our first stadtholder, and equalled you to the most illustrious patriots of Greece or Rome.

Will. This praise from your mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can so much exalt the character of a prince, as to have his actions approved of by a zealous republican, and the enemy of his house!

De Witt. If I did not approve them, I should shew myself the enemy of the republic. You never sought to tyrannize over it; you loved, you defended, you preserved its freedom. Thebes was not more indebted to Epaminondas, or Pelopidas, for its independance and glory, than the United Provinces were to you. How wonderful was it to see a youth, who had scarce attained to the twenty-second year of his age, whose spirit had been depressed and kept down by a jealous and hostile faction, rising at once to the conduct of a most arduous and perilous war, stopping an enemy victorious, triumphant, who had penetrated into the heart of his country; driving him back, and recovering from him all he had conquered: to see this done with an army, in which, a little before, there was neither discipline, courage, nor sense of honour! Ancient history has no exploit superior to it; and it will ennoble the modern, whenever a Livy or a Plutarch shall arise, to do justice to it, and set the hero who performed it in a true light.

Will. Say, rather, when time shall have worn out that malignity and rancour of party, which in free states is so apt to oppose itself to the sentiments of gratitude and esteem for their servants and benefactors.

De Witt. How magnanimous was your reply, how much in the spirit of true *ancient virtue*, when being asked in the greatest extremity of our danger, “*How you intended to live after Holland was lost?*” You said, “*You would live on the lands you had left in Germany, and had rather pass your life in hunting there, than sell your country or liberty to France at any rate* *!” How nobly did you think, when, being offered your patrimonial lordships and lands in the county of Burgundy, or the full value of them from France, by the mediation of England, in the treaty of peace, your answer was, “*That, to gain one good town more for the Spaniards in Flanders, you would be content to lose them all!*” No wonder, after this, that you were able to combine all Europe in a league against the power of France; that you were the centre of union, and the directing soul of that wise, that generous confederacy, formed by your labours; that you could steadily support and keep it together, in spite of repeated misfortunes; that even after defeats you were as formidable to Louis, as other generals after victories; and that in the end you became the deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

Will. I had in truth no other object, no other passion at heart, throughout my whole life, but to maintain the independance and freedom of Europe, against the ambition of France. It was this desire which formed the whole plan of my policy, which animated all my counsels, both as prince of Orange and king of England.

De Witt. This desire was the most noble (I speak it with shame) that could warm the heart of a prince, whose ancestors had opposed, and in a great measure destroyed, the power of Spain, when that nation aspired to the monarchy of Europe. France, sir, in
your

* See Temple's Memoirs from the year 1672 to 1679, P. 259, 320, 321.

your days, had an equal ambition and more strength to support her vast designs, than Spain under the government of Philip the Second. That ambition you restrained, that strength you resisted. I, alas! was seduced by her perfidious court, and by the necessity of affairs in that system of policy which I had adopted, to ask her assistance, to rely on her favour, and to make the commonwealth, whose counsels I directed, subservient to her greatness. — Permit me, sir, to explain to you the motives of my conduct. If all the princes of Orange had acted like you, I should never have been the enemy of your house. But prince Maurice of Nassau desired to oppress the liberty of that state, which his virtuous father had freed at the expence of his life, and which he himself had defended, against the arms of the house of Austria, with the highest reputation of military abilities. Under a pretence of religion (the most execrable cover of a wicked design) he put to death, as a criminal, that upright minister, Barnevelt, his father's best friend, because he refused to concur with him in treason against the state. He likewise imprisoned several other good men and lovers of their country, confiscated their estates, and ruined their families. Yet, after he had done these cruel acts of injustice, with a view to make himself sovereign of the Dutch commonwealth, he found they had drawn such a general odium upon him, that, not daring to accomplish his iniquitous purpose, he stopped short of the tyranny to which he had sacrificed his honour and virtue: a disappointment so mortifying, and so painful to his mind, that it probably hastened his death.

Will. Would to heaven he had died before the meeting of that infamous synod of Dort, by which he not only dishonoured himself and his family, but the Protestant religion itself! Forgive this interruption — my grief forced me to it — I desire you to proceed.

De Witt. The brother of Maurice, prince Henry, who succeeded to his dignities in the republic, acted
with

with more moderation. But the son of that good prince, your majesty's father, (I am sorry to speak what I know you hear with pain) resumed, in the pride and fire of his youth, the ambitious designs of his uncle. He failed in his undertaking, and soon afterwards died, but left in the hearts of the whole republican party an incurable jealousy and dread of his family. Full of these prejudices, and zealous for liberty, I thought it my duty, as pensionary of Holland, to prevent for ever, if I could, your restoration to the power your ancestors had enjoyed, which I sincerely believed would be inconsistent with the safety and freedom of my country.

Will. Let me stop you a moment here. — When my great-grand-father formed the plan of the Dutch commonwealth, he made the power of a stadtholder one of the principal springs in his system of government. How could you imagine that it would ever go well when deprived of this spring, so necessary to adjust and balance its motions? A constitution originally formed with no mixture of regal power may long be maintained in all its vigour and energy, without such a power; but, if any degree of monarchy was mixed from the beginning in the principles of it, the forcing *that* out must necessarily disorder and weaken the whole fabric. This was particularly the case in our republic. The negative voice of every small town in the provincial states, the tedious slowness of our forms and deliberations, the facility with which foreign ministers may seduce or purchase the opinions of so many persons as have a right to concur in all our resolutions, make it impossible for the government, even in the quietest times, to be well carried on, without the authority and influence of a stadtholder, which are the only remedy our constitution has provided for those evils.

De Witt. I acknowledge they are. — But I and my party thought no evil so great as that remedy; and therefore we sought for other more pleasing resources.

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One of these, upon which we most confidently depended, was the friendship of France. I flattered myself that the interest of the French would secure to me their favour; as your relation to the crown of England might naturally raise in them a jealousy of your power. I hoped they would encourage the trade and commerce of the Dutch, in opposition to the English, the ancient enemies of their crown, and let us enjoy all the benefits of a perpetual peace, unless we made war upon England, or England upon us; in either of which cases it was reasonable to presume we should have their assistance. The French minister at the Hague, who served his court but too well, so confirmed me in these notions, that I had no apprehensions of the *mine* which was forming under my feet.

Will. You found your authority strengthened by a plan so agreeable to your party; and this contributed more to deceive your sagacity than all the art of D'Estrades.

De Witt. My policy seemed to me entirely suitable to the lasting security of my own power, of the liberty of my country, and of its maritime greatness. For I made it my care to keep up a very powerful navy, well commanded and officered, for the defence of all these against the English; but, as I feared nothing from France, or any power on the continent, I neglected the army; or rather I destroyed it, by enervating all its strength, by disbanding old troops and veteran officers, attached to the house of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading militia*, commanded by officers who had neither experience nor courage, and who owed their promotions to no other merit, but their relation to or interest with some leading men in the several *oligarchies*, of which the government in all the Dutch towns is composed. Nevertheless, on the invasion of Flanders by the French, I was forced to depart from my close connection with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in
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the triple alliance, which Sir William Temple proposed, in order to check her ambition : but as I entered into that measure from necessity, not from choice, I did not pursue it. I neglected to improve our union with England, or to secure that with Sweden ; I avoided any conjunction of counsels with Spain ; I formed no alliance with the Emperor or the Germans ; I corrupted our army more and more ; till a sudden, unnatural confederacy, struck up against all the maxims of policy, by the court of England with France, for the conquest of the Seven Provinces, brought these at once to the very brink of destruction, and made me a victim to the fury of a populace too justly provoked.

Will. I must say, that your plan was in reality nothing more than to procure for the Dutch *a licence to trade, under the good pleasure and gracious protection of France.* But any state that so entirely depends on another, is only a *province*, and its *liberty* is a *servitude* graced with a sweet but empty name. You should have reflected, that to a monarch so ambitious and so vain as *Louis le Grand*, the idea of a conquest, which seemed almost certain, and the desire of humbling a haughty republic, were temptations irresistible. His bigotry likewise would concur in recommending to him an enterprise, which he might think would put heresy under his feet. And if you knew either the character of Charles the Second, or the principles of his government, you ought not to have supposed his union with France for the ruin of Holland an impossible, or even improbable event. It is hardly excusable in a statesman to be greatly surprised, that the inclinations of princes should prevail upon them to act, in many particulars, without any regard to the political maxims and interest of their kingdoms.

De Witt. I am ashamed of my error ; but the chief cause of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite so ill of Charles the Second and his ministry

ministry as they deserved*. I imagined too that his parliament would restrain him from engaging in such a war, or compel him to engage in our defence, if France should attack us. These, I acknowledge, are *excuses*, not *justifications*. When the French marched into Holland, and found it in a condition so unable to resist them, my fame as a minister irrecoverably sunk. For, not to appear a *traitor*, I was obliged to confess myself a *dupe*. But what praise is sufficient for the wisdom and virtue you shewed, in so firmly rejecting the offers, which I have been informed were made to you, both by England and France, when first you appeared in arms at the head of your country, to give you *the sovereignty of the Seven Provinces*, by the assistance, and under the protection, of the two crowns! Believe me, great prince, had I been living in those times, and had known the generous answers you made to those offers, which were repeated more than once during the course of the war; not the most ancient and devoted servant to your family would have been more your friend than I. But who could reasonably hope for such moderation, and such a right sense of glory, in the mind of a young man, descended from *kings*, whose mother was daughter to Charles the First, and whose father had left him the seducing example of a very different conduct? Happy indeed was the English nation to have such a prince so nearly allied to their crown both in blood and by marriage, whom they might call to be their deliverer, when bigotry and despotism, the two greatest enemies to human society, had almost overthrown their whole constitution in church and state!

Will. They might have been happy; but were not. — As soon as I had accomplished their deliverance for them, many of them became my most implacable enemies, and even wished to restore the unforgiving

* See Temple's Memoirs from the year 1672 to 1679, P. 259, 299.

giving prince, whom they had so unanimously and so justly expelled from his kingdom. — Such levity seems incredible. I could not myself have imagined it possible, in a nation famed for *good sense*, if I had not had proofs of it beyond contradiction. They seemed as much to forget *what they called me over for*, as *that they had called me over*. The security of their religion, the maintenance of their liberty, were no longer their care. All was to yield to the incomprehensible doctrine of *right divine* and *passive obedience*. Thus the *Tories* grew *Jacobites*, after having renounced both that doctrine and James, by their opposition to him, by the invitation of me, and by every act of the parliament which gave me the crown. — But the most troublesome of my enemies were a set of Republicans, who violently opposed all my measures, and joined with the Jacobites in disturbing my government, only because it was not a commonwealth.

De Witt. They who were republicans under your government in the kingdom of England did not love liberty, but aspired to dominion, and wished to throw the nation into a total confusion, that it might give them a chance of working out from that anarchy a better state for themselves.

Will. Your observation is just. A proud man thinks himself a lover of liberty, when he is only impatient of a power in government above his own, and, were he a king, or the first minister of a king, would be a tyrant. Nevertheless I will own to you, with the candour which becomes a virtuous prince, that there were in England some whigs, and even some of the most sober and moderate Tories, who, with very honest intentions, and sometimes with good judgments, proposed new securities to the liberty of the nation, against the prerogative and influence of the crown, and the corruption of ministers in future times. To some of these I gave way, being convinced they were right; but others I resisted, for fear of weakening too much the royal authority, and breaking that *balance*, in which consists the perfection of a
mixed

the purity of my intentions, without using those arts that are necessary to allay the ferment of factions, and allure men to their duty by soothing their passions. Upon the whole, I am sensible that I better understood how to govern the Dutch than the English or the Scotch, and should probably have been thought a greater man, if I had not been king of Great Britain.

De Witt. It is a shame to the English, that gratitude, and affection for such merit as yours, were not able to overcome any little disgusts arising from your temper, and enthrone their deliverer in the hearts of his people. But will your majesty give me leave to ask you one question? Is it true, as I have heard, that many of them disliked your alliances on the continent, and spoke of your war with France as a *Dutch measure*, in which you sacrificed England to Holland?

Will. The cry of the nation at first was strong for the war: but before the end of it the Tories began publickly to talk the language you mention. And no wonder they did;—for, as they then had a desire to set up again the maxims of government which had prevailed in the reign of their beloved Charles the Second, they could not but represent opposition to France, and vigorous measures taken to restrain her ambition, as unnecessary for England: because they well knew that the counsels of that king had been utterly averse to such measures; that his whole policy made him a friend to France; that he was governed by a French mistress, and even bribed by French money, to give that court his assistance, or at least his acquiescence, in all their designs.

De Witt. A king of England, whose cabinet is governed by France, and who becomes a vile pensioner to a French king, degrades himself from his royalty, and ought to be considered as an enemy to the nation. Indeed the whole policy of Charles the Second, when he was not forced off from his natural bias, by the necessity he lay under of soothing his parliament, was a constant, designed, systematical opposition

position to the interest of his people. His brother, though more sensible to the honour of England, was, by his Popery and desire of arbitrary power, constrained to lean upon France, and do nothing to obstruct her designs on the continent, or lessen her greatness. It was therefore necessary to place the British crown on your head, not only with a view to preserve the religious and civil rights of the people from internal oppressions, but to rescue the whole state from that servile dependence on its natural enemy, which must unquestionably have ended in its destruction. What folly was it to revile your measures abroad, as sacrificing the interest of your British dominions to connexions with the continent, and principally with Holland! had Great Britain no interest to hinder the French from being masters of all the Austrian Netherlands, and forcing the Seven United Provinces, her strongest barrier on the continent against the power of that nation, to submit with the rest to their yoke? would her trade, would her coasts, would her capital itself, have been safe, after so mighty an encrease of shipping and sailors, as France would have gained by those conquests? and what could have prevented them, but the war which you waged, and the alliances which you formed? could the Dutch and the Germans, unaided by Great Britain, have attempted to make head against a power, which even with her assistance, strong and spirited as it was, they could hardly resist? And after the check which had been given to the encroachments of France, by the efforts of the *first grand alliance*, did not a new and greater danger make it necessary to recur to another such league? was not the union of France and Spain under one monarch, or even under one family, the most alarming contingency that ever had threatened the liberty of Europe?

Will. I thought so; and I am sure I did not err in my judgment. But folly is blind; and faction wilfully shuts her eyes against the most evident truths that

that cross her designs; as she believes any lies, however palpable and absurd, that she thinks will assist them.

De Witt. The only objection which seems to have any real weight against your system of policy, with regard to the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, is the enormous expence that must necessarily attend it; an expence which I am afraid neither England nor Holland will be able to bear without extreme inconvenience.

Will. I will answer that objection by asking a question. If, when you were pensionary of Holland, intelligence had been brought, that the dykes were ready to break, and the sea was coming in, to overwhelm and to drown us, what would you have said to one of the deputies, who, when you were proposing the proper repairs to stop the inundation, should have objected to the charge, as too heavy on the province? This was the case in a political sense with both England and Holland. The fences raised to keep out superstition and tyranny were all giving way: those dreadful evils were threatening, with their whole accumulated force, to break in upon us, and overwhelm our ecclesiastical and civil constitution. In such circumstances to object to a necessary expence is folly and madness.

De Witt. It is certain, Sir, that the utmost abilities of a nation can never be so well employed, as in the unwearied, pertinacious defence of their religion and freedom. When *these* are lost, there remains nothing that is worth the concern of a good or wise man. Nor do I think it consistent with the prudence of government not to guard against future dangers, as well as present; which precaution must be often in some degree expensive. I acknowledge too, that the resources of a commercial country, which supports its trade, even in war, by invincible fleets, and takes care not to hurt it in the methods of imposing or collecting its taxes, are immense, and inconceivable till the

the trial is made; especially where the government, which demands the supplies, is agreeable to the people. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* expence will in the end be destructive. What matters it whether a state is mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign enemy, or dies by a consumption of its own vital strength? Such a consumption will come upon Holland sooner than upon England, because the latter has a greater radical force: but, great as it is, that force at last will be so diminished and exhausted by perpetual drains, that it may fail all at once, and those efforts, which may seem most surprisingly vigorous, will be in reality *the convulsions of death*. I don't apply this to your majesty's government; but I speak with a view to what may happen hereafter from the extensive ideas of negociation and war which you have established. They have been salutary to your kingdom; but they will, I fear, be pernicious in future times, if, in pursuing great plans, great ministers do not act with a sobriety, prudence, and attention to frugality, which very seldom are joined with an extraordinary vigour and boldness of counsels.

DIALOGUE XIX.

M. APICIUS. — DARTENEUF.

Dart. **A**LAS! poor Apicius! — I pity thee from my heart, for not having lived in my age and in my country. How many good dishes, unknown at Rome in thy days, have I feasted upon in England!

Apic. Keep your pity for yourself. — How many good dishes have I feasted upon in Rome, which England does not produce, or of which the knowledge has been lost, with other treasures of antiquity, in these degenerate days! The fat paps of a sow, the livers of scari, the brains of phœnicopters, and the *tripotanium*, which

which consisted of three excellent sorts of fish, for which you English have no names, the *lupus marinus*, the *myxo*, and the *muræna*.

Dart. I thought the *muræna* had been our lamprey. We have delicate ones in the Severn!

Apic. No:—the *muræna*, so respected by the ancient Roman senators, was a salt water fish, and kept by our nobles in ponds, into which the sea was admitted.

Dart. Why then I dare say our Severn lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them stewed or potted?

Apic. I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

Dart. I am sorry for you, very sorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the best oysters*.

Apic. Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oysters were brought to Rome in my time†.

Dart. They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there.—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in search of a dainty! Did not Leander swim over the Hellespont in a tempest, to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of exquisite oysters?

Apic. Nay—I am sure you can't blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes. I sailed to the coast of Africk, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast, and finding that I had received a false information, I returned immediately, without even deigning to land‡.

Dart. There was some sense in that: but why did not you also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you once tasted those oysters in their highest perfection, you

* See St. Evremond's Letters. † See Juvenal and Pliny. Arbuthnot on ancient Coins, c. 5. Pars 2. ‡ See Athenæus, and Bayle in his Notes to the article Apicius.

you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burst.

Apic. I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, at Rome, because I found, upon the balance of my accounts, I had only the pitiful sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving*.

Dart. A sum of fourscore thousand pounds not keep you from starving! Would I had had it! I should have been twenty years in spending it, with the best table in London.

Apic. Alas poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died, I had spent in my kitchen 807,291 l. 13 s. 4 d. †

Dart. I don't believe a word of it: there is certainly an error in the account.

Apic. Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his suppers in *the Apollo*, I mean for every supper he sat down to in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614 l. 11 s. 8 d. ‡

Dart. Would I had supped with him there! But are you sure there is no blunder in these calculations?

Apic. Ask your learned men that.—I reckon as they tell me.—But you may think that these feasts were made only by great men, by triumphant generals, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia, to help him in his housekeeping. What will you say, when I tell you that the player *Æsopus* had one dish that cost him six thousand sestertia, that is, four thousand eight hundred and forty-three pounds ten shillings English? ||

Dart. What will I say? why, that I pity my worthy

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* See Senec. de Consol. ad Helviam. Martial. Epig. 22. l. iii. Bayle, Apicius. See Arbuthnot, p. 116.

† See Arbuthnot, p. 116. ‡ See Arbuthnot, p. 133. || Arbuthnot, p. 133. Plin. l. x. c. 60.

thy friend, Mr. Cibber; and that, if I had known this, when alive, I should have hanged myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

Apic. Well you might, well you might. — You don't know what *eating* is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man of taste to keep a good table. Our players were infinitely richer than your princes.

Dart. Oh that I had but lived in the blessed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their slaves!

Apic. Ay, there you touch me. — I am miserable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the best eaters of the age in which I lived *. Vitellius spent in feasting within the compass of one year, what would amount in your money to above seven millions two hundred thousand pounds †. He told me so himself in a conversation I had with him not long ago. And the two others you mentioned did not fall very short of his royal magnificence.

Dart. These indeed were great princes. But what most affects me is the luxury of that upstart fellow Æsopus. Pray, of what ingredients might the dish, he paid so much for, consist?

Apic. Chiefly of *singing birds* ‡. It was that which so greatly enhanced the price.

Dart. Of *singing birds*! choak him. — I never eat but *one*, which I stole out of its cage from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar, as if I had stolen and roasted an only child. But, upon recollection, I doubt whether I have really so much cause to envy Æsopus. For the *singing bird* which I eat was not so good as a wheat-ear or *becafigue*. And therefore

* See Bayle. Apicius. Athenæus. l. i. p. 7.
 † Arbuthnot, c. 5. ‡ Arbuthnot, p. 133.

therefore I suspect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity. It was like the foolish extravagance of the son of Æsopus, who dissolved pearls in vinegar and drank them at supper*. I will stake my credit, that a haunch of good buck venison, and my favourite *ham pye*, were much better dishes than any at the table of Vitellius himself. It does not appear that you ancients ever had any good soops, without which a man of taste cannot possibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are detestable: but what is better than *the wing* of one of our English *wild* rabbits? I have been told you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is ill-flavoured. And as for your boars *roasted whole*, they were only fit to be served up at a corporation feast or election dinner. A small *barbecued hog* is worth a hundred of them. And a good collar of Canterbury or Shrewsbury brawn is a much better dish.

Apic. If you had some meats that we wanted, yet our cookery must have been greatly superior to your's: Our cooks were so excellent, that they could give to hog's flesh the taste of all other meats.†

Dart. I should never have endured their imitations. You might as easily have imposed on a good *connoisseur* in painting the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats, and even to some kinds of fish, a rich flavour of bacon, without destroying that which makes the distinction of one from another. It does not appear to me that *essence of hams* was ever known to the ancients. We have a hundred *ragouts*, the composition of which surpasses all description. Had your's been as good, you could not have lain indolently loling upon couches, while you were eating. They would have made you sit up and mind your business. Then you had a strange custom of hearing things

H h 2

read

* Pope's Imit. of Hor. Sat. I. l. 46. † See Arbuthnot, c. 5.

read to you while you were at supper. This demonstrates that you were not so well entertained as we are with our meat. When I was at table, I neither heard, nor saw, nor spoke: I only tasted. But the worst of all is, that, in the utmost perfection of your luxury, you had no wine to be named with claret, burgundy, champagne, old hock, or tokay. You boasted much of your *Falernum*: but I have tasted the *Lachrymæ Christi*, and other wines of that coast, not one of which would I have drank above a glass or two of, if you would have given me the kingdom of Naples. I have read that you boiled your wines, and mixed water with them; which is sufficient evidence that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

Apic. I am afraid you do really excel us in wines; not to mention your beer, your cyder, and your perry, of all which I have heard great fame from your countrymen; and their report has been confirmed by the testimony of their neighbours, who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been also said to me of an English liquor called punch.

Dart. Ay — to have died without tasting *that* is miserable indeed! There is rum punch, and arrack punch! It is difficult to say which is best; but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

Apic. The thought of them puts me into a fever with thirst.

Dart. These incomparable liquors are brought to us from the East and West Indies, of the first of which you knew little, and of the latter nothing. This alone is sufficient to determine the dispute. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of *that*, and despair.

Apic. I cannot indeed but exceedingly lament my ill fate, that America was not discovered, before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine apples, and a number of other fine fruits, or delicious meats, produced there, which I have never tasted.

Dart.

Dart. The single advantage of having sugar, to sweeten every thing with, instead of honey, which you, for want of the other, were obliged to make use of, is inestimable.

Apic. I confess your superiority in that important article. But what grieves me most is, that I never eat a turtle. They tell me that it is absolutely the best of all foods!

Dart. Yes, I have heard the Americans say so:—but I never eat any: for in my time they were not brought over to England.

Apic. Never eat any turtle! How could'st thou dare to accuse me of not going to Sandwich, to eat oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America, to riot on turtles? But know, wretched man, I am credibly informed, that they are now as plentiful in England as sturgeons. There are turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West Indies. I have just received this information from a fat alderman, who died in London last week, of a surfeit he got at a turtle feast in that city.

Dart. What does he say? does he affirm to you that turtle is better than venison?

Apic. He says, there was a haunch of the fattest venison untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle alone.

Dart. Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when *the noble science of eating* was supposed to have been carried to its highest perfection in England and France. And yet a *turtle feast* is a novelty to me! Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day to my own table at London, just to taste of that food? I would promise to kill myself by the quantity of it I would eat before the next morning.

Apic. You have forgot you have no *body*: that which you had has long been rotten: and you can never return to the earth with another, unless Pythagoras should send you thither to animate a hog. But comfort yourself, that, as you have eaten dainties
which

which I never tasted, so the next age will eat some unknown to this. New discoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. — But see; who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

MERCURY. Gentlemen, I must tell you, that I have stood near you invisible, and heard your discourse; a privilege which, you know, we deities use as often as we please. Attend therefore to what I shall communicate to you, relating to the subject upon which you have been talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, who had much more pleasure in eating than either of you, through the whole course of your lives.

Apic. One of these happy epicures, I presume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman settled in the West Indies.

MERCURY. No: one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer. — I see you both look astonished. But what I tell you is truth. Labour and hunger gave a relish to the *black broth* of the former, and the *salt beef* of the latter, beyond what you ever found in the *tripotaniums* or *ham pyes*, that vainly stimulated your forced and languid appetites, which perpetual indolence weakened, and constant luxury overcharged.

Dart. This, Apicius, is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle feast.

Apic. I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your *art of cookery* in my life-time: but it is a sad thing not to know what *good living* is till after one is *dead*.

DIALOGUE XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

CHARLES the Twelfth, King of Sweden.

Alexa. **Y**OUR majesty seems in great wrath! Who has offended you?

Charles. The offence is to you as much as me.
Here

Here is a fellow admitted into Elysium, who has affronted us both: an English poet, one Pope. He has called us *two madmen*!*

Alexa. I have been unlucky in poets. No prince ever was fonder of the Muses than I, or has received from them a more ungrateful return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, because he had a Homer to celebrate his exploits; and I most bountifully rewarded Choerilus, a pretender to poetry, for writing verses on mine: but my liberality, instead of doing me honour, has since drawn upon me the ridicule of Horace, a witty Roman poet; and Lucan, another versifier of the same nation, has loaded my memory with the harshest invectives.

Charles. I know nothing of these; but I know that in my time, a pert French satirist, one Boileau, made so free with your character, that I tore his book for having abused my favourite hero†. And now this saucy Englishman has libelled us both. — But I have a proposal to make to you for the reparation of our honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all these insolent scriblers out of Elysium, and throw them down headlong to the bottom of Tartarus, in spite of Pluto and all his guards.

Alexa. This is just such a scheme as that you formed at Bender, to maintain yourself there, with the aid of three hundred Swedes, against the whole force of the Ottoman empire. And I must say, that such follies gave the English poet too much cause to call you a madman.

Charles. If my heroism was madness, your's, I presume, was not wisdom.

Alexa. There was a vast difference between your conduct and mine. Let poets or declaimers say what they will, history shews, that I was not only the bravest

* Pope's Essay on Man, ep. iv. l. 219, 20.

† See Porriatowski's remarks on Voltaire's History of Charles XII.

bravest soldier, but one of the ablest commanders the world has ever seen. Whereas you, by imprudently leading your army into vast and barren deserts, at the approach of winter, exposed it to perish in its march for want of subsistence, lost your artillery, lost a great number of your soldiers, and were forced to fight with the Muscovites under such disadvantages, as made it almost impossible for you to conquer.

Charles. I will not dispute your superiority as a general. It is not for me, a mere mortal, to contend with the *son of Jupiter Ammon*.

Alexa. I suppose you think my pretending that *Jupiter* was my father as much entitles me to the name of a madman, as your extravagant behaviour at Bender does you. But you are greatly mistaken. It was not my vanity, but my policy, which set up that pretension. When I proposed to undertake the conquest of Asia, it was necessary for me to appear to the people something more than a man. They had been used to the idea of *demigod heroes*. I therefore claimed an equal descent with Osiris and Sesostris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former conquerors of the East. The opinion of my divinity assisted my arms, and subdued all nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But, though I called myself *the son of Jupiter*, and kept up the veneration that name inspired, by a courage which seemed more than human, and by the sublime magnanimity of all my behaviour, I did not forget that I was *the son of Philip*. I used the policy of my father, and the wise lessons of Aristotle, whom he had made my preceptor, in the conduct of all my great designs. It was *the son of Philip* who planted Greek colonies in Asia, as far as the Indies; who formed projects of trade more extensive than his empire itself; who laid the foundations of them in the midst of his wars; who built Alexandria, to be the centre and staple of commerce between Europe, Asia, and Africk; who sent

Nearchus

Nearchus to navigate the unknown Indian seas, and intended to have gone himself from those seas to the pillars of Hercules, that is, to have explored the passage round Africk, the discovery of which has since been so glorious to Vasco de Gama. It was *the son of Philip*, who, after subduing the Persians, governed them with such lenity, such justice and such wisdom, that they loved him even more than ever they had loved their natural kings;* and who, by intermarriages, and all methods that could best establish a coalition between the conquerors and the conquered, united them into one people. But what, sir, did you do, to advance the trade of your subjects, to procure any benefit to those you had vanquished, or to convert any enemy into a friend?

Charles. I might easily have made myself king of Poland, and was advised to do so, by count Piper, my favourite minister; I generously gave that kingdom to Stanislaus, as you had given a great part of your conquest in India to Porus, besides his own dominions, which you restored to him entire, after you had beaten his army and taken him captive.

Alexa. I gave him the government of those countries under me, and as my lieutenant; which was the best method of preserving my power in conquests, where I could not leave garrisons sufficient to maintain them. The same policy was afterwards practised by the Romans, who of all conquerors, except me, were the greatest politicians. But neither was I, nor were they, so extravagant, as to conquer only for others, or dethrone kings with no view, but merely to have the pleasure of bestowing their crowns on some of their subjects, without any advantage to ourselves. Nevertheless, I will own, that my expedition to India was an exploit of *the son of Jupiter*, not of *the son of Philip*. I had done better if I had staid to give more consistency to my Persian and Grecian empires,

* See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

pires, instead of attempting new conquests, and at such a distance, so soon. Yet even this war was of use to hinder my troops from being corrupted by the effeminacy of Asia, and to keep up that universal awe of my name, which in those countries was the great support of my power.

Charles. In the unwearied activity with which I proceeded from one enterprize to another, I dare call myself your equal. Nay, I may pretend to higher glory than you, because you only went on from victory to victory; but the greatest losses were not able to diminish my ardour, or stop the efforts of my daring and invincible spirit.

Alexa. You shewed in adversity much more magnanimity than you did in prosperity. How unworthy of a prince who imitated me was your behaviour to the king your arms had vanquished! The compelling Augustus to write himself a letter of congratulation to one of his vassals, * whom you had placed on his throne, was the very reverse of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous insult upon his ill fortune! It was the triumph of a little and a low mind! The visit you made him immediately after that insult was a farther contempt, offensive to him, and both useless and dangerous to yourself.

Charles. I feared no danger from it. — I knew he durst not use the power I gave him to hurt me.

Alexa. If his resentment, in that instant, had prevailed over his fear, as it was likely to do, you would have perished deservedly by your insolence and presumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all dangers which I thought it was necessary or proper for me to meet, I never put myself one moment in the power of an enemy whom I had offended. But you had the rashness of folly as well as of heroism. A false opinion conceived of your enemy's weakness proved at last your undoing. When, in answer to some reasonable

* See Voltaire's Charles XII.

sonable propositions of peace, sent to you by the czar, you said, "*You would come and treat with him at Moscow*"; he replied very justly, "*That you affected to act like Alexander, but should not find in him a Darius**." And, doubtless, you ought to have been better acquainted with the character of that prince. Had Persia been governed by a *Peter Alexowitz* when I made war against it, I should have acted more cautiously, and not have counted so much on the superiority of my troops, in valour and discipline, over an army commanded by a king, who was so capable of instructing them in all they wanted.

Charles. The battle of Narva, won by eight thousand Swedes against fourscore thousand Muscovites, seemed to authorize my contempt of the nation and their prince.

Alexa. It happened that their prince was not present in that battle. But he had not as yet had the time, which was necessary to instruct his barbarous soldiers. You gave him that time, and he made so good a use of it, that you found at Pultowa the Muscovites become a different nation. If you had followed the blow you gave them at Narva, and marched directly to Moscow, you might have destroyed their Hercules in his cradle. But you suffered him to grow, till his strength was mature, and then acted as if he had been still in his childhood.

Charles. I must confess you excelled me in conduct, in policy, and in true magnanimity. But my liberality was not inferior to your's; and neither you nor any mortal ever surpassed me in the enthusiasm of courage. I was also free from those vices which sullied your character. I never was drunk; I killed no friend in the riot of a feast; I fired no palace at the instigation of a harlot.

Alexa. It may perhaps be admitted as some excuse for my drunkenness, that the Persians esteemed it an excellence

* See Voltaire's Charles XII.

excellence in their kings to be able to drink a great quantity of wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a dishonour*. But you were as frantic, and as cruel, when sober, as I was, when drunk†. You were sober when you resolved to continue in Turkey against the will of your host, the *grand signor*. You were sober when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whose only crime was his having maintained the liberties of his country, and who bore the sacred character of an ambassador, to be broken alive on the wheel, against the laws of nations, and those of humanity, more inviolable still to a generous mind. You were likewise sober when you wrote to the senate of Sweden, who, upon a report of your death, endeavoured to take some care of your kingdom, *That you would send them one of your boots, and from that they should receive their orders, if they pretended to meddle in government*: an insult much worse than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was most heated with wine and with adulation! As for my chastity, it was not so perfect as your's, though on some occasions I obtained great praise for my continence: but, perhaps, if you had been not quite so insensible to the charms of the fair sex, it would have mitigated and softened the fierceness, the pride, and the obstinacy of your nature.

Charles. It would have softened me into a woman, or, what I think still more contemptible, the slave of a woman. But you seem to insinuate that you never were cruel or frantic unless when you were drunk. This I absolutely deny. — You were not drunk, when you crucified Hephæstion's physician, for not curing a man who killed himself by his intemperance in his sickness‡; nor when you sacrificed to the manes of that favourite officer the whole nation of Cusseans, men,

* See Plutarch's *Morals* and Xenophon. † See Voltaire's *Charles XII.* ‡ See Plutarch's *Life of Alexander.*

men, women, and children, who were entirely innocent of his death; because you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated some Trojan captives on the tomb of Patroclus. I could mention other proofs that your passions inflamed you as much as wine: but these are sufficient.

Alexa. I can't deny that my passions were sometimes so violent as to deprive me for a while of the use of my reason; especially when the pride of such amazing successes, the servitude of the Persians, and barbarian flattery, had intoxicated my mind. To bear, at my age, with continual moderation, such fortune as mine, was hardly in human nature. As for you, there was an excess and intemperance in your virtues, which turned them all into vices. And one virtue you wanted, which in a prince is very commendable, and beneficial to the public, I mean the love of science and of the elegant arts. Under my care and patronage they were carried in Greece to their utmost perfection. Aristotle, Apelles, and Lysippus, were among the glories of my reign: your's was illustrated only by battles. — Upon the whole, though, from some resemblance between us, I should naturally be inclined to decide in your favour, yet I must give the priority in renown to your enemy, Peter Alexowitz. That great monarch *raised* his country; You *ruined* your's. He was a *legislator*; you were a *tyrant*.

DIALOGUE XXI.

Cardinal XIMENES. — Cardinal WOLSEY.

Wolfs. **Y**OU seem to look on me, Ximenes, with an air of superiority, as if I was not your equal. Have you forgotten that I was the favourite and first minister of a great king of England? that I was at once lord high chancellor, bishop of Durham, bishop

bishop of Winchester, archbishop of York, and cardinal legate? On what other subject were ever accumulated so many dignities, such honours, such power?

Ximen. In order to prove yourself my equal, you are pleased to tell me what you *had*, not what you *did*. But it is not the having great offices; it is the doing great things, that makes a great minister. I know that for some years you governed the mind of king Henry the Eighth, and consequently his kingdom, with the most absolute sway. Let me ask you then, what were *the acts of your reign*?

Wols. My *acts* were those of a very skilful courtier and able politician. I managed a temper, which nature had made the most difficult to manage, of any, perhaps, that ever existed, with such consummate address, that all its passions were rendered entirely subservient to my inclinations. In foreign affairs I turned the arms of my master, or disposed of his friendship, which ever way my own interest happened to direct. It was not with *him*, but with *me*, that treaties were made by the Emperor or by France; and none were concluded, during my ministry, that did not contain some article in my favour, besides secret assurances of aiding my ambition or resentment, which were the real springs of all my negociations. At home I brought the pride of English nobility, which had resisted the greatest of the *Plantagenets*, to bow submissively to the son of a *butcher of Ipswich*. And, as my power was royal, my state and magnificence were suitable to it: my buildings, my furniture, my household, my equipage, my liberality, and my charities, were above the rank of a subject.

Ximen. From all you have said I understand that you gained great advantages *for yourself* in the course of your ministry, too great indeed for a good man to desire, or a wise man to accept. But what did you do for your sovereign, and for the state? — You make me no answer. — What I did is well known. I was not content with forcing the arrogance of the
Spanish

Spanish nobility to stoop to my power, but used that power to free the people from their oppressions *. In you they respected the royal authority ; I made them respect the majesty of the laws. I also relieved my countrymen, the commons of Castile, from a most grievous burthen, by an alteration in the method of collecting their taxes. After the death of Isabella I preserved the tranquillity of Arragon and Castile, by procuring the regency of the latter for Ferdinand, a wise and valiant prince, though he had not been my friend during the life of the queen. And when, after his decease, I was raised to the regency by the general esteem and affection of the Castilians, I administered the government with great courage, firmness, and prudence ; with the most perfect disinterestedness in regard to myself, and most zealous concern for the public. I suppressed all the factions which threatened to disturb the peace of that kingdom in the minority and absence of the young king ; and prevented the discontents of the commons of Castile, too justly incensed against the Flemish ministers, who governed their prince and rapaciously pillaged their country, from breaking out, during my life, into open rebellion, as they did most unhappily, soon after my death. These were my civil acts : but to complete the renown of my administration, I added to it the palm of military glory. At my own charges, and myself commanding the army, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it, with its territory, to the Spanish dominions.

Wolf. My soul was as elevated and noble as your's ; my understanding as strong, and more refined. But the difference of our conduct arose from the difference of our objects. To raise your reputation, and secure your power in Castile, by making that kingdom as happy, and as great as you could, was your object. Mine was to procure *the triple crown* for myself by the assistance

* See Marfolier, Vie de Ximesne.

sistance of my sovereign, and of the greatest foreign powers. Each of us took the means that were evidently most proper to the accomplishment of his ends.

Ximen. Can you confess such a principle of your conduct without a blush? But you will at least be ashamed, that you failed in your purpose, and were the dupe of the powers with whom you negociated; after having dishonoured the character of your master, in order to serve your own ambition. I accomplished my desire, with glory to my sovereign, and advantage to my country. Besides this difference, there was a great one in the methods by which we acquired our power. We both owed it indeed to the favour of princes; but I gained Isabella's by the opinion she had of my piety and integrity: you gained Henry's by a complaisance and course of life, which were a reproach to your character and sacred orders.

Wolf. I did not, as you, Ximenes, did, carry with me to court the austerity of a monk; nor, if I had done so, could I possibly have gained any influence there. Isabella and Henry were different characters, and their favour was to be sought in different ways. By making myself agreeable to the latter, I so governed his passions, unruly as they were, that, while I lived, they did not produce any of those dreadful effects, which after my death were caused by them in his family and kingdom.

Ximen. If Henry the Eighth, your master, had been king of Castile, I would never have been drawn by him out of my cloister. A man of virtue and spirit will not be prevailed with to go into a court, where he cannot rise without baseness.

Wolf. The inflexibility of your mind had like to have ruined you in some of your measures: and the bigotry, which you had derived from your long abode in a cloister, and retained when a minister, was very near depriving the crown of Castile of the new-conquered kingdom of Granada, by the revolt of the Moors in that city, whom you had prematurely forced to change

change their religion *. Do you not remember how angry king Ferdinand was with you on that account?

Ximen. I do, and must acknowledge that my zeal was too intemperate in all that proceeding.

Wolf. My worst complaisances to king Henry the Eighth were far less hurtful to England, than the unjust and inhuman court of inquisition, which you established in Granada, to watch over the faith of your unwilling converts, has been to Spain.

Ximen. I only revived and settled in Granada an ancient tribunal, instituted first by one of our saints against the Albigenes, and gave it greater powers. The mischiefs which have attended it cannot be denied. But if any force may be used for the maintenance of religion (and the church of Rome has, you know, declared authoritatively that it may) none could be so effectual to answer the purpose.

Wolf. This is an argument rather against the opinion of the church, than for the inquisition. I will only say, I think myself very happy, that my administration was stained with no action of cruelty, not even cruelty *sanctified by the name of religion*. My temper indeed, which influenced my conduct more than my principles, was much milder than your's. To the proud I was proud; but to my friends and inferiors benevolent and humane. Had I succeeded in the great object of my ambition, had I acquired the popedom, I should have governed the church with more moderation, and better sense, than, probably, you would have done, if you had exchanged the see of Toledo for that of Rome. My good-nature, my policy, my taste for magnificence, my love of the fine arts, of wit, and of learning, would have made me the delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greatest princes. Whereas in you, the four bigot and rigid Monk would too much have prevailed over the prince and the statesman.

I i

Ximen.

* See Marfolier, Vie de Ximesne.

Ximen. What either of us would have been in that situation does not appear. But if you are compared to me *as a minister*, you are vastly inferior. The only circumstance in which you can justly pretend to an equality is the encouragement you gave to learning, and your munificence in promoting it, which was indeed very great. Your two colleges founded at Ipswich and Oxford may vie with my university at Alcala de Henara. But in our generosity there was this difference: all my revenues were spent in well-placed liberalities, in acts of charity, piety, and virtue: whereas a great part of your enormous wealth was squandered away in luxury and vain ostentation. With regard to all other points my superiority is apparent. You were only a favourite: I was the friend and the father of the people. You served yourself: I served the state. The conclusion of our lives was also much more honourable to me than you.

Wolf. Did not you die, as I did, in disgrace with your master?

Ximen. That disgrace was brought upon me by a faction of foreigners, to whose power, as a good Spaniard, I would not submit. A minister who falls a victim to such an opposition, rises by his fall. Your's was not graced by any public cause, any merit to the nation. Your spirit therefore sunk under it; you bore it with meanness. Mine was unbroken, superior to my enemies, superior to fortune; and I died, as I had lived, with undiminished dignity and greatness of mind.

DIALOGUE XXII.

LUCIAN.—RABELAIS.

Luc. **F**RRIEND Rabelais, well met.—Our souls are very good company for one another. We both were great wits, and most audacious freethinkers. We laughed often at Folly, and sometimes at Wisdom.

dom. I was indeed more correct and more elegant in my style: but then, in return, you had a greater fertility of imagination. My *True History* is much inferior, in fancy and invention, in force of wit and keenness of satire, to your *History of the Acts of Gargantua and Pantagruel*.

Rabel. You do me great honour: but I may say, without vanity, that both these compositions entitle the authors of them to a very distinguished place, among memoir-writers, travellers, and even historians ancient and modern.

Luc. Doubtless they do. But will you pardon me if I ask you one question? Why did you chuse to write such absolute *nonsense*, as you have in some places of your illustrious work?

Rabel. I was forced to compound my physic for the mind with a large dose of nonsense, in order to make it go down. To own the truth to you, if I had not so frequently put on *the fool's cap*, the freedoms I took, in other places, with *cowls*, with *red hats*, and *the triple crown itself*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my book, but I myself, should, in all probability have been condemned to the flames: and martyrdom was an honour to which I never aspired. I therefore counterfeited folly, like Junius Brutus, from the wisest of all principles, that of self-preservation. You, Lucian, had no need to use so much caution. Your heathen priests desired only a sacrifice now and then from an Epicurean, as a mark of *conformity*; and kindly allowed him to make as free as he pleased, in conversation or writings, with the whole tribe of gods and goddesses, from the thundering Jupiter and the scolding Juno, down to *the dog Anubis* and the fragrant dame *Cloacina*.

Luc. Say rather that our government allowed us that liberty! for I assure you our priests were by no means pleased with it; at least they were not in my time.

Rabel. The wiser men they! for in spite of the conformity required by the laws, and enforced by the magistrate, that ridicule brought the system of pagan theology into contempt, not only with the philosophical part of mankind, but even with the vulgar.

Luc. It did so; and the ablest defenders of paganism were forced to give up the poetical fables, and *allegorize the whole*.

Rabel. An excellent way of drawing sense out of absurdity, and grave instructions from lewdness! There is a great modern wit, Sir Francis Bacon, lord Verulam, who, in his treatise entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own priests!

Luc. He has indeed shewn himself an admirable chemist, and made a fine transmutation of folly into wisdom. But all the latter Platonists took the same method of defending our faith, when it was attacked by the Christians: and certainly a more judicious one could not be found. Our fables say, that, in one of their wars with the Titans, the Gods were defeated, and forced to turn themselves into *beasts*, in order to escape from the conquerors. Just the reverse happened here: — for, by this happy art, our *beastly divinities* were turned again into rational beings.

Rabel. Give me a good commentator, with a subtle, refining, philosophical head; and you shall have the edification of seeing him draw *the most sublime allegories*, and the most venerable *mystic truths*, from my history of *the noble Garagantua and Pantagruel*! I don't despair of being proved, to the entire satisfaction of some future age, to have been, without exception, the profoundest *divine* and *metaphysician* that ever yet held a pen.

Luc. I shall rejoice to see you advanced to that honour. But in the mean time I may take the liberty to consider you as one of our class. There you sit very high.

Rabel.

Rabel. I am afraid there is another, and a modern author too, whom you would bid to sit above me, and but just below yourself: I mean Dr. Swift.

Luc. It was necessary for him to throw so much nonsense into his history of Lemuel Gulliver, as you did into that of your two illustrious heroes; and his style is far more correct than your's. His wit never descended (as your's frequently did) into the lowest of taverns, nor ever wore the meanest garb of the vulgar.

Rabel. If the garb, which it wore, was not as *mean*, I am certain it was sometimes as *dirty* as mine.

Luc. It was not always nicely clean. Yet in comparison with you he was decent and elegant. But whether there was not in your compositions more *fire*, and a more *comic spirit*, I will not determine.

Rabel. If you will not determine it, e'en let it remain a matter in dispute, as I have left the great question, *Whether Panurge should marry or not?* I would as soon undertake to measure the difference between the height and bulk of the giant Garagantua and his Brobdignagian majesty, as the difference of merit between my writings and Swift's. If any man takes a fancy to like my book, let him freely enjoy the entertainment it gives him, and drink to my memory in a bumper. If another likes Gulliver, let him toast Dr. Swift. Were I upon earth, I would pledge him in a bumper, *supposing the wine to be good*. If a third likes neither of us, let him silently pass the bottle, and be quiet.

Luc. But what if he will not be quiet? A critic is an unquiet creature.

Rabel. Why then he will disturb himself, not me.

Luc. You are a greater philosopher than I thought you! I knew you paid no respect to popes, or kings; but to pay none to critics, is, in an author, a magnanimity beyond all example.

Rabel. My life was a farce: my death was a farce: and would you have me make my book a serious affair?

fair? As for you, though in general you are only a joker, yet sometimes you must be ranked among grave authors. You have written sage and learned dissertations on history, and other weighty matters. The critics have therefore an undoubted right to maul you, if they find you in their province. But if any of them dare to come into mine, I will order Gargantua to swallow them up, as he did the six pilgrims, in the next salad he eats*.

Luc. Have I not heard that you wrote a very good serious book on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates?

Rabel. Upon my faith, I had forgot it. I am so used to my *fool's coat*, that I don't know myself in my solemn *doctor's gown*. But your information was right: that book was indeed a very respectable work. Yet nobody reads it; and if I had writ nothing else, I should have been reckoned, at best, *a lacquey to Hippocrates*: whereas the historian of *Panurge* is an *eminent writer*. Plain good sense, like a dish of solid beef or mutton, is proper only for peasants; but *a ragout of folly*, well dressed with *a sharp sauce of wit*, is fit to be served up at an emperor's table.

Luc. You are an admirable pleasant fellow! let me embrace you. — How Apollo and the Muses may rank you on Parnassus, I am not very certain: but, if I were master of the ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you should be placed, with a full bowl of nectar before you, at the right hand of Momus.

Rabel. I wish you were — but I fear the inhabitants of those sublime regions will like your company no better than mine. Indeed, how Momus himself could get a seat at that table, I can't well comprehend! It has been usual, I confess, in some of our courts upon earth, to have a privileged jester, called *the king's fool*. But in the court of Heaven one should not have supposed such an officer, as *Jupiter's fool*. Your allegorical theology in this point is very abstruse.

Luc.

* See Rabelais, l. i. c. 38.

Luc. I think our priests admitted Momus into our heaven, as the Indians are said to worship the devil, through fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him. — For, we may talk of the *giants* as much as we please; but to *our gods* there is no enemy so formidable as he. *Ridicule* is the terror of all *false religion*. Nothing but *truth* can stand its lash.

Rabel. Truth, advantageously set in a good and fair light, can stand any attacks: but those of ridicule are so teasing and so fallacious, that I have seen them put her ladyship very much out of humour.

Luc. Ay, friend Rabelais: and sometimes out of countenance too. But *truth* and *wit* in confederacy will strike Momus dumb. United they are invincible: and such a union is necessary upon certain occasions. *False reasoning* is most effectually exposed by *plain sense*; but *wit* is the best opponent to *false ridicule*; as *just ridicule* is to all the *absurdities*, which dare to assume the venerable names of *Philosophy*, or *Religion*. Had we made such a proper use of our agreeable talents, had we employed our ridicule to strip the foolish faces of superstition, fanaticism, and dogmatical pride, of the serious and solemn masks with which they are covered; at the same time exerting all the sharpness of our wit, to combat the flippancy and pertness of those, who argue only by jests against reason and evidence, in points of the highest and most serious concern; we should have much better merited the esteem of mankind.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES.

COSMO DE MEDICIS, the first of that name

Peric. **I**N what I have heard of your character and your fortune, illustrious Cosmo, I find a most remarkable resemblance with mine. We both lived in republics where the sovereign power was in the

the people; and, by mere civil arts, but more especially by our eloquence, attained, without any force, to such a degree of authority, that we ruled those tumultuous and stormy democracies with an absolute sway*, turned the tempests which agitated them upon the heads of our enemies, and after having long and prosperously conducted the greatest affairs, in war and peace, died revered and lamented by all our fellow-citizens.

Cosmo. We have indeed an equal right to value ourselves on *that noblest of empires*, the empire we gained over *the minds* of our countrymen.—*Force or caprice may give power, but nothing can give a lasting authority, except wisdom and virtue.* By these we obtained, by these we preserved, in our respective countries, a dominion unstained by usurpation or blood, a dominion conferred on us by the public esteem and the public affection. We were in reality sovereigns, while we lived with the simplicity of private men: and Athens and Florence believed themselves to be free, though they obeyed all our dictates. This is more than was done by Philip of Macedon, or Sylla, or Cæsar. It is the perfection of policy to tame the fierce spirit of popular liberty, not by blows or by chains, but by soothing it into a voluntary obedience, and bringing it to lick the hand that restrains it.

Peric. The task can never be easy; but the difficulty was still greater to me than to you. For I had a lion to tame, from whose intractable fury the greatest men of my country, and of the whole world, with all their wisdom and virtue, could not save themselves. Themistocles and Aristides were examples of terror that might well have deterred me from the administration of public affairs at Athens. Another impediment in my way was the power of Cimon, who, for his goodness, his liberality, and the lustre of his victories

* See Plutarch's Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. ii. See also Machiavel's History of Florence, from the fourth book to the eighth.

tories over the Persians, was much beloved by the people; and, at the same time, by being thought to favour aristocracy, had all the noble and rich citizens devoted to his party. It seemed impossible to shake so well established a greatness. Yet, by the charms and force of my eloquence, which exceeded that of all orators contemporary with me, by the integrity of my life, my moderation, and my prudence, but, above all, by my artful management of the people, whose power I encreased, that I might render it the basis and support of my own, I gained such an ascendant over all my opponents, that, having first procured the banishment of Cimon by ostracism, and then of Thucydides, another formidable antagonist, set up by the nobles against my authority, I became the unrivalled chief, or rather the monarch of the Athenian republic, without ever putting to death, in above forty years that my administration continued, one of my fellow-citizens: a circumstance, which I declared, when I lay on my death-bed, to be in my own judgment, more honourable to me, than all my prosperity in the government of the state, or the nine trophies, erected for so many victories obtained by my conduct.

Cosmo. I had also the same happiness to boast of at my death: and some additions were made to the territories of Florence under my government: but I myself was no soldier, and the commonwealth I directed was never either so warlike or so powerful as Athens. I must, therefore, not pretend to vie with you in the lustre of military glory: and I will moreover acknowledge, that to govern a people, whose spirit and pride were exalted by the wonderful victories of Marathon, Mycalé, Salamis, and Plataea, was much more difficult than to rule the Florentines and the Tuscans. The liberty of the Athenians was in your time more imperious, more haughty, more insolent, than the despotism of the king of Persia. How great then must have been your ability and address, that could so absolutely reduce it under your power! yet the temper
of

of my countrymen was not easy to govern : for it was exceedingly factious. The history of Florence is little else, for several ages, than an account of conspiracies against the state. In my youth I myself suffered much by the dissentions which then embroiled the republic. I was imprisoned, and banished ; but, after the course of some years, my enemies, in their turn, were driven into exile. I was brought back in triumph ; and from that time till my death, which was above thirty years, I governed the Florentines, not by arms, or evil arts of tyrannical power, but with a legal authority ; which I exercised so discreetly, as to gain the esteem of all the neighbouring potentates, and such a constant affection of all my fellow-citizens, that an inscription, which gave me the title of *Father of my Country*, was engraved on my monument, by an unanimous decree of the whole commonwealth.

Peric. Your end was incomparably more happy than mine. For you died, rather of age than any violent illness, and left the Florentines in a state of peace and prosperity procured for them by your counsels. But I died of the plague, after having seen it almost depopulate Athens ; and left my country engaged in a most dangerous war, to which my advice, and the power of my eloquence, had excited the people. The misfortune of the pestilence, with the inconveniencies they suffered on account of the war, so irritated their minds, that, not long before my death, they condemned me to a fine.

Cosmo. It is wonderful, that, when once their anger was raised, it went no further against you ! A favourite of the people, when disgraced, is in still greater danger than a favourite of a king.

Peric. Your surprise will encrease at hearing, that very soon afterwards they chose me their general, and conferred on me again the principal direction of all their affairs. Had I lived, I should have so conducted the war, as to have ended it with advantage and honour to my country. For, having secured to her the sovereignty of the sea, by the defeat of the Samians,

ans, before I let her engage with the power of Sparta, I knew that our enemies would be at length wearied out and compelled to sue for a peace; because the city, from the strength of its fortifications, and the great army within it, being on the landside impregnable to the Spartans, and drawing continual supplies from the sea, suffered not much by the ravages of the country about it, from whence I had before removed all the inhabitants: whereas their allies were undone by the descents we made on their coasts.

Cosmo. You seem to have understood beyond all other men what advantages are to be drawn from a *maritime power*, and how to make it the surest foundation of *empire*.

Peric. I followed the plan traced out by Themistocles, the ablest politician that Greece had ever produced. Nor did I begin the Peloponnesian war (as some have supposed) only to make myself necessary, and stop an enquiry into my public accounts*. I really thought, that the republic of Athens could no longer defer a contest with Sparta, without giving up to that state the precedence in the direction of Greece, and her own independence. To keep off for some time even a necessary war, with a probable hope of making it more advantageously, at a favourable opportunity, is an act of true wisdom: but not to make it, when you see that your enemy will be strengthened and your own advantages lost, or considerably lessened, by the delay, is a most pernicious imprudence. With relation to my accounts, I had nothing to fear. I had not embezzled one *drachma* of public money, nor added one to my own paternal estate; and the people had placed so entire a confidence in me, that they had allowed me, against the usual forms of their government, to dispose of large sums for *secret service*, without account†. When therefore I advised the Peloponnesian war, I neither acted from private views,
nor

* See Thucydides, l. ii. † See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles, and Diodorus Siculus.

nor with the inconsiderate temerity of a restless ambition *; but as became a wise statesman, who having weighed all the dangers that may attend a great enterprise, and seeing a reasonable hope of good success, makes it his option to fight for dominion and glory, rather than sacrifice both to the uncertain possession of an insecure peace.

Cosmo. How were you sure of inducing so volatile a people to persevere in so steady a system of conduct as that which you had laid down; a system attended with much inconvenience and loss to particulars, while it presented but little to strike or inflame the imagination of the public? Bold and arduous enterprizes, great battles, much bloodshed, and a speedy decision, are what the multitude desire in every war: but your plan of operation was the reverse of all this; and the execution of it required the temper of the Thebans, rather than of the Athenians.

Peric. I found indeed many symptoms of their impatience; but I was able to restrain it, by the authority I had gained. For, during my whole ministry, I never had stooped to court their favour by any unworthy means; never flattered them in their follies, nor complied with their passions against their true interests and my own better judgment; but used the power of my eloquence to keep them in the bounds of a wise moderation, to raise their spirits when too low, and shew them their danger when they grew too presumptuous; the good effects of which conduct they had happily experienced in all their affairs. Whereas those who succeeded to me in the government, by their incapacity, their corruption, and their servile complaisance to the humour of the people, presently lost all the fruits of my virtue and prudence. Xerxes himself, I am convinced, did not suffer more by the flattery of his courtiers, than the Athenians,

* Thucydides, l. ii.

Athenians, after my decease, by that of their orators and ministers of state.

Cosmo. Those orators could not gain the favour of the people by any other methods. Your arts were more noble: they were the arts of a statesman and of a prince. Your magnificent buildings, which in beauty of architecture surpassed any the world had ever seen, the statues of Phidias, the paintings of Xeuxis, the protection you gave to knowledge, genius, and abilities of every kind, added as much to the glory of Athens as to your popularity. And in this I may boast of an equal merit to Florence. For I embellished that city and the whole country about it, with excellent buildings*; I protected all arts; and, though I was not myself so eloquent, or so learned as you, I no less encouraged those who were eminent, in my time, for their eloquence or their learning. Marcilius Ficinus, *the second father of the Platonic philosophy*, lived in my house, and conversed with me as intimately as Anaxagoras with you. Nor did I ever forget and suffer him so to want the necessaries of life, as you did Anaxagoras, who had like to have perished by that unfriendly neglect†; but, to secure him, at all times, from any distress in his circumstances, and enable him to pursue his sublime speculations unmolested by low cares, I gave him an estate adjacent to one of my favourite villas. I also drew to Florence, Argiropolo, the most learned Greek of those times; that, under my patronage, he might teach the Florentine youth the language and sciences of his country. But with regard to our buildings, there is this remarkable difference: your's were all raised at the expence of the public, mine at my own.

Peric. My estate would bear no profuseness, nor allow me to exert the generosity of my nature. Your
wealth

* See Machiavel's History of Florence, l. vii.

† See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

wealth exceeded that of any particular, or indeed of any prince, who lived in your days. The vast commerce, which, after the example of your ancestors, you continued to carry on in all parts of the world, even while you presided at the helm of the state, enabled you to do those splendid acts, which rendered your name so illustrious. But I was constrained to make the public treasure the fund of my bounties; and I thought I could not possibly dispose of it better, in time of peace, than in finding employment for that part of the people which must else have been idle, and useless to the community*, introducing into Greece all the elegant arts, and adorning my country with works that are an honour to human nature. For, while I attended the most to these civil and peaceful occupations, I did not neglect to provide, with timely care, against war; nor suffer the nation to sink into luxury and effeminate softness. I kept our fleets in continual exercise, maintained a great number of seamen in constant pay, and disciplined well our land-forces. Nor did I ever cease to recommend to all the Athenians, both by precepts and example, frugality, temperance, magnanimity, fortitude, and whatever could most effectually contribute to strengthen their bodies and minds.

Cosmo. Yet I have heard you condemned for rendering the people less sober and modest, by giving them a share of the conquered lands, and paying them wages for their necessary attendance in the public assemblies and other civil functions; but more especially for the vast and superfluous expence, you entailed on the state in the theatrical spectacles, with which you entertained them at the cost of the public.

Peric. Perhaps I may have been too lavish in some of those bounties. — Yet, in a popular state, it is necessary, that the people should be amused, and should
so

* See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. ii.

so far partake of the opulence of the public, as not to suffer any want, which would render their minds too low and sordid for their political duties. In my time the revenues of Athens were sufficient to bear this charge: but afterwards, when we had lost the greatest part of our empire, it became, I must confess, too heavy a burthen; and the continuance of it proved one cause of our ruin.

Cosmo. It is a most dangerous thing to load the state with largesses of that nature, or indeed with any unnecessary, but popular charges; because to reduce them is almost impossible, though the circumstances of the public should necessarily demand a reduction. But did not you likewise, in order to advance your own greatness, throw into the hands of the people of Athens more power, than the institutions of Solon had entrusted them with, and more than was consistent with the good of the state?

Peric. We are now in the regions where truth presides, and I dare not offend her by playing the orator in defence of my conduct. I must therefore acknowledge, that, by weakening the power of the court of Areopagus*, I tore up that anchor, which Solon had wisely fixed, to keep his republic firm against the storms and fluctuations of popular factions. This alteration, which fundamentally injured the whole state, I made, with a view to serve my own ambition, the only passion in my nature which I could not contain within the limits of virtue. For, I knew that my eloquence would subject the people to me, and make them the willing instruments of all my desires; whereas the Areopagus had in it an authority and a dignity which I could not controul. Thus, by diminishing the counterpoise our constitution had settled to moderate the excess of popular power, I augmented my own. But since my death I have been
often

* See Plutarch in the lives of Solon and of Pericles.

often reproached by the shades of some of the most virtuous and wisest Athenians, who have fallen victims to the caprice or fury of the people, with having been the first cause of the injustice they suffered, and of all the mischiefs perpetually brought on my country, by rash undertakings, bad conduct, and fluctuating councils. They say I delivered up the state to the government of indiscreet or venal orators, and to the passions of a misguided, infatuated multitude, who thought their freedom consisted in encouraging calumnies against the best servants of the commonwealth, and conferring power upon those who had no other merit than falling in with and soothing a popular folly. It is useless for me to plead, that during my life none of these mischiefs were felt; that I employed my rhetoric to promote none but good and wise measures; that I was as free from any taint of avarice or corruption as Aristides himself*. They reply, that I am answerable for all the great evils, occasioned afterwards by the want of that salutary restraint on the natural levity and extravagance of a democracy, which I had taken away. Socrates calls me the patron of Anytus: and Solon himself frowns upon me, whenever we meet.

Cosmo. Solon has reason to do so; — for tell me, Pericles, what opinion would you have of the architect you employed in your buildings, if he had made them to last no longer than during the term of your life?

Peric. The answer to your question will turn to your condemnation. Your excessive liberalities to the indigent citizens, and the great sums you lent to all the noble families, did in reality *buy* the republic of Florence; and gave your family such a power as enabled them to convert it from a popular state into an absolute monarchy §.

Cosmo.

* See Thucydides, l. ii.
History of Florence l. vii.

§ See Machiavel's

Cosmo. The Florentines were so infested with discord and faction, and their commonwealth was so void of military virtue, that they could not have long been exempt from a more ignominious subjection to some *foreign power*, if those internal dissensions, with the confusion and anarchy they produced, had continued *. But the Athenians had performed very glorious exploits, had obtained a great empire; and were become one of the noblest states in the world, before you altered the balance of their government. And after that alteration they declined very fast, till they lost all their greatness.

Peric. Their constitution had originally a foul blemish in it, I mean the *ban of ostracism*, which alone would have been sufficient to undo any state. For there is nothing of such important use to a nation, as that men who most excel in wisdom and virtue should be encouraged to undertake the business of government. But this detestable custom deterred such men from serving the public, or, if they ventured to do so, turned even their own wisdom and virtue against them; so that in Athens it was safer to be infamous than renowned. We are told indeed, by the advocates for this strange institution, that it was not a *punishment*, but meant as *a guard to the equality and liberty of the state*: for which reason they deem it an *honour* done to the persons, against whom it was used: as if words could change the real nature of things, and make a banishment of ten years, inflicted on a good citizen by the suffrages of his countrymen, no evil to him, or no offence against justice and the natural right every freeman may claim, that he shall not be expelled from any society, of which he is a member, without having first been proved guilty of some criminal action.

Cosmo. The ostracism was indeed a most unpardonable fault in the Athenian constitution. It placed

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envy

* See Machiavel's History of Florence.

envy in the seat of justice, and gave to private malice and public ingratitude a legal right to do wrong. Other nations are blamed for tolerating vice; but the Athenians alone would not tolerate virtue.

Peric. The friends to the ostracism say, that too eminent virtue destroys that equality, which is the safeguard of freedom.

Cosmo. No state is well modelled, if it cannot preserve itself from the danger of tyranny without a grievous violation of natural justice: nor would a friend to *true freedom*, which consists in being governed, not by men, but by laws, desire to live in a country, where a Cleon bore rule, and where an Aristides was not suffered to remain. But, instead of remedying this evil, you made it worse. You rendered the people more intractable, more adverse to virtue, less subject to the laws, and more to impressions from mischievous demagogues, than they had been before your time.

Peric. In truth, I did so; — and therefore my place in Elysium, notwithstanding the integrity of my whole public conduct, and the great virtues I exerted, is much below the rank of those who have governed commonwealths, or limited monarchies, not merely with a concern for their present advantage, but also with a prudent regard to that *balance of power*, on which their permanent happiness must necessarily depend.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

LOCKE. — BAYLE.

Bayle. YES; we both were philosophers; but my philosophy was the deepest. You *dogmatized*: I *doubted*.

Locke. Do you make *doubting* a proof of *depth* in philosophy?

philosophy? It may be a good *beginning* of it, but it is a bad *end*.

Bayle. No: — the more profound our searches are into the nature of things, the more uncertainty we shall find; and the most subtle minds see objections and difficulties in every system, which are overlooked or undiscoverable by ordinary understandings.

Locke. It would be better then to be no philosopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, *that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows something*. I find that the eyes which nature has given me see many things very clearly, though some are out of their reach, or discerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a physician, who should offer me an eye-water, the use of which would at first so sharpen my sight, as to carry it farther than ordinary vision; but would in the end put them out? Your philosophy, Monsieur Bayle, is to the eyes of the mind what I have supposed the doctor's *nostrum* to be to those of the body. It actually brought your own excellent understanding, which was by nature quick-sighted, and rendered more so by art and a subtilty of logic peculiar to yourself — it brought, I say, your very acute understanding to see nothing clearly, and enveloped all the great truths of reason and religion in mists of doubt.

Bayle. I own it did; — but your comparison is not just. I did not see well, before I used my philosophic eye-water: I only supposed I saw well; but I was in an error with all the rest of mankind. The blindness was real, the perceptions were imaginary. I cured myself first of those false imaginations, and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other men.

Locke. A great cure indeed! and don't you think, that, in return for the service you did them, they ought to erect you a statue?

Bayle. Yes; it is good for human nature to know its own weakness. When we arrogantly presume on

a strength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourselves, or, at least, of deserving ridicule and contempt by vain and idle efforts.

Locke. I agree with you, that human nature should know its own weakness; but it should also feel its strength, and try to improve it. This was my employment, as a philosopher. I endeavoured to discover the real powers of the mind, to see what it could do; and what it could not; to restrain it from efforts beyond its ability, but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature, with the utmost exertion and most proper culture of them, would allow it to go. In the vast ocean of philosophy I had the line and the plummet always in my hands. Many of its depths I found myself unable to fathom; but, by caution in founding, and the careful observations I made in the course of my voyage, I found out some truths of so much use to mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor.

Bayle. Their ignorance makes them think so. Some other philosopher will come hereafter, and shew those truths to be falsehoods. He will pretend to discover other truths of equal importance. A later sage will arise, perhaps among men now barbarous and unlearned, whose sagacious discoveries will discredit the opinions of his admired predecessor. In philosophy, as in nature, all changes its form, and one thing exists by the destruction of another.

Locke. Opinions taken up without a patient investigation, depending on terms not accurately defined, and principles begged without proof, like theories to explain the phænomena of nature built on suppositions instead of experiments, must perpetually change and destroy one another. But some opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common sense of mankind, which the mind has received on such rational grounds of assent, that they are as immovable as the pillars of heaven, or (to speak philosophically)

cally) as the great laws of nature, by which, under God, the universe is sustained. Can you seriously think, that because the hypothesis of your countryman, Descartes, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined romance, has been lately exploded, the system of Newton, which is built on experiments and geometry, the two most certain methods of discovering truth, will ever fail: or that, because the whims of fanatics and the divinity of the school-men cannot now be supported, the doctrines of that religion, which I, the declared enemy of all enthusiasm and false reasoning, firmly believed and maintained, will ever be shaken?

Bayle. If you had asked Descartes, while he was in the height of his vogue, whether his system would be ever confuted by any other philosopher's, as that of Aristotle had been by his, what answer do you suppose he would have returned?

Locke. Come, come, monsieur Bayle, you yourself know the difference between the foundations, on which the credit of those systems and that of Newton is placed. Your scepticism is more affected than real. You found it a shorter way to a great reputation, (the only wish of your heart) to object, than to defend, to pull down, than to set up. And your talents, were admirable for that kind of work. Then your huddling together in a Critical Dictionary, a pleasant tale, or obscene jest, and a grave argument against the Christian religion, a witty confutation of some absurd author, and an artful sophism to impeach some respectable truth, was particularly commodious to all our young smarts and smatterers in free-thinking. But what mischief have you not done to human society? You have endeavoured, and with some degree of success, to shake those foundations, on which the whole moral world, and the great fabric of social happiness, entirely rest. How could you, as a philosopher, in the sober hours of reflexion, answer for this to your conscience,

conscience, even supposing you had doubts of the truth of a system, which gives to virtue its sweetest hopes, to impenitent vice its greatest fears, and to true penitence its best consolations; which restrains even the least approaches to guilt, and yet makes those allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the Stoic pride denied to it, but which its real imperfection and the goodness of its infinitely benevolent Creator, so evidently require?

Bayle. The mind is free; and it loves to exert its freedom. Any restraint upon it is a violence done to its nature, and a tyranny, against which it has a right to rebel.

Locke. The mind, though free, has a governor within itself, which may and ought to limit the exercise of its freedom. That governor is Reason.

Bayle. Yes: — but Reason, like other governors, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice than upon any fixed laws. And if that reason which rules my mind, or your's, has happened to set up a favourite notion, it not only submits implicitly to it, but desires that the same respect should be paid to it by all the rest of mankind. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppose this desire in another, and that, if he is wise, he will do his utmost endeavours to check it in himself.

Locke. Is there not also a weakness, of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing? do we not often take a pleasure to shew our own power, and gratify our own pride, by degrading notions set up by other men, and generally respected?

Bayle. I believe we do; and by this means it often happens, that if one man builds and consecrates a temple to folly, another pulls it down.

Locke. Do you think it beneficial to human society, to have all temples pulled down?

Bayle. I cannot say that I do.

Locke. Yet I find not in your writings any mark of distinction, to shew us which you mean to save.

Bayle.

Bayle. A true philosopher, like an impartial historian, must be of no sect.

Locke. Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a sectary, and a total indifference to all religion?

Bayle. With regard to morality, I was not indifferent.

Locke. How could you then be indifferent with regard to the sanctions religion gives to morality? how could you publish what tends so directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of those sanctions? was not this sacrificing the great interests of virtue to the little motives of vanity?

Bayle. A man may act indiscreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by declaring that, which, on a full discussion of the question, he sincerely thinks to be true.

Locke. An enthusiast, who advances doctrines prejudicial to society, or opposes any that are useful to it, has the strength of opinion and the heat of a disturbed imagination to plead, in alleviation of his fault. But your cool head, and sound judgment, can have no such excuse. I know very well there are passages in all your works, and those not a few, where you talk like a rigid moralist. I have also heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when, in the most laboured parts of your writings, you sap the surest foundations of all moral duties, what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you have appeared to respect them? how many who have stronger passions than you had, and are desirous to get rid of the curb that restrains them, will lay hold of your scepticism, to set themselves loose from all obligations of virtue! What a misfortune is it to have made such a use of such talents! It would have been better for you, and for mankind, if you had been one of the dullest of Dutch theologians, or the most credulous monk in a Portuguese convent. The riches of the mind, like those of fortune, may be employed so perversely, as to become a nuisance and pest, instead of an ornament and support to society.

Bayle.

Bayle. You are very severe upon me. — But do you count it no merit, no service to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of priestcraft, from the deliriums of fanaticism, and from the terrors and follies of superstition? Consider how much mischief these have done to the world! Even in the last age what massacres, what civil wars, what convulsions of government, what confusion in society, did they produce! Nay, in that we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not see them occasion a violent persecution in my own country? and can you blame me for striking at the root of these evils?

Locke. The root of these evils, you well know, was *false religion*; but you struck at the *true*. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the system of faith I defended, and that which produced the horrors of which you speak. Why would you so fallaciously confound them together in some of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention, than ordinary readers have, to separate them again, and to make the proper distinctions? This indeed is the great art of the most celebrated free-thinkers. They recommend themselves to warm and ingenuous minds by lively strokes of wit, and by arguments really strong, against superstition, enthusiasm, and priestcraft. But at the same time, they insidiously throw the colours of these upon the fair face of true religion, and dress her out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or despicable to those, who have not penetration enough to discern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived *themselves*, as well as others. Yet it is certain, no book, that ever was written by the most acute of these gentlemen, is so repugnant to priestcraft, to spiritual tyranny, to all absurd superstitions, to all that can tend to disturb or injure

injure society, as *that Gospel* they so much affect to despise.

Bayle. Mankind is so made, that, when they have been *over-beated*, they cannot be brought to a proper temper again, till they have been *over-cooled*. My scepticism might be necessary, to abate the *fever* and *phrenzy* of false religion.

Locke. A wise prescription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* state of the mind, (for such a scepticism as your's is a *palsy*, which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens its natural and vital powers) in order to take off a *fever*, which *temperance*, and *the milk of the evangelical doctrines*, would probably cure?

Bayle. I acknowledge that those medicines have a great power. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of some harsher drugs, or some unsafe and ridiculous *nostrums* of their own.

Locke. What you now say is too true: — God has given us a most excellent physic for the soul, in all its diseases; but bad and interested physicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, administer it so ill to the rest of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily lost.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD, earl of DOUGLAS, duke of Touraine.
JOHN duke of ARGYLE and GREENWICH, field
marshal of his Britannic majesty's forces.

Arg. **Y**ES, noble Douglas, it grieves me that you, and your son, together with the brave earl of Buchan, should have employed so much valour, and have thrown away your lives, in fighting the battles of that state, which, from its situation and interests, is the perpetual and most dangerous enemy to
Great-

Great-Britain *. A British nobleman serving France appears to me as unfortunate, and as much out of his proper sphere, as a Grecian commander, engaged in the service of Persia, would have appeared to Aristides or Agesilaus.

Doug. In serving France, I served Scotland. The French were the natural allies to the Scotch; and, by supporting their crown, I enabled my countrymen to maintain their independence against the English.

Arg. The French indeed, from the unhappy state of our country, were *ancient allies* to the Scotch; but that they ever were our *natural allies*, I deny. Their alliance was proper and necessary for us, because we were then in an *unnatural* state, disunited from England. While that disunion continued, our monarchy was compelled to lean upon France for assistance and support. The French power and policy kept us, I acknowledge independent on the English, but dependent on them; and this dependence exposed us to many grievous calamities, by drawing on our country the formidable arms of the English, whenever it happened that the French and they had a quarrel. The succours they afforded us were distant and uncertain. Our enemy was at hand, superior to us in strength, though not in valour. Our borders were ravaged; our kings were slain, or led captive; we lost all the advantage of being the inhabitants of a great island; we had no commerce, no peace, no security, no degree of maritime power. Scotland was a back-door, through which the French, with our help, made their inroads into England: if they conquered, we obtained little benefit from it; but if they were defeated, we were always the devoted victims, on whom the conquerors severely wreaked their resentment.

Doug.

* See Buchan. Rerum Scoticarum, l. x. p. 338.
A. D. 1424.

Doug. The English suffered as much in those wars as we. How terribly were their borders laid waste and depopulated by our sharp incursions! how often have the swords of my ancestors been stained with the best blood of that nation! were not our victories at Bannocbourn and at Otterbourn as glorious as any, that, with all the advantage of numbers, they have ever obtained over us?

Arg. They were: but yet they did us no lasting good. They left us still dependent on the protection of France: they left us a poor, a feeble, a distressed, though a most valiant nation. They irritated England, but could not subdue it, nor hinder our feeling such effects of its enmity, as gave us no reason to rejoice in our triumphs. — How much more happily, in the auspicious reign of that queen who formed the Union, was my sword employed in humbling the foes of Great Britain! with how superior a dignity did I appear in the combined British senate, maintaining the interests of the whole united people of England and Scotland, against all foreign powers, who attempted to disturb our general happiness, or to invade our common rights!

Doug. Your eloquence and your valour had unquestionably a much nobler and more spacious field, to exercise themselves in, than any of those who defended the interests of only a part of the island.

Arg. Whenever I read any account of the wars between the Scotch and the English, I think I am reading a melancholy history of civil dissensions. Which-ever side is defeated, their loss appears to me a loss to the whole, and an advantage to some foreign enemy of Great Britain. But the strength of that island is made compleat by the Union; and what a great English poet has justly said in one instance, is now true in all:

“The Hotspur and the Douglas both together

“Are confident against the world in arms.”*

Who

* See Shakespear's Hen. IV. Par. 1.

Who can resist the English and Scotch valour combined? When separated, and opposed, they balanced each other: united, they will hold the balance of Europe. If all the Scotch blood, that has been shed for the French in unnatural wars against England, had been poured out, to oppose the ambition of France, in conjunction with the English: if all the English blood, that has been spilt as unfortunately in useless wars against Scotland, had been preserved, France would long ago have been rendered incapable of disturbing our peace, and Great-Britain would have been the most powerful of nations.

Doug. There is truth in all you have said. — But yet, when I reflect on the insidious ambition of king Edward the First, on the ungenerous arts he so treacherously employed, to gain, or rather to steal, the sovereignty of our kingdom, and the detestable cruelty he shewed to Wallace, our brave champion and martyr; my soul is up in arms against the insolence of the English, and I adore the memory of those patriots, who died in asserting the independence of our crown and the liberty of our nation.

Arg. Had I lived in those days, I should have joined with those patriots, and been the foremost to maintain so noble a cause. The Scotch were not made to be subject to the English. Their souls are too great for such a timid submission. But they may unite and incorporate with a nation they would not obey. Their scorn of a foreign yoke, their strong and generous love of independence and freedom, make their union with England more natural and more proper. Had the spirit of the Scotch been servile or base, it could never have coalesced with that of the English.

Doug. It is true that the minds of both nations are congenial, and filled with the same noble virtues, the same impatience of servitude, the same magnanimity, courage, and prudence, the same genius for policy, for navigation and commerce, for sciences and arts.

Yet,

Yet, notwithstanding this happy conformity, when I consider how long they were enemies to each other; what an hereditary hatred and jealousy had subsisted, for many ages, between them; what private passions, what prejudices, what contrary interests, must have necessarily obstructed every step of the treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the strong opposition of national pride; I stand astonished that it was possible to unite the two kingdoms upon any conditions; and much more that it could be done with such equal regard and amicable fairness to both!

Arg. It was indeed a most arduous, and difficult undertaking! The success of it must, I think, be thankfully ascribed, not only to the great firmness and prudence of those who had the management of it, but to the gracious assistance of Providence, for the preservation of the Reformed religion amongst us, which, in that conjuncture, if the Union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland, and much endangered in England. The same good Providence has watched over and protected it since, in a most signal manner, against the attempts of an infatuated party in Scotland, and the arts of France, who by her emissaries laboured to destroy it, as soon as formed; * because she justly foresaw that the continuance of it would be destructive to all her vast designs against the liberty of Europe. I myself had the honour to have a principal share in subduing one rebellion designed to subvert it; and, since my death, it has been, I hope, established for ever, not only by the defeat of another rebellion, which came upon us in the midst of a dangerous war with France, but by measures prudently taken in order to prevent such disturbances for the future. The ministers of the crown have proposed, and the British legislature has enacted, a wise system of laws, the object of which is to reform and to civilize the Highlands of Scotland;

* See Hooke's Letters, and Lockhart's Memoirs.

land; to deliver the people there from the arbitrary power and oppression of their chieftains; to carry the royal justice and royal protection into the wildest parts of their mountains; to hinder their natural valour from being abused and perverted to the detriment of their country; and to introduce among them arts, agriculture, commerce, tranquillity, with all the improvements of social and polished life.

Doug. By what you now tell me you give me the highest idea of the great prince, your master; who, after having been provoked by such a wicked rebellion, instead of enslaving the people of the Highlands, or laying the hand of power more heavy upon them (which is the usual consequence of unsuccessful revolts), has conferred on them the inestimable blessings of liberty, justice, and good order. To act thus is indeed *to perfect the Union*, and make all the inhabitants of Great-Britain acknowledge, with gratitude and with joy, that they are subjects of the same well-regulated kingdom, and governed with the same impartial affection, by the sovereign and father of the whole commonwealth.

Arg. The laws I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent policy of his majesty's government, have already produced very salutary effects in that part of the kingdom; and, if steadily pursued, will produce many more. But no words can recount to you the infinite benefits, which have attended the Union, in the northern counties of England and the southern of Scotland.

Doug. The fruits of it must be, doubtless, most sensible there, where the perpetual enmity between the two nations had occasioned the greatest disorder and desolation.

Arg. Oh Douglas — could you revive and return into Scotland, what a delightful alteration would you see in that country! All those great tracts of land, which in your time lay untilled, on account of the inroads of the bordering English, or the feuds and discords

cords that raged, with perpetual violence, within our own distracted kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and smiling with plenty. Instead of the castles, which every baron was compelled to erect for the defence of his family, and where he lived in the barbarism of Gothic pride, among miserable vassals oppressed by the abuse of his feudal powers, your eyes would be charmed with elegant country-houses, adorned with fine plantations and beautiful gardens; while happy villages or gay towns are rising about them, and enlivening the prospect with every image of rural wealth! On our coasts trading cities, full of new manufactures, and continually encreasing the extent of their commerce! In our ports and harbours innumerable merchant ships richly loaded, and protected from all enemies by the matchless fleet of Great Britain! But of all improvements the greatest is in the minds of the Scotch. These have profited, even more than their lands, by the culture, which the settled peace and tranquillity, produced by the Union, have happily given to them: and they have discovered such talents in all branches of literature, as might render the English jealous of being excelled by their genius, if there could remain a competition, when there remains no distinction between the two nations.

Doug. There may be emulation without jealousy; and the efforts, which that emulation will excite, may render our island superior in the fame of wit and good learning to Italy or to Greece; a superiority, which I have learned in the Elysian fields to prefer even to that which is acquired by arms. — But one doubt still remains with me concerning the Union. I have been informed that no more than sixteen of our peers, except those who have English peerages (which some of the noblest have not), now sit in the house of lords, as representatives of the rest. Does not this in a great measure diminish those peers who are not elected? and have you not found the election of the sixteen too dependent on the favour of a court?

Arg.

Arg. It was impossible that the English could ever consent, in the treaty of Union, to admit a greater number to have places and votes in the upper house of parliament: but all the Scotch peerage is virtually there, by representation*. And those who are not elected have every dignity and right of the peerage, except the privilege of sitting in the house of lords, and some others depending thereon.

Doug. They have so:—but when parliaments enjoy such a share in the government of a country, as our's do at this time, to be *personally* there is a privilege and a dignity of the highest importance.

Arg. I wish it had been possible to impart it to all. But your reason will tell you it was not.—And consider, my lord, that, till the Revolution in sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, the power vested by our government in *the lords of the Articles* had made our parliaments much more subject to the influence of the crown than our elections are now. As, by the manner in which they were constituted, those lords were no less devoted to the king than his own privy council†; and as no proposition could then be presented in parliament, if rejected by them, they gave him a negative before debate. This indeed was abolished upon the accession of king William the Third, with many other oppressive and despotical powers, which had rendered our nobles abject slaves to the crown, while they were allowed to be tyrants over the people. But if king James, or his son, had been restored, the government he had exercised would have been re-established: and nothing but the Union of the two kingdoms could have effectually prevented that restoration. We likewise owe to the Union the subsequent abolition of the Scotch privy council, which had been the most grievous engine of tyranny; and that salutary law, which declared that no crimes should be high treason

* See the act of Union, art. 23. † See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. i. p. 69—72.

treason or misprision of treason in Scotland, but such as were so in England*; and gave us the English methods of trial in cases of that nature: whereas, before, there were so many species of treasons, the construction of them was so uncertain, and the trials were so arbitrary, that no man could be safe from suffering as a traitor. By the same act of parliament we also received a communication of that noble privilege of the English, exemption from torture†; a privilege, which, though essential both to humanity and to justice, no other nation in Europe, not even the freest republicks, can boast of possessing. Shall we then take offence at some inevitable circumstances, which may be objected to, on our part, in the treaty of Union, when it has delivered us from slavery, and all the worst evils that a state can suffer‡? It might be easily shewn, that, in his political and civil condition, every baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more independent, than the highest was under that constitution of government which continued in Scotland even after the expulsion of king James the Second. The greatest enemies to the Union are the friends of that king, in whose reign, and in his brother's the kingdom of Scotland was subjected to a despotism as arbitrary as that of France, and more tyrannically administered.

Doug. All I have heard of those reigns makes me blush with indignation at the servility of our nobles, who could endure them so long. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch spirit, which had dared to resist the Plantagenets in the height of their

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power

* See act for rendering the Union of the two kingdoms more entire and complete, anno sexto Annæ reginæ.

† See act for improving the Union of the two kingdoms, anno septimo Annæ reginæ.

‡ See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. viii. and Hume's History of Charles II. c. 7. and James II. c. 1.

power and pride? could the descendants of those, who had disdained to be subjects of Edward the First, submit to be slaves of Charles the Second, or James?

Arg. They seemed in general to have lost every characteristic of their natural temper, except a desire to abuse the royal authority, for the gratification of their private resentments in family quarrels.

Doug. Your grandfather, my lord, has the glory of not deserving this censure.

Arg. I am proud that his spirit, and the principles he professed, drew upon him the injustice and fury of those times. But there needs no other proof than the nature and the manner of his condemnation,* to shew what a wretched state our nobility then were in, and what an inestimable advantage it is to them, that they are now to be tried as peers of Great-Britain, and have the benefit of those laws† which imparted to us the equity and the freedom of the English constitution.

Upon the whole, as much as wealth is preferable to poverty, liberty to oppression, and national strength to national weakness, so much has Scotland incontestably gained by the Union. England too has secured by it every public blessing which was before enjoyed by her, and has greatly augmented her strength. The martial spirit of the Scotch, their hardy bodies, their acute and vigorous minds, their industry, their activity, are now employed to the benefit of the whole island. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Englishman, and he is a bad Englishman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual intercourse, mutual interests, mutual benefits, must naturally be productive of mutual affection. And when that is established, when our hearts are sincerely united, many great things, which some remains of jealousy and distrust, or narrow, local partialities, may hitherto

* See Hume's History of Charles II. c. 7.

† See the act of Union, art. 23.

to have obstructed, will be done for the good of the whole united kingdom. How much may the revenues of Great-Britain be encreased by the further encrease of population, of industry, and of commerce in Scotland! what a mighty addition to the stock of national wealth will arise from the improvement of our most northern counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The briars and thorns are in a great measure grubbed up: the flowers and fruits may be soon planted. And what more pleasing, or what more glorious employment, can any government have, than to attend to the cultivating of such a plantation?

Doug. The prospect you open to me of happiness to my country appears so fair, that it makes me amends for the pain, with which I reflect on the times wherein I lived, and indeed on our whole history for several ages.

Arg. That history does, in truth, present to the mind a long series of the most direful objects, assassinations, rebellions, anarchy, tyranny, and religion itself, either cruel, or gloomy and unsocial. An historian, who would paint it in its true colours, must take the pencil of Guercino or Salvator Rosa. But the most agreeable imagination can hardly figure to itself a more pleasing scene of private and public felicity, than will naturally result from the Union, if all the prejudices against it, and all distinctions that may tend, on either side, to keep up an idea of separate interests, or to revive a sharp remembrance of national animosities, can be removed.

Doug. If they can be removed! I think it impossible they can be retained. To resist the Union is indeed to rebel against nature. — She has joined the two countries, has fenced them both with the sea, against the invasion of all other nations; but has laid them entirely open the one to the other. Accursed be he who endeavours to divide them. — *What God has joined, let no man put asunder.*

The three following DIALOGUES are by another hand.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

CADMUS.—HERCULES.

Herc. **D**O you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? did you kill the Nemean lion, the Erymanthian boar, the Lernean serpent, and Stymphalian birds? did you destroy tyrants and robbers? You value yourself greatly on subduing one serpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

Cadm. It is not on account of the serpent I boast myself a greater benefactor to Greece than you. Actions should be valued by their utility rather than their eclat. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their precision and permanency. You subdued monsters; I civilized men. It is from untamed passions, not from wild beasts, that the greatest evils arise to human society. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of lions, bears, and serpents, and, what is more, to bind in laws and wholesome regulations the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human disposition. Had lions been destroyed only in single combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what but laws could awe the men who killed the lions? The genuine glory, the proper distinction of the rational species, arises from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and strength is often exerted in acts of oppression. But wisdom is the associate of justice; it assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants; but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression.

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The operations of policy far surpass the labours of Hercules, preventing many evils which valour and might cannot even redress. You heroes consider nothing but glory, and hardly regard whether the conquests which raise your fame are really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by valour, not by prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle arts!

Herc. I do not expect to find an admirer of my strenuous life in the man who taught his countrymen to sit still and read, and to lose the hours of youth and action in idle speculation and the sport of words.

Cadm. An ambition to have a place in the registers of fame is the Eurystheus which imposes heroic labours on mankind. The Muses incite to action, as well as entertain the hours of repose; and I think you should honour them for presenting to heroes such a noble recreation, as may prevent their taking up *the distaff*, when they lay down the club.

Herc. Wits as well as heroes can take up *the distaff*. What think you of their thin-spun systems of philosophy, or lascivious poems, or Milesian fables? Nay, what is still worse, are there not panegyrics on tyrants, and books that blaspheme the gods, and perplex the natural sense of right and wrong? I believe, if Eurystheus was to set me to work again, he would find me a worse task than any he imposed; he would make me read through a great library; and I would serve it as I did the Hydra, I would burn as I went on, that one chimera might not rise from another, to plague mankind. I should have valued myself more on clearing the library, than on cleansing the Augean stables.

Cadm. It is in those libraries only that the memory of your labours exists. The heroes of Marathon, the patriots of Thermopylæ, owe their immortality to me. All the wise institutions of lawgivers, and all the doctrines of sages, had perished in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preserved them. Oh Hercules!

cules! it is not for the man who preferred virtue to pleasure to be an enemy to the Muses. Let Sardapalus, and the filken sons of luxury, who have wasted life in inglorious ease, despise the records of action, which bear no honourable testimony to their lives. But true merit, heroic virtue, each genuine offspring of immortal Jove, should honour the sacred source of lasting fame.

Herc. Indeed, if writers employed themselves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be said in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? can it signify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

Cadm. Yes it may. The most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and security of navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to construct such wonderful machines, as perform what the united labour of millions by the severest drudgery could not accomplish. Agriculture too, the most useful of arts, has received its share of improvement from the same source. Poetry likewise is of excellent use, to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of a few letters, science has spread its branches over all nature, and raised its head to the heavens. Some philosophers have entered so far into the counsels of Divine Wisdom, as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimensions and distances of the planets, the causes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more, than to see a little creature, inhabiting a small spot, amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey of the universe, comprehending

comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the scheme of that wonderful connection and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems the utmost exertion of Omnipotence to have established? What a volume of wisdom, what a noble theology, do these discoveries open to us! While some superior geniuses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the most minute works of the infinite Artificer: the same care, the same providence, is exerted thro' the whole, and we should learn from it that true wisdom, utility and fitness appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

Herc. I approve of science as far as it is assistant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the discovery of the greater part of the globe, because it opens a wider field for the master spirits of the world to bustle in.

Cadm. There spoke the soul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be esteemed for the assistance they give to active minds in their schemes, they are not less to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardour. The study of history will teach the warrior and the legislator by what means armies have been victorious, and states have become powerful; and in the private citizen, they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of sages point out a private path of virtue, and shew that the best empire is self-government, and subduing our passions the noblest of conquests.

Herc. The true spirit of heroism acts by a sort of inspiration, and wants neither the experience of history, nor the doctrines of philosophers, to direct it. But do not arts and sciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive; and can you deny that wit and learning are often made subservient to very bad purposes?

Cadm. I will own that there are some natures so happily formed, they hardly want the assistance of a
master,

master, and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But these heaven-inspired geniuses are few. As learning flourishes only where ease, plenty, and mild government subsist, in so rich a soil, and under so soft a climate, the weeds of luxury will spring up among the flowers of art; but the spontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undisturbed possession of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely sensual and debauched. Every gift of the gods is sometimes abused; but wit and fine talents by a natural law gravitate towards virtue: accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but such accidents are a sort of prodigies, and, like other prodigies, it is an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if virtue cannot keep to her allegiance those men, who in their hearts confess her divine right, and know the value of her laws, on whose fidelity and obedience can she depend? May such geniuses never descend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their powers in the service of virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of those, who, like you, preferred her to pleasure!

DIALOGUE XXVII.

MERCURY. — And a modern fine LADY.

Mrs. Modish. **I**NDEED, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

Merc. I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the
grim

grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. Mod. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card-assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer-season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters when you have a full season.

Merc. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs. Mod. Diversion was indeed the business of my life, but as to pleasure I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural chearfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

Merc. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious.

Mrs. Mod. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was
good

good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton* *.

Merc. *Bon ton*! what is that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. Mod. Oh Sir, excuse me, it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton*, never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is — I can never tell you what it is! but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation, it is not wit; in manners, it is not politeness: in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedence dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Merc. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton*.

Mrs. Mod. What would you have had me do?

Merc. I will follow your mode of instructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties, to fashion and folly. I would not

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

Mrs. Mod. As to the education of my daughters, I spared no expence; they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master; and a French governess, to teach them behaviour and the French language.

Merc. So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other; keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH. — CHARON. — And a modern Book-SELLER.

Char. **H**ERE is a fellow who is very unwilling to land in our territories. He says he is rich, has a great deal of business in the other world, and must needs return to it: he is so troublesome and obstreperous I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care therefore, good Plutarch; you will easily awe him into order and decency by the superiority an author has over a bookseller.

Books.

Books. Am I got into a world so absolutely the reverse of that I left, that here *authors* domineer over *booksellers*? Dear Charon, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my passage. But, if I must stay, leave me not with any of those who are stiled *classical authors*. As to you, Plutarch, I have a particular animosity against you, for having almost occasioned my ruin. When I first set up shop, understanding but little of business, I unadvisedly bought an edition of your *lives*; a pack of old Greeks and Romans, which cost me a great sum of money. I could never get off above twenty sets of them. I sold a few to the Universities, and some to Eaton and Westminster; for it is reckoned a pretty book for boys and under-graduates; but, unless a man has the luck to light on a pedant, he shall not sell a set of them in twenty years.

Plut. From the merit of the subjects, I had hoped another reception for my works. I will own indeed, that I am not always perfectly accurate in every circumstance, nor do I give so exact and circumstantial a detail of the actions of my heroes, as may be expected from a biographer who has confined himself to one or two characters. A zeal to preserve the memory of great men, and to extend the influence of such noble examples, made me undertake more than I could accomplish in the first degree of perfection: but surely the characters of my illustrious men are not so imperfectly sketched, that they will not stand forth to all ages as patterns of virtue, and incitements to glory. My reflections are allowed to be deep and sagacious; and what can be more useful to a reader than a wise man's judgment on a great man's conduct? In my writings you will find no rash censures, no undeserved encomiums, no mean compliance with popular opinions, no vain ostentation of critical skill, nor any affected *finesse*. In my parallels, which used to be admired as pieces of excellent judgment, I compare with perfect impartiality one great man with another,

another, and each with the rule of justice. If indeed latter ages have produced greater men and better writers, my heroes and my works ought to give place to them. As the world has now the advantage of much better rules of morality than the unassisted reason of poor Pagans could form, I do not wonder, that those vices, which appeared to us as mere blemishes in great characters, should seem most horrid deformities in the purer eyes of the present age: a delicacy I do not blame, but admire and commend. And I must censure you for endeavouring, if you could publish better examples, to obtrude on your countrymen such as were defective. I rejoice at the preference which they give to perfect and unallayed virtue; and as I shall ever retain an high veneration for the illustrious men of every age, I should be glad you would give me some account of those persons, who, in wisdom, justice, valour, patriotism, have eclipsed my Solon, Numa, Camillus, and other boasts of Greece or Rome.

Books. Why, master Plutarch, you are talking Greek indeed. That work which repaired the loss I sustained by the costly edition of your books, was, *The lives of the Highwaymen*: but I should never have grown rich, if it had not been by publishing *the lives of men that never lived*. You must know, that though in all times it was possible to have a great deal of learning and very little wisdom, yet it is only by a modern improvement in the art of writing, that a man may read all his life and have no learning or knowledge at all, which begins to be an advantage of the greatest importance. There is as natural a war between your men of science and fools, as between the cranes and the pigmies of old. Most of our young men having deserted to the fools, the party of the learned is near being beaten out of the field; and I hope in a little while they will not dare to peep out of their forts and fastnesses at Oxford and Cambridge. There let them stay and study old musty moralists, till one falls in
love

love with the Greek, another with the Roman virtue: but our men of the world should read our new books, which teach them to have no virtue at all. No book is fit for a gentleman's reading, which is not void of facts and of doctrines, that he may not grow a pedant in his morals or conversation. I look upon history (I mean real history) to be one of the worst kinds of study. Whatever has happened may happen again; and a well bred-man may unwarily mention a parallel instance he had met with in history, and be betrayed into the awkwardness of introducing into his discourse a Greek, a Roman, or even a Gothic name. But when a gentleman has spent his time in reading adventures that never occurred, exploits that never were achieved, and events that not only never did, but never can, happen, it is impossible that in life or in discourse he should ever apply them. *A secret history*, in which there is *no secret* and *no history*, cannot tempt indiscretion to blab, or vanity to quote; and by this means modern conversation flows gentle and easy, unincumbered with matter, and unburthened of instruction. As the present studies throw no weight or gravity into discourse and manners, the women are not afraid to read our books, which not only dispose to gallantry and coquetry, but give rules for them. Cæsar's Commentaries, and the account of Xenophon's expedition, are not more studied by military commanders, than our novels are by the fair: to a different purpose indeed; for their military maxims teach to conquer, our's to yield; those inflame the vain and idle love of glory, these inculcate a noble contempt of reputation. The women have greater obligations to our writers, than the men. By the commerce of the world, men might learn much of what they get from books; but the poor women, who in their early youth are confined and restrained, if it were not for the friendly assistance of books, would remain long in an insipid purity of mind, with a discouraging reserve of behaviour.

Plut. As to your men who have quitted the study of virtue for the study of vice, useful truth for absurd fancy, and real history for monstrous fiction, I have neither regard nor compassion for them: but I am concerned for the women who are betrayed into these dangerous studies; and I wish for their sakes I had expatiated more on the character of Lucretia and some other heroines,

Bookf. I tell you, our women do not read in order to live or to die like Lucretia. If you would inform us, that a *billet-doux* was found in her cabinet after her death, or give an hint as if Tarquin really saw her in the arms of a slave, and that she killed herself, not to suffer the shame of a discovery, such anecdotes would sell very well. Or if even by tradition, but better still, if *by papers in the Portian family*, you could shew some probability that Portia died of *dram-drinking*; you would oblige the world very much; for you must know, that next to new-invented characters, we are fond of new lights upon ancient characters; I mean such lights as shew a reputed honest man to have been a concealed knave; an illustrious hero a pitiful coward, &c. Nay, we are so fond of these kinds of information, as to be pleased sometimes to see a character cleared from a vice or crime it has been charged with, provided the person concerned be actually dead. But in this case the evidence must be authentic, and amount to a demonstration; in the other a detection is not necessary; a slight suspicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great character.

Plut. I am the more surpris'd at what you say of the taste of your contemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman who assured me that less than a century ago he had written a much admired life of Cyrus under the name of Artamenes, in which he ascribed to him far greater actions than those recorded of him by Xenophon and Herodotus; and that many of the great heroes of history had been treated in the same manner;

manner; that empires were gained and battles decided by the valour of a single man, imagination bestowing what nature has denied, and the system of human affairs rendered impossible.

Books. I assure you these books were very useful to the authors and their booksellers: and for whose benefit besides should a man write? These romances were very fashionable, and had a great sale: they fell in luckily with the humour of the age.

Plut. Monsieur Scuderi tells me they were written in the times of vigour and spirit, in the evening of the gallant days of chivalry, which, though then declining, had left in the hearts of men a warm glow of courage and heroism; and they were to be called to books, as to battle, by the sound of the trumpet: he says too, that, if writers had not accommodated themselves to the prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles and desperate encounters, their works would have been esteemed too effeminate an amusement for gentlemen. Histories of chivalry, instead of enervating, tend to invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raise human nature above the condition which is naturally prescribed to it; but as strict justice, patriot motives, prudent counsels, and a dispassionate choice of what upon the whole is fittest and best, do not direct these heroes of romance, they cannot serve for instruction and example, like the great characters of true history. It has ever been my opinion, that only the clear and steady light of truth can guide men to virtue, and that the lesson which is *impracticable* must be *unuseful*. Whoever shall design to regulate his conduct by these visionary characters will be in the condition of superstitious people, who chuse rather to act by intimations they receive in the dreams of the night, than by the sober counsels of morning meditation. Yet I confess it has been the practice of many nations to incite men to *virtue* by relating the deeds of *fabulous heroes*; but surely it is the custom only of your's to incite them to
vice

vice by the history of *fabulous scoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have soared into the regions of fancy to bring back *Astrea*: you go thither in search of *Pandora*; oh disgrace to letters! O shame to the Muses!

Books. You express great indignation at our present race of writers; but believe me the fault lies chiefly on the side of the readers. As Monsieur Scuderi observed to you, authors must comply with the manners and disposition of those who are to read them. There must be a certain sympathy between the book and the reader, to create a good liking. Would you present a modern fine gentleman who is negligently lolling in an easy chair, with the *labours of Hercules* for his recreation? or make him climb the Alps with Hannibal, when he is expiring with the fatigue of last night's ball? Our readers must be amused, flattered, soothed; such adventures must be offered to them as they would like to have a share in.

Plut. It should be the first object of writers, to correct the vices and follies of the age. I will allow as much compliance with the mode of the times as will make truth and good morals agreeable. Your love of fictitious characters might be turned to good purpose, if those presented to the public were to be formed on the rules of religion and morality. It must be confessed, that history, being employed only about illustrious persons, public events, and celebrated actions, does not supply us with such instances of domestic merit as one could wish: our heroes are great in the field and the senate, and act well in great scenes on the theatre of the world: but the idea of a man, who in the silent retired path of life never deviates into vice, who considers no spectator but *the omniscient Being*, and solicits no applause but *his* approbation, is the noblest model that can be exhibited to mankind, and would be of the most general use. Examples of domestic virtue would be more particularly useful to women than those of great heroines. The virtues of women are blasted by the breath of

public fame, as flowers that grow on an eminence are faded by the sun and wind, which expand them. But true female praise, like the music of the spheres, arises from a gentle, a constant, and an equal progress in the path marked out for them by their great Creator; and, like the heavenly harmony, it is not adapted to the gross ear of mortals, but is reserved for the delight of higher beings, by whose wise laws they were ordained to give a silent light, and shed a mild benignant influence on the world.

Books. We have had some English and French writers who aimed at what you suggest. In the supposed character of Clarissa, (said a clergyman to me a few days before I left the world) one finds the dignity of heroism tempered by the meekness and humility of religion, a perfect purity of mind and sanctity of manners: in that of Sir Charles Grandison, a noble pattern of every private virtue, with sentiments so exalted as to render him equal to every public duty.

Plut. Are both these characters by the same author?

Books. Ay, master Plutarch; and what will surprize you more, this author has *printed* for me.

Plut. By what you say, it is pity he should *print* any work but *his own*. Are there no other authors who write in this manner?

Books. Yes, we have another writer of these imaginary histories; one who has not long since descended to these regions: his name is Fielding; and his works, as I have heard the best judges say, have a true spirit of comedy, and an exact representation of nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given lessons of pure and consummate virtue, but he has exposed vice and meanness with all the powers of ridicule; and we have some other good wits who have exerted their talents to the purposes you approve. Monsieur de Marivaux, and some other French writers, have also proceeded much upon the same plan, with a spirit and elegance which give their works no mean rank among the *belles lettres*. I will own that,
when

when there is wit and entertainment enough in a book to make it sell, it is not the worse for good morals.

Char. I think, Plutarch, you have made this gentleman a little more humble, and now I will carry him the rest of his journey. But he is too frivolous an animal to present to wise Minos. I wish Mercury were here; he would damn him for his dulness. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaïdes, and leave him to pour water into their vessels, which, like his late readers, are destined to eternal emptiness. Or shall I chain him to the rock, side to side by Prometheus, not for having attempted to steal celestial fire, in order to animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguish that which Jupiter had imparted? or shall we constitute him *friseur* to Tisiphone, and make him curl up her locks with his satires and libels?

Plut. Minos does not esteem any thing frivolous that affects the morals of mankind; he punishes authors as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy vengeance for the injuries which virtue or the virtuous have suffered in consequence of their writings.

The Four following **DIALOGUES**, not printed in the three first Editions, are by the Author of the first Twenty-five.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

Scip. **A**LAS, Cæsar! how unhappily did you end a life made illustrious by the greatest exploits in war, and most various civil talents!

Cæs. Can Scipio wonder at the ingratitude of Rome to her generals? did not he reproach her with

it in the epitaph he ordered to be inscribed upon his tomb at Liternum, that mean village in Campania, to which she had driven the conqueror of Hannibal and of Carthage? I also, after subduing her most dangerous enemies, the Helvetians, the Gauls, and the Germans, after raising her name to the highest pitch of glory, should have been deprived of my province, reduced to live as a private man, under the power of my enemies and the enviers of my greatness; nay, brought to a trial, and condemned by the judgment of a faction, if I had not led my victorious troops to Rome, and by their assistance, after all my offers of peace had been iniquitously rejected, made myself master of a state, which knew so ill how to recompense superior merit. Resentment of this, together with the secret machinations of envy, produced not long afterwards a conspiracy of senators, and even of some whom I had most obliged and loved, against my life, which they basely took away by assassination.

Scip. You say you led your victorious troops to Rome — How were they *your* troops? I thought the Roman armies had belonged to the republic, not to their generals.

Cæs. They did so in your time. But before I came to command them, Marius and Sylla had taught them, that they belonged to their generals. And I taught the senate, that a veteran army, affectionately attached to its leader, could give him all the treasures and honours of the state without asking their leave.

Scip. Just gods! Did I then deliver my country from the invading Carthaginian, did I exalt it by victories above all other nations, that it might become a richer prey to its own rebel soldiers, and their ambitious commanders?

Cæs. How could it be otherwise? was it possible that the conquerors of Europe, Asia, and Africk, could tamely submit to descend from their triumphal chariots, and become subject to the authority of prætors and consuls, elected by a populace corrupted by bribes,

bribes, or enslaved to a confederacy of factious nobles, who, without regard to merit, considered all the offices and dignities of the state as hereditary possessions belonging to their families?

Scip. If I thought it no dishonour, after triumphing over Hannibal to lay down my fasces, and obey, as all my ancestors had done before me, the magistrates of the republic; such a conduct would not have dishonoured either Marius, or Sylla, or Cæsar. But you all dishonoured yourselves, when, instead of virtuous Romans, superior to your fellow-citizens in merit and glory, but equal to them in a due subjection to the laws, you became the enemies, the invaders, and the tyrants of your country.

Cæs. Was I the *enemy* of my country, in giving it a ruler fit to support all the majesty and weight of its empire? did I *invade* it, when I marched to deliver the people from the usurped dominion and insolence of a few senators? was I a *tyrant*, because I would not crouch under Pompey, and let him be thought my *superior*, when I felt he was not my *equal*?

Scip. Pompey had given you a noble example of moderation, in twice dismissing the armies, at the head of which he had performed such illustrious actions, and returning, a private citizen, into the bosom of his country.

Cæs. His moderation was a cheat. He believed that the authority his victories had gained him would make him effectually master of the commonwealth, without the help of those armies. But finding it difficult to subdue the united opposition of Crassus and me, he leagued himself with us; and, in consequence of that league, we three governed the empire. But, after the death of Crassus, my glorious achievements in subduing the Gauls raised such a jealousy in him, that he could no longer endure me as a partner in his power, nor could I submit to degrade myself into his subject.

Scip. Am I then to understand, that the civil war
you

you engaged in was really a mere contest, whether you or Pompey should remain *sole lord of Rome*?

Cæs. Not so — for I offered, in my letters to the senate, to lay down my arms, if Pompey at the same time would lay down his, and leave the republic in freedom *. Nor did I resolve to draw the sword, till not only the senate, overpowered by the fear of Pompey and his troops, had rejected these offers, but two tribunes of the people, for legally and justly interposing their authority in my behalf, had been forced to fly from Rome, disguised in the habit of slaves, and take refuge in my camp, for the safety of their persons. My camp was therefore the asylum of persecuted liberty; and my army fought to avenge the violation of the rights and majesty of the people, as much as to defend the dignity of their general unjustly oppressed.

Scip. You would therefore have me think, that you contended for the equality and liberty of the Romans, against the tyranny of Pompey and his lawless adherents. In such a war I myself, if I had lived in your times, would have willingly been your lieutenant. Tell me then, on the issue of this honourable enterprise, when you had subdued all your foes, and had no opposition remaining to obstruct your intentions, did you establish that liberty for which you fought? did you restore the republic to what it was in my time?

Cæs. I took the necessary measures to secure to myself the fruits of my victories; and gave a head to the empire, which could neither subsist without one, nor find another so well suited to the greatness of the body.

Scip. There the true character of Cæsar was seen unmasked.—You had managed so skilfully in the measures which preceded the civil war, your offers were so specious, and there appeared so much violence in the conduct of your enemies, that if you had fallen in

* See Plutarch and Suetonius in Vit. Cæsaris. Cæsar Comment. de Bello Civili, l. i.

in that war, posterity might have doubted, whether you were not a victim to the interests of your country. But your success, and the despotism you afterwards exercised, took off those disguises, and shewed clearly, that the aim of all your actions was tyranny.

Cæs. Let us not deceive ourselves with *sounds* and *names*.—That great minds should aspire to sovereign power, is a fixed law of nature. It is an injury to mankind, if the highest abilities are not placed in the highest stations. Had you, Scipio, been kept down by the republican jealousy of Cato the censor, Hannibal would have never been recalled out of Italy, nor defeated in Africk. And if I had not been treacherously murdered by the daggers of Brutus and Cassius, my sword would have avenged the defeat of Crassus, and added the empire of Parthia to that of Rome. Nor was my government tyrannical. It was mild, humane, and bounteous. The world would have been happy under it, and wished its continuance: but my death broke the pillars of the public tranquillity, and brought upon the whole empire a direful scene of calamity and confusion.

Scip. You say that great minds will naturally aspire to sovereign power. But, if they are *good*, as well as *great*, they will regulate their ambition by the laws of their country. The laws of Rome permitted me to aspire to the conduct of the war against Carthage; but they did not permit you to turn her arms against herself, and subject her to your will. The breach of one law of liberty is a greater evil to a nation than the loss of a province; and, in my opinion, the conquest of the whole world would not be enough to compensate for the total loss of their freedom.

Cæs. You talk finely, Africanus—but ask yourself, whether the height and dignity of your mind, that noble pride which accompanies the magnanimity of a hero, could always stoop to a nice conformity with the laws of your country? is there a law of liberty more essential, more sacred, than that which obliges every member of a free community to sub-
mit

mit himself to a trial, upon a legal charge brought against him for a public misdemeanour? in what manner did you answer a regular accusation from a tribune of the people, who charged you with embezzling the money of the state? You told your judges, that *on that day you had vanquished Hannibal and Carthage*, and bade them *follow you to the temples to give thanks to the gods*. Nor could you ever be brought to stand a legal trial, or justify those accounts, which you had torn in the senate, when they were questioned there by two magistrates in the name of the Roman people. Was this acting like the subject of a free state? Had your victory procured you an exemption from justice? had it given into your hands the money of the republic without account? If it had, you were *king of Rome*. Pharsalia, Thapsus, and Munda, could do no more for me.

Scip. I did not question the right of bringing me to a trial, but I disdained to plead in vindication of a character so unspotted as mine. My whole life had been an answer to that infamous charge.

Cæs. It may be so: and, for my part, I admire the magnanimity of your behaviour. But I should condemn it as repugnant and destructive to liberty, if I did not pay more respect to the dignity of a great general, than to the forms of a democracy, or the rights of a tribune.

Scip. You are endeavouring to confound my cause with your's; but they are exceedingly different. You apprehended a sentence of condemnation against you for some part of your conduct *, and, to prevent it, made an impious war on your country, and reduced her to servitude. I trusted the justification of my affronted innocence to the opinion of my judges, scorning to plead for myself against a charge unsupported by any other proof than bare suspicions and surmises. But I made no resistance: I kindled no civil war: I left

* Suetonius in Cæsare.

left Rome undisturbed in the enjoyment of her liberty. Had the malice of my accusers been ever so violent, had it threatened my destruction, I should have chosen much rather to turn my sword against my own bosom, than against that of my country.

Cæs. You beg the question in supposing that I really hurt my country by giving her a master. When Cato advised the senate to make Pompey *sole consul* *, he did it upon this principle, *that any kind of government is preferable to anarchy*. The truth of this, I presume, no man of sense will contest; and the anarchy, which that zealous defender of liberty so much apprehended, would have continued in Rome, if that power, which the urgent necessity of the state conferred upon me, had not removed it.

Scip. Pompey and you had brought that anarchy on the state, in order to serve your own ends. It was owing to the corruption, the factions, and the violence, which you had encouraged, from an opinion that the senate would be forced to submit to an absolute power in your hands, as a remedy against those intolerable evils. But Cato judged well in thinking it eligible to make Pompey *sole consul* rather than you *dictator*; because experience had shewn, that Pompey respected the forms of the Roman constitution, and, though he fought, by bad means as well as good, to obtain the highest magistracies, and the most honourable commands, yet he laid them down again, and contented himself with remaining superior in credit to any other citizen.

Cæs. If all the difference between my ambition and Pompey's was only, as you represent it, in a greater or less respect for *the forms of the constitution*, I think it was hardly becoming such a patriot as Cato to take part in our quarrel, much less to kill himself rather than yield to my power.

Scip.

* See Plutarch, Life of Cæsar.

Scip. It is easier to revive *the spirit of liberty* in a government where the *forms* of it remain unchanged, than where they have been totally disregarded and abolished. But I readily own, that the balance of the Roman constitution had been destroyed by the excessive and illegal authority, which the people were induced to confer upon Pompey, before any extraordinary honours or commands had been demanded by you. And that is, I think, your best excuse.

Cæs. Yes surely. — The favourers of the *Manilian law* had an ill grace in desiring to limit the commissions I obtained from the people, according to the rigour of certain obsolete republican laws, no more regarded in my time than the Sybilline oracles, or the pious institutions of Numa.

Scip. It was the misfortune of your time that they were not regarded. A virtuous man would not take from a deluded people such favours as they ought not to bestow. I have a right to say this, because I chid the Roman people, when, over-heated by gratitude for the services I had done them, they desired to make me *perpetual consul* and *dictator* *. Hear this, and blush. — What I refused to accept, you snatched by force.

Cæs. Tiberius Gracchus reproached you with the inconsistency of your conduct, when, after refusing these offers, you so little respected the Tribunitian authority. But thus it must happen. We are naturally fond of the idea of liberty, till we come to suffer by it, or find it an impediment to some predominant passion; and then we wish to controul it, as you did most despotically, by refusing to submit to the justice of the state.

Scipio. I have answered before to that charge. Tiberius Gracchus himself, though my personal enemy, thought it became him to stop the proceedings against me: not for my sake, but for the honour of my country,

* Livius, l. lxxxviii. Sect. 56.

try, whose dignity suffered with mine. Nevertheless I acknowledge, my conduct in that business was not absolutely blameless. The generous pride of virtue was too strong in my mind. It made me forget I was creating a dangerous precedent, in declining to plead to a legal accusation, brought against me by a magistrate invested with the majesty of the whole Roman people. It made me unjustly accuse my country of ingratitude, when she had shewn herself grateful even beyond the true bounds of policy and justice, by not inflicting upon me any penalty for so irregular a proceeding. But, at the same time, what a proof did I give of moderation, and respect for her liberty, when my utmost resentment could impel me to nothing more violent than a voluntary retreat, and quiet banishment of myself from the city of Rome! Scipio Africanus offended, and living a private man, in a country-house at Liternum, was an example of more use to secure the equality of the Roman commonwealth, than all the power of its tribunes.

Cæs. I had rather have been thrown down the Tarpeian rock, than have retired, as you did, to the obscurity of a village, after acting the first part on the greatest theatre of the world.

Scip. An usurper exalted on the highest throne of the universe is not so glorious as I was in that obscure retirement. I hear indeed, that you, Cæsar, have been *deified* by the flattery of some of your successors. But the impartial judgment of history has consecrated my name, and ranks me in the first class of heroes and patriots: whereas the highest praise her records, even under the dominion usurped by your family, have given to you, is, that your courage and talents were equal to the object your ambition aspired to, the empire of the world; and that you exercised a sovereignty unjustly acquired with a magnanimous clemency. But it would have been better for your country, and better for mankind, if you had never existed.

DIALOGUE XXX.

PLATO. — DIOGENES.

Diog. **P**LATO, stand off. — A true philosopher, as I was, is no company for a courtier of the tyrant of Syracuse. I would avoid you, as one infected with the most noisome of plagues, the plague of slavery.

Plato. He, who can mistake a brutal pride and savage indecency of manners for freedom, may naturally think that the being in a court (however virtuous one's conduct, however free one's language there) is slavery. But I was taught by my great master, the incomparable Socrates, that the business of true philosophy is to consult and promote the happiness of society. She must not therefore be confined to a *tub* or a *cell*. Her sphere is in senates, or the cabinets of kings. While your sect is employed in snarling at the great, or buffooning with the vulgar, she is counselling those who govern nations, infusing into their minds humanity, justice, temperance, and the love of true glory, resisting their passions, when they transport them beyond the bounds of virtue, and fortifying their reason by the antidotes she administers against the poison of flattery.

Diog. You mean to have me understand, that you went to the court of the Younger Dionysius, to give him antidotes against the poison of flattery. But I say he sent for you only to sweeten the cup, by mixing it more agreeably, and rendering the flavour more delicate. His vanity was too nice for the nauseous common draught; but your seasoning gave it a relish, which made it go down most delightfully, and intoxicated him more than ever. Oh! there is no flatterer half so dangerous to a prince as a fawning philosopher!

Plato. If you call it fawning, that I did not treat him

him with such unmannerly rudeness as you did Alexander the Great, when he visited you at Athens, I have nothing to say. But, in truth, I made my company agreeable to him, not for any mean ends which regarded only myself, but that I might be useful both to him and to his people. I endeavoured to give a right turn to his vanity; and know, Diogenes, that whoever will serve mankind, but more especially princes, must compound with their weaknesses, and take as much pains to gain them over to virtue, by an honest and prudent complaisance, as others do to seduce them from it, by a criminal adulation.

Diog. A little of my sagacity would have shewn you, that, if this was your purpose, your labour was lost in that court. Why did you not go and preach chastity to Lais? A philosopher in a brothel, reading lectures on the beauty of continence and decency, is not a more ridiculous animal, than a philosopher in the cabinet, or at the table of a tyrant, descanting on liberty and public spirit! What effect had the lessons of your famous disciple Aristotle upon Alexander the Great, a prince far more capable of receiving instruction than the Younger Dionysius? did they hinder him from killing his best friend, Clitus, for speaking to him with freedom; or from fancying himself a god, because he was adored by the wretched slaves he had vanquished? When I desired him *not to stand between me and the sun*, I humbled his pride more, and consequently did him more good, than Aristotle had done by all his formal precepts.

Plato. Yet he owed to those precepts, that, notwithstanding his excesses, he appeared not unworthy of the empire of the world. Had the tutor of his youth gone with him into Asia, and continued always at his ear, the authority of that wise and virtuous man might have been able to stop him, even in the riot of conquest, from giving way to those passions which dishonoured his character.

Diog. If he had gone into Asia, and had not flattered

tered the king as obsequiously as Hæphestion, he would, like Callisthenes, whom he sent thither as his deputy, have been put to death for high treason. The man who will not flatter, must live independent, as I did, and prefer a tub to a palace.

Plato. Do you pretend, Diogenes, that, because you were never in a court, you never flattered? How did you gain the affection of the people of Athens, but by soothing their ruling passion, the desire of hearing their superiors abused? Your cynic railing was to them the most acceptable flattery. This you well understood, and made your court to the vulgar, always envious and malignant, by trying to lower all dignity and confound all order: you made your court, I say, as servilely, and with as much offence to virtue, as the basest flatterer ever did to the most corrupted prince. But true philosophy will disdain to act either of these parts. Neither in the assemblies of the people, nor in the cabinets of kings, will she obtain favour by fomenting any bad dispositions. If her endeavours to do good prove unsuccessful, she will retire with honour, as an honest physician departs from the house of a patient, whose distemper he finds incurable, or who refuses to take the remedies he prescribes. But if she succeeds; if, like the music of Orpheus, her sweet persuasions can mitigate the ferocity of the multitude, and tame their minds to a due obedience of laws and reverence of magistrates; or if she can form a Timoleon, or a Numa Pompilius, to the government of a state, how meritorious is the work! One king, nay one minister, or counsellor of state, imbued with her precepts, is of more value than all the speculative, retired philosophers, or cynical revilers of princes and magistrates, that ever lived upon earth.

Diog. Don't tell me of the music of Orpheus, and of his taming wild beasts. A wild beast brought to *crouch* and *lick the hand of a master*, is a much viler animal than he was in his natural state of ferocity.

You

You seem to think, that the business of philosophy is to *polish men into slaves*; but I say, it is to teach them to assert, with an untamed and generous spirit, their independence and freedom. You profess to instruct those who want to *ride* their fellow-creatures, how to do it with an easy and gentle rein; but I would have them thrown off, and trampled under the feet of all their deluded or insulted equals, on whose backs they have mounted. Which of us two is the truest friend to mankind?

Plato. According to your notions, all government is destructive to liberty; but I think that no liberty can subsist without government. A state of society is the *natural* state of mankind. They are impelled to it by their wants, their infirmities, their affections. The laws of society are rules of life and action necessary to secure their happiness in that state. Government is the due enforcing of those laws. That government is the best, which does this most effectually, and most equally; and that people is the freest, which is most submissively obedient to such a government.

Diog. Shew me the government which makes no other use of its power than duly to enforce the laws of society, and I will own it is intitled to the most absolute submission from all its subjects.

Plato. I cannot shew you perfection in human institutions. It is far more easy to blame them than it is to amend them: much may be wrong in the best: but a good man respects the laws and the magistrates of his country.

Diog. As for the laws of my country, I did so far respect them, as not to philosophise to the prejudice of the first and greatest principle of nature and of wisdom, self-preservation. Though I loved to prate about high matters as well as Socrates, I did not chuse to drink hemlock after his example. But you might as well have bid me *love* an ugly woman, because she was drest up in the gown of *Lais*, as *respect* a fool or a knave,

a knave, because he was attired in the robe of a magistrate.

Plato. All I desired of you was, not to amuse yourself and the populace by throwing dirt upon the robe of a magistrate, merely because he wore that robe, and you did not.

Diog. A philosopher cannot better display his wisdom, than by throwing contempt on that pageantry, which the ignorant multitude gaze at with a senseless veneration.

Plato. He who tries to make the multitude *venerate nothing*, is more senseless than they. Wise men have endeavoured to excite an awful reverence in the minds of the vulgar for external ceremonies and forms, in order to secure their obedience to religion and government, of which these are the symbols. Can a philosopher desire to defeat that good purpose?

Diog. Yes, if he sees it abused to support the evil purposes of superstition and tyranny.

Plato. May not the abuse be corrected without losing the benefit? is there no difference between *reformation* and *destruction*?

Diog. *Half-measures* do nothing. He who desires to *reform* must not be afraid to *pull down*.

Plato. I know that you and your sect are for *pulling down every thing that is above your own level*. Pride and envy are the motives that set you all to work. Nor can one wonder that passions, the influence of which is so general, should give you many disciples and many admirers.

Diog. When you have established *your republic*, if you will admit me into it, I promise you to be *there* a most *respectful* subject.

Plato. I am conscious, Diogenes, that *my republic* was imaginary, and could never be established. But they shew as little knowledge of what is practicable in politics, as I did in that book, who suppose that the liberty of any civil society can be maintained by the destruction of order and decency, or promoted by the petulance of unbridled defamation.

Diog.

Diog. I never knew any government angry at defamation, when it fell on those who disliked or obstructed its measures. But I well remember, that the thirty tyrants at Athens called opposition to them *the destruction of order and decency*.

Plato. Things are not altered by names.

Diog. No—but names have a strange power to impose on weak understandings. If, when you were in Egypt, you had laughed at the worship of an onion, the priests would have called you an atheist, and the people would have stoned you. But I presume, that, to have the honour of being initiated into the mysteries of that reverend hierarchy, you bowed as low to it as any of their devout disciples. Unfortunately my neck was not so pliant, and therefore I was never initiated into the mysteries either of religion or government, but was feared or hated by all who thought it their interest to make them be respected.

Plato. Your vanity found its account in that fear and that hatred. The high priest of a deity, or the ruler of a state, is much less distinguished from the vulgar herd of mankind, than the scoffer at all religion, and the despiser of all dominion.—But let us end our dispute. I feel my folly in continuing to argue with one, who in reasoning does not seek to come at truth, but merely to shew his wit. Adieu, Diogenes; I am going to converse with the shades of Pythagoras, Solon, and Bias.—You may jest with Aristophanes, or rail with Thersites.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

ARISTIDES.—PHOCION.—DEMOSTHENES.

Arist. **H**OW could it happen, that Athens, after having recovered an equality with Sparta, should be forced to submit to the dominion of Macedon,

cedon, when she had two such great men as Phocion and Demosthenes at the head of her state?

Phoc. It happened because our opinions of her interests in foreign affairs were totally different; which made us act with a constant and pernicious opposition, the one to the other.

Arist. I wish to hear from you both (if you will indulge my curiosity) on what principles you could form such contrary judgments concerning points of such moment to the safety of your country, which you equally loved.

Demost. My principles were the same with your's, Aristides. I laboured to maintain the independence of Athens against the incroaching ambition of Macedon, as you had maintained it against that of Persia. I saw that our own strength was unequal to the enterprise: but what we could not do alone, I thought might be done by a union of the principal states of Greece; such a union as had been formed by you and Themistocles, in opposition to the Persians. To effect this, was the great, the constant aim of my policy; and, though traversed in it by many whom the gold of Macedon had corrupted, and by Phocion, whom alone, of all the enemies to my system, I must acquit of corruption, I so far succeeded, that I brought into the field of Chæroneia an army equal to Philip's. The event was unfortunate; but Aristides will not judge of the merits of a statesman by the accidents of war.

Phoc. Do not imagine, Aristides, that I was less desirous than Demosthenes to preserve the independence and liberty of my country. But, before I engaged the Athenians in a war *not absolutely necessary*, I thought it proper to consider what the event of a battle would probably be. That which I feared, came to pass: the Macedonians were victorious, and Athens was ruined.

Demost. Would Athens not have been ruined if no battle had been fought? Could you, Phocion, think it

it safety, to have our freedom depend on the moderation of Philip? and what had we else to protect us, if no confederacy had been formed to resist his ambition?

Phoc. I saw no wisdom in accelerating the downfall of my country, by a rash activity in provoking the resentment of an enemy, whose arms, I foretold, would in the issue prove superior, not only to ours, but to those of any confederacy we were able to form. My maxim was, that a state, which cannot make itself stronger than any of its neighbours, should live in friendship with that power which is the strongest. But, the more apparent it was, that our strength was inferior to that of Macedon, the more you laboured to induce us, by all the vehemence of your oratory, to take such measures as tended to render Philip our enemy, and exasperate him more against us than any other nation. This I thought a rash conduct. It was not by orations that the dangerous war you had kindled could finally be determined: nor did your triumphs over me in an assembly of the people intimidate any Macedonian in the field of Chæronea, or stop you yourself from flying out of that field.

Demost. My flight from thence, I must own, was ignominious to me; but it affects not the question we are agitating now, whether the counsels I gave to the people of Athens, as a statesman and a public minister, were right or wrong. When first I excited them to make war against Philip, the victories gained by Chabrias, in which you, Phocion, had a share, particularly that of Naxos, which completely restored to us the empire of the sea, had enabled us to maintain, not only our own liberty, but that of all Greece, in the defence of which we had formerly acquired so much glory, and which our ancestors thought so important to the safety and independence of Athens. Philip's power was but beginning, and supported itself more by craft than force. I saw, and I warned my countrymen, in due time, how impolitic it would

be to suffer his machinations to be carried on with success, and his strength to increase by continual acquisitions, without resistance. I exposed the weakness of that narrow, that short-sighted policy, which looked no further than to our own immediate borders, and imagined, that whatsoever lay out of those bounds was foreign to our interests, and unworthy of our care. The force of my remonstrances roused the Athenians to a more vigilant conduct. Then it was, that the orators whom Philip had corrupted loudly inveighed against me, as alarming the people with imaginary dangers, and drawing them into quarrels, in which they had really no concern. This language, and the fair professions of Philip, who was perfectly skilled in *the royal art of dissembling*, were often so prevalent, that many favourable opportunities of defeating his designs were unhappily lost. Yet sometimes, by the spirit, with which I animated the Athenians and other neighbouring states, I stopt the progress of his arms, and opposed to him such obstacles, as cost him much time and much labour to remove. You yourself, Phocion, at the head of fleets and armies sent against him by decrees which I had proposed, vanquished his troops in Eubœa, and saved from him Byantium, with other cities of our allies on the coasts of the Hellespont, from which you drove him with shame.

Phoc. The proper use of those advantages was to secure a peace to Athens, which they inclined him to keep. His ambition was checked; but his forces were not so much diminished, as to render it safe to provoke him to further hostilities.

Demost. His courage and policy were indeed so superior to our's, that, notwithstanding his defeats, he was soon in a condition to pursue the great plan of conquest and dominion, which he had formed long before, and from which he never desisted. Thus, through indolence on our side, and activity on his, things were brought to such a crisis, that I saw no
hope

hope of delivering all Greece from his yoke, but by confederating against him the Athenians and the Thebans ; which league I effected. Was it not better to fight for the independence of our country in conjunction with Thebes than alone ? Would a battle lost in Bœotia be so fatal to Athens, as one lost in our own territory, and under our own walls ?

Phoc. You may remember, that, when you were eagerly urging this argument, I desired you to consider, not where we should fight, but how we should be conquerors : for, if we were vanquished, all sorts of evils and dangers would be instantly at our gates.

Arist. Did not you tell me, Demosthenes, when you began to speak upon this subject, that you brought into the field of Chæronea an army equal to Philip's ?

Demost. I did, and believe that Phocion will not contradict me.

Arist. But though equal in number, it was, perhaps, much inferior to the Macedonians in valour and military discipline.

Demost. The courage shewn by our army excited the admiration of Philip himself, and their discipline was inferior to none in Greece.

Arist. What then occasioned their defeat ?

Demost. The bad conduct of their generals.

Arist. Why was the command not given to Phocion, whose abilities had been proved on so many other occasions ? was it offered to him, and did he refuse to accept it ? You are silent, Demosthenes. I understand your silence. You are unwilling to tell me, that, having the power, by your influence over the people, to confer the command on what Athenian you pleased, you were induced, by the spirit of party, to lay aside a great general, who had been always successful, who had the chief confidence of your troops and of your allies, in order to give it to men, zealous indeed for your measures, and full of military ardour, but of little capacity or experience in the conduct

conduct of a war. You cannot plead, that, if Phocion had led your troops against Philip, there was any danger of his basely betraying his trust. Phocion could not be a traitor. You had seen him serve the republic, and conquer for it in wars, the undertaking of which he had strenuously opposed, in wars with Philip. How could you then be so negligent of the safety of your country, as not to employ him in this, the most dangerous of all she ever had waged? If Chares and Lyficles, the two generals you chose to conduct it, had commanded the Grecian forces at Marathon and Plataea, we should have lost those battles. All the men whom you sent to fight the Macedonians under such leaders, were victims to the animosity between you and Phocion, which made you deprive them of the necessary benefit of his wise direction. This I think the worst blemish of your administration. In other parts of your conduct I not only acquit, but greatly applaud and admire you. With the sagacity of a most consummate statesman, you penetrated the deepest designs of Philip; you saw all the dangers which threatened Greece from that quarter, while they were yet at a distance; you exhorted your countrymen to make a timely provision for their future security; you spread the alarm through all the neighbouring states; you combined the most powerful in a confederacy with Athens; you carried the war *out of Attica*, which (let Phocion say what he will) was safer than meeting it *there*; you brought it, after all that had been done by the enemy to strengthen himself and weaken us, after the loss of Amphipolis, Olynthus, and Potidæa, the outguards of Athens; you brought it, I say, to the decision of a battle with equal forces. When this could be effected, there was evidently nothing so desperate in our circumstances, as to justify an inaction, which might probably make them worse, but could not make them better. Phocion thinks that a state, which cannot itself be the strongest, should live in friendship with
that

that power which is the strongest. But in my opinion *such friendship* is no better than *servitude*. It is more adviseable to endeavour to supply what is wanting in our own strength by a conjunction with others who are equally in danger. This method of preventing the ruin of our country was tried by Demosthenes. Nor yet did he neglect, by all practicable means, to augment, at the same time, our internal resources. I have heard, that when he found the public treasure exhausted, he replenished it, with very great peril to himself, by bringing into it money appropriated before to the entertainment of the people, against the express prohibition of a popular law, which made it death to propose the application thereof to any other use. This was virtue, this was *true and genuine patriotism*. He owed all his importance and power in the state to the favour of the people: yet, in order to serve the state, he did not fear, at the evident hazard of his life, to offend their darling passion, and appeal against it to their reason.

Phoc. For this action I praise him. It was indeed far more dangerous for a minister at Athens to violate that absurd and extravagant law than any of those of Solon. But, though he restored our finances, he could not restore our lost virtue; he could not give that firm health, that vigour to the state, which is the result of pure morals, of strict order and civil discipline, of integrity in the old, and obedience in the young. I therefore dreaded a conflict with the solid strength of Macedon, where corruption had yet made but a very small progress, and was happy that Demosthenes did not oblige me, against my own inclination, to be the general of such a people in such war.

Arist. I fear that your just contempt of the greater number of those who composed the democracy, so disgusted you with this mode and form of government, that you were as averse to serve under it, as others, with less ability and virtue than you, were desirous

desirous of obtruding themselves into its service. But, though such a reluctance proceeds from a very noble cause, and seems agreeable to the dignity of a great mind in bad times, yet it is a fault against the highest of moral obligations, the love of our country. For, how unworthy soever individuals may be, the public is always respectable, always dear to the virtuous.

Phoc. True: but no obligation can lie upon a citizen to seek a public charge, when he foresees that his obtaining of it will be useless to his country. Would you have had me solicit the command of an army which I believed would be beaten?

Arist. It is not permitted to a state to despair of its safety, till its utmost efforts have been made without success. If you had commanded the army at Chæronea, you might possibly have changed the event of the day: but, if you had not, you would have died more honourably there, than in a prison at Athens, betrayed by a vain confidence in the insecure friendship of a perfidious Macedonian.

D I A L O G U E XXXII.

MARCUS AURELIUS PHILOSOPHUS.—SERVIUS TULLIUS.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

YES, Marcus, though I own you to have been the first of mankind in virtue and goodness, though, while you governed, philosophy sat on the throne, and diffused the benign influences of her administration over the whole Roman empire, yet, *as a king*, I might, perhaps, pretend to a merit even superior to your's.

Marcus Aure. That philosophy you ascribe to me has taught me to feel my own defects, and to venerate

rate the virtues of other men. Tell me therefore, in what consisted the superiority of your merit *as a king*.

Servius Tul. It consisted in this, *that I gave my people freedom*. I diminished, I limited the kingly power, when it was placed in my hands. I need not tell you, that the plan of government instituted by me was adopted by the Romans, when they had driven out Tarquin, the destroyer of their liberty; and gave its form to that republic, composed of a due mixture of the regal, aristocratical, and democratical powers, the strength and wisdom of which subdued the world. Thus all the glory of that great people, who for many ages excelled the rest of mankind in the arts of war and of policy, belongs originally to me.

Marcus Aure. There is much truth in what you say. But would not the Romans have done better, if, after the expulsion of Tarquin, they had vested the regal power in *a limited monarch*, instead of placing it in two annual elective magistrates, with the title of consuls? This was a great deviation from your plan of government, and, I think, an unwise one. For a *divided royalty* is a solecism, an absurdity in politics. Nor was the regal power, committed to the administration of consuls, continued in their hands long enough, to enable them to finish any difficult war, or other act of great moment. From hence arose a necessity of prolonging their commands beyond the legal term; of shortening the interval prescribed by the laws between the elections to those offices; and of granting extraordinary commissions and powers, by all which the republic was in the end destroyed.

Servius Tul. The Revolution which ensued upon the death of Lucretia was made with so much anger, that it is no wonder the Romans abolished in their fury the name of king, and desired to weaken a power, the exercise of which had been so grievous; though

though the doing this was attended with all the inconveniencies you have justly observed. But, if anger acted too violently in reforming abuses, philosophy might have wisely corrected that error. Marcus Aurelius might have new-modeled the constitution of Rome. He might have made it *a limited monarchy*, leaving to the emperors all the power that was necessary to govern a wide-extended empire, and to the senate and people all the liberty that could be consistent with order and obedience to government; a liberty purged of faction and guarded against anarchy.

Marcus Aure. I should have been happy indeed, if it had been in my power to do such good to my country. But the gods themselves cannot force their blessings on men, who by their vices are become incapable to receive them. Liberty, like power, is only good for those who possess it, when it is under the constant direction of virtue. No laws can have force enough to hinder it from degenerating into faction and anarchy, where the morals of a nation are depraved: and continued habits of vice will eradicate the very love of it out of the hearts of a people. A Marcus Brutus, in my time, could not have drawn to his standard a single legion of Romans. But further, it is certain that *the spirit of liberty* is absolutely incompatible with *the spirit of conquest*. To keep *great conquered nations* in subjection and obedience, *great standing armies* are necessary. The generals of those armies will not long remain subjects; and whoever acquires dominion by the sword, must rule by the sword. If he does not destroy liberty, liberty will destroy him.

Servius Tul. Do you then justify Augustus for the change he made in the Roman government?

Marcus Aure. I do not—for Augustus had no lawful authority to make that change. His power was usurpation and breach of trust. But the government, which he seized with a violent

violent hand, came to me by a *lawful* and *established* rule of succession.

Servius Tul. Can any length of *establishment* make despotism *lawful*? is not liberty an inherent, inalienable right of mankind?

Marcus Aure. They have an inherent right to be governed by laws, not by arbitrary will. But forms of government may, and must, be occasionally changed, with the consent of the people. When I reigned over them, the Romans were governed by laws.

Servius Tul. Yes, because your moderation, and the precepts of that philosophy in which your youth had been tutored, inclined you to make the laws the rules of your government and the bounds of your power. But, if you had desired to govern otherwise, had they power to restrain you?

Marcus Aure. They had not.—The imperial authority in my time had no limitations.

Servius Tul. Rome therefore was in reality as much enslaved under you as under your son; and you left him the power of tyrannizing over it by hereditary right.

Marcus Aure. I did—and the conclusion of that tyranny was his murder.

Servius Tul. Unhappy father! unhappy king! what a detestable thing is absolute monarchy, when even the virtues of Marcus Aurelius could not hinder it from being destructive to his family, and pernicious to his country, any longer than the period of his own life. But how happy is that kingdom, in which a *limited monarch* presides over a state *so justly poised*, that it guards itself from such evils, and has no need to take refuge in arbitrary power against the dangers of anarchy, which is almost as bad a resource, as it would be for a ship to run itself on a rock, in order to escape from the agitation of a tempest!

F O U R
S P E E C H E S
I N
P A R L I A M E N T.

Printed from Manuscripts of the late Lord LYTT-
TON, communicated by WILLIAM HENRY LYT-
TELTON, Esq;

Mr. LYTTTELTON's Speech upon the Scotch Bill,
Anno 1747.

Mr. S P E A K E R,

IF it could ever be probable that any Bill of great national consequence, especially one, in which not only the national interest, but many particular interests are also concerned, should pass through the house without a debate, I should have thought this would have done so; because none was ever more universally called for by the voice of the nation, none has ever undergone a longer and deeper consideration, before it came into the house, or been considered by abler men, or with a more attentive and candid regard
to

to any material objections. However, Sir, notwithstanding these circumstances, I did expect that in the committee some difference of opinion would happen about particular parts of it, and indeed I rather wished that there might, because an affair of so serious a nature cannot be too carefully and strictly examined; and because, if there are any faults in the bill, I sincerely desire they may be mended; but, Sir, I did not expect, I am extremely surprized, that it should be opposed upon the *Principle*; that it should be opposed as a breach of the Union; and my concern is equal to my surprize. Next to the breaking the Union, I hardly know a greater misfortune that can befall the united kingdom, than to have it suggested that it is broke, and to have that suggestion prevail in the minds of the people of Scotland. It is a suggestion in which the enemies of Scotland and England will find their account, the friends cannot; and, as I think it intirely groundless, I do most heartily grieve and lament, that it has ever received any countenance here. God be thanked, they who are at the head of the law in Scotland have other notions upon this matter.

In the return made by the court of session to the house of lords concerning the heretable jurisdictions, this is the manner in which they express their sense upon that point: "These jurisdictions, by the treaty of Union, are secured to the proprietors as rights of property, and therefore cannot, *without due satisfaction made to the owners*, be taken from them." If therefore due satisfaction be made to the owners, it is the opinion of the lords of the session, that these jurisdictions may be taken away, without any infringement of the treaty of Union; and that is the principle upon which this bill intirely proceeds: no jurisdictions are taken away by it, without due satisfaction made to the owners; where then is the wrong? where is the violation of the *pacta conventa* between the two nations? Sir, I have considered the treaty of
Union

Union with all the attention and care that I possibly could, startled by the objections made by some persons, for whose judgment and love to their country, I have the highest regard and respect: but I protest, that, after the strictest examination, there does not remain in my mind the least apprehension, or shadow of doubt, that it can be infringed by our passing this bill. The eighteenth and twentieth article are all that relate to the matter before you; by the eighteenth a distinction is made between the laws that concern public right, policy, and civil government, and those that concern private rights: the first are declared to be alterable by parliament, the latter not, except it be for the evident utility of the people of Scotland. Now, Sir, not to insist on any difference between the laws that concern private rights and private rights, but allowing this article extends alike to the securing of both from being altered by parliament; yet still the exception contained in the same article, “that it may be done for the evident utility of the subjects in Scotland,” is fully sufficient, according to my understanding, to vindicate this alteration from being an infringement of the treaty of Union. Nor can any distinction be made between this sort of property, and any other existing in Scotland, but that the public is more affected by this, than by any other. As to the twentieth article, the intention and purport of it appears to me to be plainly this, “that whereas these jurisdictions and superiorities are of a mixed nature, and might well be supposed to *concern policy and civil government*, and so to be alterable by parliament, even without compensation made to the owners, they were declared by this article to be *rights of property*, in order to put them upon the same foot with other *private rights*; and to secure an equivalent to the proprietors, in case they should be afterwards taken away by the wisdom of parliament; a case that was easy to be foreseen, because the inconvenience and evil arising from these jurisdictions, had been pointed out
more

more than once, even by parliament, before the Union ; and because till this is done, I will venture to say, the scheme of the Union, in all the beneficial purposes of it, will not be intirely and fully compleated. In the very words of this article a power of making this alteration is clearly implied. *The heretable jurisdictions and superiorities are there reserved to the owners thereof, as rights of property ;* but, in what manner ? Why *in the same manner as they were then enjoyed by the laws of Scotland.* Now, Sir, by the laws of Scotland, could not the Scotch parliament, before the Union, have altered this property, as well as all other property, upon due compensation made to the owners, for the good of the public ? They certainly could ; and therefore subject to the same power of alteration, by parliament, they are declared to be now held and enjoyed. If the treaty of Union had established a property that could not be subject to such alteration upon such grounds, it must at the same time have established a maxim fundamentally contrary to the first principle of all civil society, and intirely destructive to it ; this most preposterous maxim, *that the good of the public ought to give way to private advantage.* But such an absurdity cannot be charged upon the legislators of two such wise nations as England and Scotland. Indeed, Sir, in no state upon the face of the earth, ever was there a property, or ever can there be any, which may not be altered or taken away, upon proper amends made to the proprietors, for the good of the whole. Even the property of our kings themselves has not been exempt from this general rule. The wardship of those who held of the crown, that is, of all the nobility and gentry of England, was a property fixed in our kings, even from the time of William the Conqueror ; it was an hereditary, lucrative right of the crown ; and yet for the good of the people, because it was thought to be hurtful to them, the parliament took it away upon an equivalent paid to the crown. Did any man
ever

ever suppose that this act of parliament was an injustice, or any breach of the original compact between the king and the people, a compact as binding and inviolable as the *pacta conventa*, of the Union itself? Was it ever considered, I say, as a violation of that, or as any affront to the royal dignity? No, it was never so thought of by the most zealous assertor of the rights of the crown. What! then, is the property of the barons of Scotland of a more sacred nature, or is their honour more tender, than that of the king? Give me leave to observe to you, that this right of wardship was taken away in the very first year of king Charles the Second's government, before he had made any ill use of those powers: but, as the powers themselves were judged to be hurtful, it was not considered in whose hands they were lodged, nor what use was made of them at that particular time. The wisdom of parliament looked to futurity, and thought it expedient to buy off, and to abrogate this ancient, undoubted, hereditary right of the crown, not from any complaint of a present abuse of it, but because it had been abused in former times, and might be again. Sir, it is said these jurisdictions were not any cause of the late rebellion in Scotland, for that the proprietors of them were all firm and loyal on the side of the government: that is a fact which I believe may be controverted; but I will not dispute it, because, if it be not universally true, it is certainly so with regard to the far greater part; the far greater part were, without question, firmly and zealously attached to the government, and I think they deserve the highest returns of honour and gratitude from their king and their country. No man can detest more than I do the false, seditious, and scandalous libels, breathed from the malignant spirit of Jacobitism, under the mask of zeal for the government, which have imputed to them, or to the Scotch nation in general, any disloyalty or disaffection. Certain I am, that nothing can be further from the true intent

and meaning of this bill, than to throw any colour of blame on their conduct. It is a bill of prevention, and not of punishment ; a bill of general policy, that does not aim at particular persons, but considers the whole, considers past times, and future, as well as the present. Sir, if I am rightly informed, in the year 1715, all these jurisdictions were not on the side of the government, the weight of many of them was felt very dangerously on the side of rebellion ; I admit that, in general, it was otherwise now : but to argue from thence against this bill, would be to reason upon very short views. If there be in the nature of these jurisdictions, as I am strongly convinced that there are, any such powers as are inconsistent with the good order of government, inconsistent with that sound policy which carries the majesty and justice of the crown into every part of the state, and presents to the eye of the subject no other object for his obedience, no other executive power, no other fountain of justice, except the king ; if there be any thing in these regalities, superiorities, and jurisdictions, or in the authority usurped and exercised in imitation of these by the chiefs of the clans, which contradicts this great principle of that constitution under which we are so happy to live, which in any degree interposes itself between the crown and the people, between the head of the commonwealth and the members, however the influence of such irregular powers may have been used on the present occasion, there is in the powers themselves a root of danger, which it becomes the prudence and foresight of a wise legislature not to allow to remain : Sir, it should be plucked up, not with a violent hand, but with a firm and a determined one. Of this I am sure, that it is more for the honour of government, more for the welfare and safety of the people, to see effects in their causes, and to destroy the seeds of future commotions, than to wait till they come to that fatal maturity, which at the same time that it renders the evil more plain

plain and apparent, may wholly disable you from effecting the cure. I remember a fine panegyric made by my lord Bacon, upon the laws of Henry the Seventh. "His laws (says he) were deep and not vulgar, not made upon the spur of a present expediency, but with providence for the future." All these admirable words may with great justice and truth be applied to the bill, now under your consideration. It is a law that is *deep* and not *vulgar*: it is not made upon the *meer spur of a present expediency*, on account of the late rebellion alone, or for the purposes of this present year, but *with providence for the future*. I may also add, as my lord Bacon does, *after the example of ancient times*. It was the policy of king Henry the Seventh, one of the ablest princes that ever sat on the English throne, to break the power of the barons, and free the people from the yoke of it as much as he possibly could: to the consequential effects of that policy rightly pursued by his successors, upon the foundations which he had laid, is owing the trade, the wealth, and the liberty that the English nation enjoys at this day. Sir, I have heard with no little wonder an imagination thrown out by some honourable gentlemen zealous for liberty, as if the purchasing these jurisdictions and superiorities out of the hands of the present possessors, and the restoring them back again to the crown, would be detrimental to public freedom. Sir, I have thought, and read, a good deal upon the nature of government; and, from the result of that application, I think I may venture to lay it down as a maxim, that in every kingdom, where any great powers, especially of judicature, are lodged in particular subjects, independently of the crown, it is for the good of the people that they should be taken out of those hands and lodged in the crown. The contest in that case is not, as these honourable persons seem to apprehend, between the crown on the one side, and the people on the other, but between the crown and the people

united together in one common cause against the interest of those, in whom such powers are vested, which is an interest distinct from both, and hurtful to both : in other words, it is not a dispute between liberty and prerogative, but between oppression and government. This is so true, that in no one of the many Gothic constitutions established in Europe, did ever the people attain to any considerable share, either of wealth, or power, or freedom, till they were emancipated from such jurisdictions, and till all the powers of the great feudal lords, those petty tyrants, too potent for subjects, too weak for sovereigns ; who were strong enough to oppress, but not strong enough to protect ; till all their powers were entirely absorbed in the more beneficial and salutary power of the crown. Indeed, Sir, in every limited monarchy, that is, in a free government which has a king at the head of it, the power of the crown, when acting properly within its due bounds, restrained and confined by law and by parliament, is the power of the whole commonwealth.—It is not an interest set up in the king in contradiction to that of his people ; no, the power of the crown is only a name for the executive part of the government ; it is the *vigour and energy* of the whole state that acts in these cases, though, in the style and language of the law, it be called the act of the crown. This is particularly true in matters of judicature, and the administration of justice : *That* is a power, which it is so much the interest of the whole commonwealth to place in the crown, that when a king divests himself of it, or gives up any part of it, he so far withdraws the protection he owes to his subjects, and loosens the bond of their allegiance. *Will you not hear my cause ?* (said a suitor for justice to Philip of Macedon) *why then you are not my king.* Philip allowed the force of his reasoning, and confirmed him his subject by hearing his cause. If he had referred him to a great lord, to an hereditary judge, the man would have taken that lord for his king.

king.—It is in the dispensing of justice, in the protecting of right, and redressing of wrongs, that the royal authority best appears to the subject. It is in that view of it, that it excites his veneration and love; and when any part of the people do not see their sovereign in that awful character, they are apt to forget him and turn their eyes another way. Therefore the wisdom of our constitution has made all jurisdiction immediately flow from the crown: Sir, extend that wisdom to Scotland; let none be exercised in the most distant corner of these regal dominions, at least in matters of any important regard and concernment, and where unfurmountable difficulties do not prevent an alteration; let no jurisdiction, I say, be exercised, otherwise than in the name of the king, and by virtue of his commission alone. This is an eternal maxim of policy: it is not taken up from any sudden heat or resentment, but upon cool and mature deliberation. —I hope it will not be laid down, because of any sudden heat or resentment arising against it, without a just or reasonable cause. Such resentment cannot be lasting: time and experience will overcome it; but the great benefits, that will arise from this bill, if it shall pass into a law, the good influence that it will have over the whole British state, will last, I hope, to the latest posterity. Can there be any thing more advantageous to the subject in Scotland, can there be a better or happier fruit of the Union, than an entire communication of the generous, free, and noble plan of the law of England, in the room of those servile tenures and customs, which deform the system of government there; and, by the effects that they have over that part of the people which is least civilized and most prone to disorder, disturb the peace, and endanger the safety of the whole constitution? When this is done, when these thorns are once rooted up, the way will be open to many other improvements, to the introduction of arts, of manufactures, of industry, of all the virtues and sweets of civil life, even

even in the wildest parts of that country. But all these blessings must be the gifts of good government: before you can hope to make those people good subjects or useful to you in any respect, you must first shew them whose subjects they are; before they can be mended by the instructions of government, they must be protected by the power and care of it; authority and justice must take the lead in this great work of reformation; discipline, peace, and civility, will follow after.

Sir, the matter before you is of so very extensive a nature, it might be shewn to you in so many lights of general policy, so many authorities might be alledged in support of it, out of all histories, ancient and modern, and from the best and most famous writers upon the laws of nature and nations, that I should weary your patience, which has already indulged me too long, if I were to say half that occurs to me upon this subject. I have purposely avoided the considering any objections made to particular parts of the bill; that will be better done in the Committee; it is not proper to do it here. I hope that it will not be necessary to say any thing more, in order to shew what this bill is not; that it is not a breach of the Union, that it is not an act of injustice, that it is not an infliction of penalties on the innocent and well-deserving. Allow me just to sum up, in a very few words, what I think that it is. It is a bill to secure and perfect the Union; to carry the justice of the king into every part of the united kingdom, and, together with that royal justice, a more settled peace, a more regular order, a surer protection, a closer and stronger bond of allegiance; to put an end to all those dependencies that combine men together, not as the subjects of the same king, or fellow citizens of the same state, but as the followers of particular lords, and which create an awe, and an influence, alike incompatible either with liberty or government: this, I apprehend, will be done

done by this bill; and when you do this, you do at the same time by a necessary consequence strengthen the whole constitution, strengthen the crown on his majesty's head, strengthen the establishment in his royal family, and make the cause of the pretender more desperate. For this is most certain, that all irregularities and disorders in government, all deviations from the rule of true policy, and from the true genius of the constitution, naturally tend to disturbances, naturally tend to a change of the government, and will sooner or later produce or assist one, if they are not prevented by timely precaution.

This is the object, this is the sole intent of a bill, against which such unfortunate, and let me say such unreasonable, prejudices have been conceived. I cannot better commend the policy of it, than in the words of a great lawyer, and a great statesman, Sir John Davies, in his excellent book upon the State of the Kingdom of Ireland, a book that has been lately reprinted, and well deserves to be read and considered by every gentleman here upon this occasion: his words are these: "There can never be concord or unity in any one kingdom, but where there is but one king, one allegiance, and one law."

Speech

Speech on the MUTINY Bill, and more particularly on the Clause concerning Half-Pay Officers, Anno Domini 1751.

Mr. SPEAKER,

THIS bill has been considered, and I am glad that it has, with all the attention, that a house of parliament ought to give to so important a subject. Some material alterations have been made in it, material at least to prevent misconstructions; and I see with concern how necessary that caution is now become. Misconstructions, Mr. Speaker, and misrepresentations, are epidemical in this country. What the consequence of them might be to our future tranquillity I should tremble to think, if I did not rely on a maxim, which I hold equally certain in publick or private life, that *truth is great, and will prevail*.

But, Sir, after so much has been done in the committee to mend this bill, I should not have expected a debate on the report two days together, especially upon a point so thoroughly canvast as the half-pay has been, and which apparently lies in a very narrow compass! But there is so fruitful a genius in the honourable gentlemen on the other side of the house, that nothing can exhaust it; not to mention another quality in some of those gentlemen, which is of no less use to the purpose of prolonging debates, a certain happy forgetfulness of what has been said in answer to arguments maintained by them, and a delightful inward conviction, which I very much envy, that whatever they say is (to use the expression of a noble lord on the floor) *undeniable irresistible truth*, and that all who differ from them *are sunk in a stupid insensibility*, out of which it is necessary to draw them, if possible, by frequent repetitions,

One observation has struck me through the whole course of these debates, that the more candour has been

been shewn in amending the bill, the more unexceptionable it has been made—the higher the spirit of opposition against it has seemed to rise. What one should naturally infer from thence; how far such a conduct can be supposed to proceed from the genuine spirit of liberty, clear of all other motives less respectable and less pure, the house will judge: I shall only say, that, I believe, an opposition so carried on cannot have any great weight, either within the walls, or without.

The great point, which has been the subject of so much eager altercation, this terrible clause, about which such alarms have been given; alarms that have spread from the army to the navy, as if it threatened no less than the enslaving of both; is in truth no more than saying, that an officer is an officer, and not a meer civil man; that he who receives the king's pay, cannot be supposed to be out of his service; and that he who is in the king's service, may be commanded to serve him when occasion requires, and cannot be wholly exempt from that military discipline, which the necessity of the service demands. These are all the propositions contained in this clause; and which of these can be denied? It is supposing a government to be out of its senses, to suppose it could give half-pay to officers in the manner we give it, if you do not consider it as a retainer, and as an obligation to serve: for had it been given purely and simply as a reward for past services, it would then have been given only to veterans, or such officers as had eminent merit to plead. Is this the case? We know the contrary: we know it is given to many, who, in the meritorious sense of the word, have not *served* at all. It must be therefore considered as an *obligation to serve*, not an *exemption from service*, in the general purpose and view with which it was given. But, if it be not a *total exemption from service*; then allow me to say, there can be nothing more absurd, than to suppose there

there is *a total exemption from discipline*, where there is *not a total exemption from service*.

Indeed, Sir, there are some parts of military discipline, from which an officer, when in half-pay, will be exempt, not by any discharge from the service, but by his situation. They cannot have the same operation upon one living retired at his own house in the country, as upon one doing duty in a camp, or a garrison; nor would they have it any more, though he were in full pay, so long as he remained in that retreat: but, so far as discipline can operate upon him in such a situation, it certainly does; because he is an officer, because he still retains his commission, by which he was first subjected to discipline, and not only receives the wages of the government, not only retains the rank he had, but may be promoted from the degree of a colonel to that of a field-marshal. While he has all these emoluments derived from the service, is it not reasonable, is it not fitting, that he should be bound by its laws? where is the hardship of this, where is the injustice, where is the servitude? It is to me unaccountable, that an officer should complain of the loss of freedom, of being reduced to the condition of a slave and a janissary; because, while he receives but half-pay, he still continues subject to the same law, acting upon him in a much less degree; to the same law, I say, which he is willing to live under, in its utmost extent, when he is in full-pay. Is not this in effect to declare, that the difference between freedom and slavery may be made up and compensated to him by the difference between full-pay and half-pay? But the officers of our army have more generous sentiments. Though this induction be fairly and necessarily drawn from this way of talking, it is a consequence they do not attend to when they so talk. If the military law of this country be such a tyranny, as some honourable gentlemen, in the hyperboles of their eloquence, and flame of their zeal, against this bill, have represented it here, no
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man who values his liberty would ever submit to it for the sake of full-pay, any more than of half-pay; no, not for a day, or an hour. But, if it be really as consistent with freedom, as the nature of things can admit; as consistent with freedom, as the military law of the freest Commonwealths has ever been; if it be such, that men of the highest spirit and noblest minds, such as the officers of our army now are, need not be afraid, or ashamed, to live under it when in full-pay; how the same law should make them slaves, merely because they are reduced to half-pay, I do not comprehend. We may therefore conclude, that half-pay or full-pay can create no distinction in relation to discipline, and to the obedience that an officer indispensably owes to *lawful* commands. As to any vexatious, injurious, or grievous commands, I do not understand that an officer in half-pay is not as well guarded against the danger of those, as one in full pay. It is the constant inspection and superintendency of parliament over every branch of the administration, that is the great guard and security to every man in this kingdom against any grievous abuse of the execution of power, either in civil or military affairs. If this security fails, if we no longer trust to it, we are undone.

All power may be abused: but does it follow from thence, that any *necessary* power must be taken away? If that reasoning holds, it is not the perfection, but the dissolution, of government, it is not freedom, but anarchy, which must be the end of our debates.

Sir, permit me to say, it is wisdom in a government not to tie itself down from the occasional exercise of certain powers, which yet it will not desire, or think proper to use, except in very extraordinary cases, such as, probably, may never happen so long as the apprehension of those powers remains, but might become frequent, and dangerous to the state, if that apprehension were removed.

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Many imaginary cases of a hard and unwarrantable use of such powers, very affecting indeed, but very improbable, have been suggested as arguments against this bill; and they may do very well to fill up a pamphlet, and inflame a coffee-house: but, in a house of parliament, among wise and considerate men, they can make no great impression; because, in reality, they prove nothing, or prove too much: for either the army itself will not be in a temper to do and suffer such things, or, unquestionably, any legal restraints to prevent them will be ineffectual and vain.

Sir, I entirely agree with the honourable gentlemen over the way in a maxim they have laid down, and insisted upon much, through the whole course of these debates, that, if our army should be under bad government, our civil constitution would be in a very precarious and dangerous state. I think it would, and for that very reason I am a friend to this bill. But I can by no means allow, either that officers in half-pay are no part of the army, or that the army is under bad government; because the law by which it is governed, and must be governed, or cease to be an army, is not, contrary to the nature and reason of things, so *mild* a law, or quite so well guarded, in every respect, against the danger of abuse, as our civil constitution. It is sufficient if you bring it as near as you can to the model of *that*, and take care (as you have done) to prevent it from acting in opposition to *that*, by declaring the obedience, which it requires from those who are under its authority, not to be due to any other than *lawful* commands. Nor do I in the least apprehend, that the system of discipline established in this bill should frighten any one gentleman of virtue and spirit out of the service, when I consider *who* and *what* the officers are, that have given their opinions in support of it, during the time it has been so deliberately and carefully discussed in this house. I cannot desire a more sufficient security against any
fears

fears of that kind, on which so much stress has been laid by the honourable gentleman who began this debate, and by the noble lord who spoke last.

As to any ministerial influence over the officers of our army to be derived from this bill, though we have heard so much talk of it upon this occasion, I protest to you, Sir, I cannot see the least reason, or colour of reason, to suspect any such thing. Ministerial influence over the army can only arise from powers lodged in the crown, with which it is evident this bill has nothing to do, the power of promoting officers, and the power of cashiering them at the pleasure of the king, without any form of trial. The interposition of a court martial, as regulated by this bill, is an impediment thrown in the way of a minister, who should desire to make an ill use of the latter of these powers; and must therefore be regarded as a further security given to the officers against any such influence, so far as the operation of this bill can extend.

Sir, these are the lights in which the question now before you appears to me, stript of all those disguises in which false apprehensions have drest it up; false apprehensions that have unaccountably been carried so far, as to suppose this most necessary bill, without which a standing army could not be restrained from destroying itself, or every thing else, calculated to serve bad designs (I know not what, nor of whom) against the liberty of this country. Sir, permit me to say, it is by relaxing discipline, not by enforcing it, that those who have bad designs to carry on by an army must always proceed. When they desire to leap over the fences of law, they must throw the reins loose upon the horses neck, instead of checking or curbing him with a stricter hand. Liberty and discipline, liberty and government, are much nearer allied, and much more compatible the one with the other (whatever some may think) than liberty and licentiousness. Look in history, and you will find it
universally

universally true, that the freest states have been strictest in their military discipline; and the best men in those states have always exacted it with the greatest severity.

Good laws, says Machiavel, must be maintained by good arms, and good arms by good discipline. It is a very just maxim, which no government should forget. Late experience has shewn us, that, if we had not had good arms and good discipline, our good laws would have been lost. A very different system of laws, both civil and military, would have been dictated to us by *Highland legislators*, and renegado Englishmen, *drest in their liveries* *. It is to this army, it is to this discipline, of which such terrors are conceived, that we owe our deliverance from slavery in its most abject and loathsome form. Therefore, the maintaining this discipline, the not suffering it to be relaxed and corrupted in time of peace, is essentially necessary to the safety of the whole constitution; and they who are friends to the one, will be friends to the other.

The noble lord who spoke last has made mention of *the peace*, and supposed the goodness of it to be an argument against the necessity of many parts of this bill. Sir, no man rejoices more than I do in the peace—I think it has snatched us from the brink of a precipice, which was just ready to sink under our feet. But, that it has freed us from all danger I cannot flatter myself, I will not flatter any body else, so much as to say. It has removed danger to some distance: but there is still in our whole political state, with respect to foreign powers, great cause for apprehension. We must not fall asleep under the shade of this peace: if we do, that sleep may end in death.

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* This alludes to the fashion, taken up at this time by all the Jacobites in England, of wearing Scotch plaids for their wastecoats, as a party distinction.

In pace, ut sapiens, aptabit idonea bello is a very excellent rule, to which our government has not always enough attended. I hope we shall not be negligent of it now, more especially with regard to the discipline of our army, which must be preserved in its vigour, if we desire that the army should be able to serve us against our foreign enemies, or would not have it become itself the most dangerous enemy to our domestic peace and tranquillity.

Speech on the Repeal of the Act called the Jew Bill, in the Year 1753.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I See no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we past the last session for the naturalization of Jews; because I am convinced, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take any benefit of that act; and therefore, the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but, that any man alive could be zealous, either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion, is indeed of the highest and most serious importance. God forbid we should be ever indifferent about *that*! but, I thought *this* had no more to do with religion than any turnpike act we past in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but, it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist: and, there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration,

administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom on some occasions must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively, as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government a prudent and honest ministry will indulge *a small folly*, and will resist *a great one*. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance of human nature : not to resist the latter at all times, would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing;) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from any angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted prejudices, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fears into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the gospel,
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and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called *holy wars*. He, who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself *not a Christian*. Christianity, Sir, breathes *love, and peace, and good will to man*. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing of Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

Something that fell from my honourable friend who spoke last, makes it proper for me to add one argument more in order to shew the expediency of passing this bill.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state: whatever weakens the credit of the governours of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe, that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy, which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church), for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly imports the whole community, that they should not lose that respect, which is so justly

due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this, would be dangerous weakness in government. It might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorise it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the anti-christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a character of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together: for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessings of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.

The bill before us, I am sure, is not persecution. It only puts every body in that situation where every body was easy. It is a gentle, a prudent, and a moderate measure; tending to quiet and settle the minds
of

of men, which have been unhappily disturbed, without any necessity; and therefore, I give it my most hearty concurrence.

N. B. The act for naturalizing Jews gave no greater privileges to any Jew settling here, than are at present enjoyed by the son of a Jew, *born in England*; and much less than have been given to them, *since the dispersion*, by many other nations.

Speech in the House of Lords, concerning Privilege of Parliament, in the year 1763.

“ Resolved by the commons in parliament, that
 “ privilege of parliament does not extend to the
 “ case of writing and publishing seditious libels,
 “ nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the or-
 “ dinary course of the laws in the speedy and
 “ effectual prosecution of so heinous and dan-
 “ gerous an offence.”

MY LORDS,

AFTER what has been said, with so much weight and authority, by a noble and learned lord, who presides in the highest court of judicature in this kingdom, with such distinguished abilities, it would be impertinent and vain for me, in speaking upon this question, to argue from precedents or constructions of law, and to tell your lordships that *publick and seditious libels are breaches of the peace, and much higher breaches of it, in the eye of the law, than forcible entries or forcible detainers*; in which cases the house of commons has declared, by a resolution in the year 1697, *that no member of that house hath any privilege*. Nor need I observe to your Lordships, that the standing order of this house, made in the

year 1624, has not been and cannot possibly be understood by your lordships, *as a compleat definition of all exceptions to privilege*; because, since the making of that order, and before the statute by which forgery was declared to be felony, this house ordered Mr. John Ward to be prosecuted for forgery, without any regard to his privilege, though they knew him to be a member of the lower house of parliament; and because a subsequent standing order, of the 8th of June, 1757, specifies another exception, not expressed in the former. Both these instances are decisive of the opinion of this house on the question now before you, with regard to the law and usage of parliament: but I shall only beg leave to trouble your lordships with a few observations on the consequences of such an extensive construction of privilege, as is contended for by some lords, from whom I am extremely sorry to differ, but from whom I must differ on this occasion, or from all the notions I have formed of that constitution, which I am bound to maintain.

My lords, all privileges are subordinate to the great laws of society, to the good order, the peace, and the safety of the state. The noble duke who spoke last has told your lordships very truly, that this, which is now under your consideration, was not given as a favour to the members of parliament, for their own sakes; but as a guard, which the constitution has set over their persons and necessary attendance, for the security of that duty they owe to the publick. From the intention and end of this privilege, the nature and limitations of it may be reasonably inferred. It must not be exercised to the grievous inconvenience and detriment of the publick: it must not obstruct the publick justice: it must not endanger the publick safety. Anarchy, my lords, is not liberty, no more than despotism is government: but true liberty and legal government are inseparably connected: what is adverse to the one, is adverse to the other. The legal

legal power of government in a well-constituted state, is the guardian of all privileges, charters, and rights: but this guardian must be unable to execute its great trust, if it is not itself supported by that respect and that reverence which is due to it from those to whom it gives protection. What respect, my lords, or what reverence, can be preserved to any government, where sedition may plead privilege to stop the hands of publick justice; and where crimes of the most malignant and dangerous nature, crimes which shake the very foundations of the publick tranquillity, may claim the protection of a house of parliament, to let them go on unrestrained? can it be possible that a parliamentary sanction and authority should ever be given to a notion so repugnant to the purpose for which parliaments were established, to the *salus populi*, the supreme object and end of all government?

The many evils that must attend such a construction of privilege are apparent and dreadful! What is the remedy for those evils? The remedy, we are told, may be properly and safely obtained from either House of parliament, the privilege of which is a bar to all other relief: the justice of the kingdom will be only stopt till the next meeting of parliament (perhaps for six or seven months). As soon as ever it meets, complaint may be made to your lordships, or to the House of commons; and then right will be done. How, my lords, will right be done? It is the doctrine of the commons, *that no member can be compelled to wave his privilege*:—what, if he will not wave it? what if, conscious of guilt and apprehensive of punishment, he skulks behind his privilege, and holds it up as a shield between him and justice? Why then he may be expelled; and after such expulsion he may be prosecuted by the king, without offence to the liberty and independence of parliament.

Is

Is not this, my lords, to declare, that every member of parliament, *while he continues a member*, though he be guilty of perjury, of misprision of felony, of misprision of treason, though he spreads sedition from one end of the kingdom to the other, is absolutely exempt from the justice of the crown? Such an exemption is most abhorrent from the whole spirit and genius of our constitution. It is the worst solecism in politicks: it is setting up a kingdom within a kingdom. Something like it I remember to have been claimed by the clergy in the darkest ages of ignorance and Popish superstition. They said, their persons were privileged: no process from the king's courts ought to go out against them: but if any clergyman was accused of any heinous misdemeanour, application might be made to the spiritual court; *there* the cause might be tried; and, if that court found him guilty, he would be deprived of his orders; after which, being no member of their sacred body, the justice of the kingdom might take hold of him; but not before.

This proposition appeared so monstrous, that even those times would not bear it; and yet, my lords, it may perhaps be thought more excuseable to suffer a number of criminals to be out of the reach of public justice, from false notions of piety and a respect for religion in the persons of its ministers, than where it might be imagined that a partiality for ourselves occasioned the exemption.

I will not repeat to your lordships the black catalogue of crimes, and the great multitude of criminals, that you have been told by a noble and learned lord would be comprehended within this construction of privilege, if it should be established. With regard to all these the king would in effect be dethroned: he would *bear the sword in vain*; he would be *no terror to evil-doers*; his hands would be tied, till your lordships, or the lower house of parliament, or the convocation, if the offender should belong to
their

their body, would be pleased to unbind them. Is this, my lords, the law and constitution of England, the first maxim of which is, *that all justice flows from the crown*? The king is sworn to do justice, impartial and equal justice. He is the vicegerent of that God *to whom vengeance belongs*. What power upon earth can intercept or delay that righteous vengeance? what power upon earth can have any right, any privilege, to interpose itself between him and the performance of his oath, which is an essential part of the duty he owes to his people? By the constitution of England, *allegiance is tied to protection*: if you deprive the subjects of the benefit of the *royal protection*, you *dissolve their allegiance*.

With respect to that particular species of crimes which is immediately under your consideration, I will venture to say, that felony itself is in no degree so alarming, so pernicious to the publick, as some *seditionous libels*. They respect nothing; they spare nothing: the crown, the legislature, public order, morality, the Divine Majesty itself, is not exempt from their insults. Permit me, my lords, to paint to you in a very few words the present condition of this country, with relation to what is called *the liberty of the press*. If a foreigner were to take his ideas of England from the printed libels on both sides, he would think we had no government, no law, no God. I will spare your lordships the contemplation of so frightful a picture in its full length and dimensions, and confine myself to two points, which I think more especially demand your attention.

There are two advantages upon which our publick welfare and strength particularly depend; both of which these wicked libellers have most diligently and maliciously endeavoured to destroy: I mean the Union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland; and that extinction of party spirit, the bane of all publick spirit, I say, my lords, that extinction of party spirit, which crowned with happiness and with glory

glory the latter years of our late most gracious sovereign, and the beginning of his present majesty's most auspicious, most benignant, and most prosperous reign. Of these inestimable blessings these execrable writings have attempted to deprive us: they have breathed a spirit of discord, which, if great care be not taken to stop the further progress of it, will avenge the enemies of this country of all the evils they have suffered from that invincible force and energy, which a very different spirit, a spirit of union and concord, enabled us to exert. What can be imagined more injurious, more fatal to our happiness, than weekly and daily libels, sent all over the kingdom, which have a strong and manifest tendency to break those ties of mutual interest and mutual affection, which bind and knit us together; and to raise animosities, jealousies, deadly feuds, civil wars, between the two nations? If the detected authors of such writings, by being members of parliament, (a circumstance which in reality much enhances their guilt,) may go on with full security, in open defiance of all law and legal authority, to inflame the wounds they have made, to infuse into them new venom, till they are rendered incurable; if this indeed be *English liberty*, then, I am sure, our constitution will be *felo de se*, and wants no enemy but itself to bring it to destruction.

But we ought to be very careful of the privileges of parliament.—Alas, my lords, in that total anarchy, in that dissolution of all government, which this unbounded licentiousness must necessarily produce, will parliament be secure? When a city is set on fire, if nothing is done to extinguish, or stop the conflagration, will the flames respect the senate-house any more than the palace? Great apprehensions are conceived, if your lordships should agree to this resolution, of a terrible abuse of their power in the ministers of the crown, by wantonly and maliciously imprisoning members of either houses of parliament, for
innocent

innocent writings. Many answers may be given to those apprehensions: I shall only insist upon one.—The administration of justice, and the execution of laws, are, by the constitution of our government, entrusted to the crown and its officers; but entrusted under checks beneficial to liberty, beneficial to justice. Of all those checks, the most effectual is the superintendence of parliament, which is as formidable to the highest magistrate, as it is to the lowest; to the secretary of state, as to the justice of peace. And the terror of this must operate in a particular manner, where the privileges of the parliament itself are concerned. In a bailable case, as this is, the confinement must be presently ended: at the first sitting of the parliament, the house must know and judge of the reasons of the commitment: if they are not sufficient, immediate vengeance will fall on the head of the minister, who has injured the house in the person of its member. Thus, my lords, both the government and our liberty are as safe as the imperfection of human policy will allow them to be. But if you change this wise system; if you take the executive power from the crown, and place it in either house of parliament; what check, what controul, will then remain?—An arbitrary power will be *there*, which is no where else in our government; an arbitrary power without appeal.

I therefore hope, that your lordships will not differ from the commons in this resolution: but, at the same time, I respect and venerate the principle, upon which the opposition to it is founded; a principle of jealous caution not to do any thing that may hurt the independence of parliament, which is so important to the security of the whole commonwealth. Such a caution is very commendable, and the zeal excited by it meritorious, even where it is mistaken. I congratulate your lordships, I congratulate the whole nation, on that zeal being so warm in the breasts of young noblemen, who have spoken so ably and so eloquently
in

in this debate. But, in order to preserve the independence of parliament against any future violations on the part of the crown, it will be necessary to preserve the reputation of parliament in the minds of the people, and the love of it in their hearts. How, my lords, can this be done, if they find it an obstacle to that equal justice, which is their birth-right and their safety?

Upon the whole, I am confident, your lordships will on no account depart from that maxim, which is the corner-stone of all government; *that justice should have its course without stop, or impediment. Jus, fas, lex potentissima sint*: This, my lords, is the very soul and essence of freedom. Obstruct this, and you immediately open a door to all violence and confusion, to all the iniquity and all the cruelties of private revenge, to the destruction of private peace, the dissolution of publick order, and in the end to an unlimited and despotic authority, which we must be forced to submit to, as a remedy against such intolerable evils. *The dominion of law is the dominion of liberty*. Privilege against law, in matters of high concernment to the public, is oppression, is tyranny, wheresoever it exists.

POEMS.

P O E M S.

T H E P R O G R E S S O F L O V E.

I N F O U R E C L O G U E S.

I. UNCERTAINTY.
To Mr. POPE.

II. HOPE.
To the Hon. GEORGE
DODDINGTON,
Esq.

III. JEALOUSY.
To ED. WALPOLE,
Esq.

IV. POSSESSION.
To the Right Hon. the
Lord Visc. COBHAM.

U N C E R T A I N T Y. E C L O G U E I.

To Mr. P O P E.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beechen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars, and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me re-visit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flow'ry plain?

Wilt

Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state ;
And while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true ?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid :
His flock far off, unfed, untended lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey ;
No sense of int'rest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
But though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd ;
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent,
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

Ye nymphs, he cry'd, ye Dryads, who so long
Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song ;
For whom retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts ;
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Though wild ambition, and destructive rage,
No factions here can form, no wars can wage :
Though envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor calumny your innocence invades :
Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest ;
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

Ah luckless day ! when first with fond surprize
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes ;
Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost :
And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
Then too she smil'd : can smiles our peace destroy,
Those lovely children of Content and Joy ?

How

How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe,
From the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy, these vain enquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace:
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flatt'ring memory, and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
Confirm her pow'r, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
To me alone she gave her willing hand;
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire.
By none but her my crook with flow'rs was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
The frightened hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
To have my faithful service thus repay'd?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
Or did you only nurse my growing love,
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
Sure guilty treachery no place could find
In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind:
A maid brought up the woods and wilds among,
Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;

'Twas

'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
When now the setting sun less fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

H O P E. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds:
From love alone their melody proceeds.
From love Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine,
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join *.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
When first I own'd my Delia's gentle pow'r;
Then gloomy discontent and pining care
Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
Delightful languors, and transporting fires.

Where

* N. B. Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-verses, which have never been published.

Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
 These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
 There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
 She led the dance—heav'ns! with what grace she
 mov'd!

Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
 I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 But glory'd in a happy captive's name;
 Nor would I now, could love permit, be free,
 But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy?
 Can no reverse thy flatt'ring blifs destroy?
 Has treacherous love no torment yet in store?
 Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal pow'r?
 Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
 Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
 Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
 The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
 Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
 Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

Begin, my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
 A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
 A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
 Giv'n with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content:
 No laureat wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
 Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows;
 Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
 I from her lips my recompence require.

Why stays my Delia in her secret bow'r?
 Light gales have chas'd the late impending show'r;
 Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends:
 Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
 Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
 The birds renew their songs on every spray!
 Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown:
 All nature smiles.—Will only Delia frown?

Hark

Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flow'r of every sweet they drain :
See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep :
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
If with my fond desires my love comply ;
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms ?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?
A bird for thee in filken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold ;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries name ;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
Accept of this ; and could I add beside,
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide ;
If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine.
But if thy mind no gifts have pow'r to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove ;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain.
For him each blue ey'd Naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
And let her often hear her shepherd's name :
Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
And shew my merits in the fairest light ;
My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
And every friend shall claim a diff'rent lay.

But see ! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—

Ah,

Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet ;
 Adieu, my pipe, I go my love to meet—
 O may I find her as we parted last,
 And may each future hour be like the past!
 So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed.

J E A L O U S Y. E C C L O G U E III.

To Mr. EDWARD WALPOLE.

TH E gods, O Walpole, give no blifs sincere ;
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and pow'r by fear :
 Of all the passions that employ the mind,
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find ;
 Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart !
 For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
 In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
 (While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
 Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd ;
 Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast—
 The vale beneath, a pleasing prospect yields,
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields ;
 Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood ;
 Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
 A castle there the opening plain commands,
 Beyond, a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound :
 So charming was the scene, a while the swain
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain ;

But soon the stings infix'd within his heart,
 With cruel force renew'd their raging smart :
 His flow'ry wreath, which long with pride he wore,
 The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
 Then cry'd ; " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
 Like these neglected roses, droop and fade !
 May angry heav'n deform each guilty grace,
 That triumphs now in that deluding face !
 Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
 And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I !

" Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
 To lose the heart his tedious pains had won ?
 Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
 Against whose pow'r no ties have strength to bind ?
 Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
 To conquer your disdain, and merit love ?
 Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
 And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word ?
 Ah no ! the conquest was obtain'd with ease ;
 He pleas'd you, by not studying to please :
 His careless indolence your pride alarm'd ;
 And had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

" O pain to think ! another shall possess
 Those balmy lips which I was wont to press :
 Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !—
 I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead :
 Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,
 Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight !
 Where-e'er they pass'd, be blasted every flow'r,
 And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !—
 Ah wretched swain, could no examples move
 Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love ?
 Hast thou not heard how poor * Menalcas dy'd
 A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride ?

Dear

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain :
 Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
 And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.
 Would I could die like him, and be at peace !
 These torments in the quiet grave would cease ;
 There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
 And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
 No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid :
 Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 Alas ! what aid, fond swain, would'st thou receive ?
 Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve ?
 Protect her, heav'n ! and let her never know
 The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe :
 I ask no vengeance from the pow'rs above ;
 All I implore is, never more to love.———
 Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast ;
 Wearied, at length I seek thy downy rest :
 No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
 Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye sylvans, hear,
 What by your guardian deities I swear ;
 No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 No more I'll court the trait'refs to my arms ;
 Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 And she shall find that reason conquers love"———

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go ;
 At once transported, he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew ;
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

To Lord COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
 Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains;
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;
 Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind:
 When all thy glorious days of prosp'rous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night.

The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood,
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
 In friendly league, to favour human-kind.
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade,
 The gentle virtues, and mild Wisdom play'd.
 Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
 Lurkt sick Disgust, or late repenting Pain,
 Nor Force, nor Int'rest, join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.
 Thither with glad devotion Damon came,
 To thank the pow'rs who bless'd his faithful flame;
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
 Hail, bounteous god, before whose hallow'd shrine
 My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,

While

While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove!
And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.

O the dear gloom of last propitious night!
O shade more charming than the fairest light!
Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
Thou too, bright goddess, once in Ida's grove,
Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love;
With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:
Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

What are you now, my once most valued joys?
Insipid trifles all, and childish toys——
Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kifs.

Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the spring;
On all her days let health and peace attend;
May she ne'er want, nor ever lose a friend!
May some new pleasure every hour employ!
But let her Damon be her highest joy.

With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
All night carefs thee, and admire all day;
In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
Together will we share the harvest toils,
Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
Delightful state, where peace and love combine,
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!

Here

Here limpid fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
 Here rising forests lift their verdant heads ;
 Here let me wear my careless life away,
 And in thy arms insensibly decay.

When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
 And our slow pulses dance with joy no more ;
 When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
 And only Damon's eyes shall think thee fair ;
 Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
 At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath !
 May we beneath one common stone be laid,
 And the same cypress both our ashes shade !
 Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
 Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
 And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
 Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

SOLILOQUY of a BEAUTY in the
 COUNTRY.

Written at Eton School.

'T WAS night ; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
 With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd ;
 There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town :

On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said :

- “ Ah, what avails it to be young and fair :
 “ To move with negligence, to dress with care ?
 “ What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
 “ If all in envious solitude are lost ?
 “ Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel ;
 “ Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle :
 “ Beauty, like Wit, to judges should be shewn ;
 “ Both most are valu'd, where they best are known.
 “ With ev'ry grace of nature, or of art,
 “ We cannot break one stubborn country heart :

“ The

“ The brutes, insensible, our pow’r defy :
 “ To love, exceeds a squire’s capacity.
 “ The town, the court, is Beauty’s proper sphere ;
 “ That is our heav’n, and we are angels there :
 “ In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
 “ The court of Britain is the court of Love.
 “ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow’d,
 “ How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew’d,
 “ At each distinguish’d birth-night ball, to see
 “ The homage due to Empire, paid to me !
 “ When ev’ry eye was fix’d on me alone,
 “ And dreaded mine more than the Monarch’s frown ;
 “ When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
 “ Less jealous in their pow’r, than in their love.
 “ Chang’d is the scene ; and all my glories die,
 “ Like flow’rs transplanted to a colder sky :
 “ Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 “ The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 “ In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 “ Supinely calm, and dully innocent :
 “ Unblest I wear my useless time away ;
 “ Sleep (wretched maid !) all night, and dream all day ;
 “ Go at set hours to dinner and to pray’r ;
 “ For dulness ever must be regular.
 “ Now with mamma at tedious whist I play ;
 “ Now without scandal drink insipid tea ;
 “ Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 “ Secure from meeting any tempter there :
 “ From books to work, from work to books I rove,
 “ And am (alas !) at leisure to improve !—
 “ Is this the life a beauty ought to lead ?
 “ Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?
 “ These fingers, at whose touch ev’n age would glow,
 “ Are these of use for nothing but to sew ?
 “ Sure erring nature never could design,
 “ To form a hufwife in a mould like mine !
 “ O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
 “ Attend propitious to thy vot’ry’s pray’r :

“ Let

“ Let me re-visit the dear town again :
 “ Let me be seen!——could I that wish obtain,
 “ All other wishes my own power would gain.”.

B L E N H E I M.

Written at the University of Oxford in the year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
 The tow’ring pile to rise, and form’d the plan
 With fair proportion ; architect divine,
 Minerva ; thee to my advent’rous lyre
 Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
 Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
 Thy glorious work ! for thou the lofty tow’rs
 Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
 In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer’d
 Through all the storms of war.——Thee too I call,
 Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov’st to rove
 Along the shady paths and verdant bow’rs
 Of Woodstock’s happy grove : there tuning sweet
 Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
 Attentive listen ; let thy warbling song
 Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
 And equal these to Pindus’ honour’d shades.

When Europe freed, confess’d the saving pow’r
 Of Marlborough’s hand ; Britain, who sent him forth
 Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
 Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais’d
 This palace, sacred to her leader’s fame :
 A trophy of success ; with spoils adorn’d
 Of conquer’d towns, and glorying in the name
 Of that auspicious field, where Churchill’s sword
 Vanquish’d the might of Gallia, and chastis’d
 Rebel Bavar.——Majestic in its strength
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail,

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paidst his service with so rich a meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The Hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancel'd debt
Of gratitude to us.—Blush Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these tow'rs; ingrate, to thee
A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite, and know,
Britain, like heav'n, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
Pursues untir'd, and through the Palace roves
With ever-new-delight. The tap'stry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
Attracts her curious eye: Here Ister rolls
His purple wave; and there the Granic flood
With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlb'rough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood

The

The bow'r of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
 Sacred to grief and love ; the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
 Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flow'ry brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.
 But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
 Beneath the wide stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
 Through which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn ! Silent a while, and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
 In loud cascades ; the silver-sparkling foam
 Glitters relucant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
 Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
 Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
 Triumphal, ever in his mind renew'd
 The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
 So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
 Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
 No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
 Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
 And in magnificent retirement past
 The evening of his life.—But not alone,
 In the calm shades of honourable ease,
 Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt : indulgent heav'n
 Gave a companion to his softer hours,
 With whom conversing, he forgot all change
 Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
 Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
 Himself

Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd :
Like two fair stars with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beam of one.
Thee, Churchill, first, the ruthless hand of death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
To the sublimer seats of joy and love ;
Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo! where tow'ring on the height
Of yon ærial pillar proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain : beneath his feet,
The German eagles spread their wings, his hand
Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by th' imperial hand ;
Extorted gratitude ; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
A regal breast, has level'd to the ground :
Mean insult ! this with better auspices
Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how re-
pay'd
His services. Nor shall the constant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion : that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb ; to which the throng

Of

Of travellers approaching, shall not pass
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With rev'rence due. Such honour does the Muse
 Obtain her favourites.——But the noble pile
 (My theme) demands my voice.——O shade ador'd,
 Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
 Dwell'st in the palaces of heav'n, enthron'd.
 Among the Demi-gods, deign to defend
 This thy abode, while present here below,
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
 With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
 From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
 Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
 Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
 When honour calls them to the field of war,
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
 The proud reward of thy successful toils
 For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame:
 That, fir'd with gen'rous envy, they may dare
 To emulate thy deeds.——So shall thy name
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
 With martial virtue; and to high attempts
 Excite their arms, till other battles won,
 And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
 And other Blenheims shall adorn the land,

To the Reverend Dr. AYSCOUGH, at Oxford.

Written from Paris, in the year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
 Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?

How

How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart ;
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn !
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty ;
 How the same hands that tyrants durst controul,
 Their empire stretch from Atlas to the Pole ;
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind ?
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
 Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire ;
 Yet in her troubled states see all the woes,
 And all the crimes that giddy faction knows ;
 Till, rent by parties, by corruption fold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold ;
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tut'refs of protecting Rome ?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart ?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend ;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The pow'rs of thought——to benefit mankind ?
 Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and doze,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose ;
 But reason's influence to diffuse ; to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear ;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ !
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy ;
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care ;
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent ;
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content ;

So

So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good * Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
guide. }

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.
The priest, who plagues the world can never mend.
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend:
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants shew.

A nation here I pity, and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe, and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;
From each low tool of pow'r, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.

Whose

Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,
 Though plunder'd, gay ; industrious, though oppress'd ;
 With happy follies rise above their fate,
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
 In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court :
 Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
 Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ :
 Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
 By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame.
 Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;
 By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
 Now charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
 Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire ;
 Now sweet Racine with milder influence move
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;
 Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects store,
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor ;
 Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,
 And painted triumphs style Ambition GREAT*,
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew† :
 Where, sick of glory, faction, pow'r, and pride
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had try'd,)
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury § ;
 Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
 In the wild riot of unbounded pow'r ;

Where

* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

§ St. Cloud.

Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind !

O native isle, fair freedom's happiest seat !
At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat ;
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain ?
When kifs with pious love the sacred earth,
That gave a Burleigh, or a Ruffel birth ?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;
Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see ;
And tells me, These, like England, once were Free !

TO MR. POYNTZ,

Ambassador at the Congress of Soissons, in the Year
1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts
guide ;

Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of doing good ;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toils of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat ?

Dost

Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own ;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind ?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling heav'n decreed,
Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flow'ry couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active pow'rs decay ;
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears ;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the sacred shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head ;
In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing ;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state ;
And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand ;
When peace restor'd shall on her downy wing
Secure repose and careless leisure bring ;
Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness :
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet tho' thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Tho' wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul ;

One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest. —

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our sweetest passions move,
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.

This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest;

Bids ev'ry gloomy vexing passion fly,

And tunes each jarring string to harmony.

Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his pow'r my raptur'd fancy glows,
And ev'ry tender verse more sweetly flows.

Dull is the privilege of living free;

Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:

Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,

Can best defend them from consuming care.

In vain to groves and gardens we retire,

And nature in her rural works admire;

Tho' grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;

They may delight us, but can never warm.

May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire

With pleasing pangs of ever gay desire;

And teach thee that soft science, which alone

Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!

Thy soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,

To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd;

And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast

Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.

Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,

For heav'n shall ratify what they reveal:

A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,

With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd;

Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,

Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:

Thy greatness she, or thy retreat shall share,

Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care;

Her

Her smiles the taste of ev'ry joy shall raise,
 And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
 Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
 That happiness is near ally'd to love.

V E R S E S to be written under a Picture of Mr.
 P O Y N T Z.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
 A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
 A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
 In a false world that dares to be sincere;
 Wise without art; without ambition great;
 Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate;
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
 Yet better still by native prudence taught;
 That, fond the griefs of the distressed to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel;
 That, when misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
 That, fixt on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
 That, to its own perfections singly blind,
 Would for another think this praise design'd.

An Epistle to Mr. POPE, from Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has
 wove
 The fairest garlands of the Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night,
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of antient wit;

For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ;
 From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty :
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove ;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate :
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unfown ;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names ! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind ;
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd !
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ;
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise ;

Stranger,

Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear :

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
Nor when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise ;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
Where science in the arms of peace is laid,
And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd ;
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire ;
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.

To

To my LORD HERVEY.

In the Year 1730. From Worcestershire.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia : navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est ;
Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

HORACE.

FAV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
To thy long absent and forgotten friend ;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine ?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile ;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away ;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray ;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies
Still open, and still flowing to the wise ;
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
But in its proper channels gliding fair ;
A common benefit, which all may share.
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain ;
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is
vain.

So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds,
Through

Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were our's at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driv'n to rove,
Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, that from our passions flow,
Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
Or how can aught but pow'rful Reason cure,
What from unthinking Folly we endure?
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In gen'rous love of others' good to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear:
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sov'reign good they justly fought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of Philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire,
But in the palace of Augustus knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled every glitt'ring folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;

616 ADVICE TO A LADY.

In its own center keep your steady mind;
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind;
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart!

ADVICE to a LADY. 1731.

TH E counfels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue:
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence, oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? to be fair:
For this the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that were made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;

Be

Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest Sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts;
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene
Without, all beauty, and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign:
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd:
With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;

Here

Here sweet extreams alone can truly blefs :

The virtue of a lover is excefs.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;

Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,

Nor think that conquest justifies disdain ;

Short is the period of insulting pow'r,

Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,

Soon will resume the empire which he gave,

And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,

Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess,

Feels every vanity in fondness lost,

And asks no pow'r, but that of pleasing most :

Her's is the bliss in just return to prove

The honest warmth of undissembled love ;

For her, inconstant man might cease to range,

And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,

And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,

Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,

That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd,

Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,

If angry Fortune on their union frown :

Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,

And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.

Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,

With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;

And that fond love, which should afford relief,

Does but encrease the anguish of their grief :

While both could easier their own sorrows bear,

Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,

Than sell your violated charms for gain ;

Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,

For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,

Who not to love, but av'rice, fall a prey :

Nor

Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife* ;
A maid so wedded, is *a whore for life*.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heav'n
Has equal love, and easy fortune giv'n,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost:
The *graces* might *alone* his heart *allure* ;
They and the *virtues* meeting must *secure*.

Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.
From kind concern about his weal, or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow ;
The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *servant* to appear :
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife* ;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder to secure my own
Against the pow'r of those already known ;
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy ;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

SONG.

SONG. Written in the Year 1732.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG. Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me,
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

II. But

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat
And tremble on your tongue?

III.

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

V.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

D A M O N and D E L I A.

In imitation of H O R A C E and L Y D I A.

Written in the year 1732:

D A M O N.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly:
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? tell me how?—

Some

Some change has happen'd in your heart,
 Some rival there has stol'n a part ;
 Reason these fears may disapprove :
 But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
 At Belvidera's feet you lay ?
 Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
 And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
 As if you meant to let me see
 Your flatt'ry is not all for me ?
 Alas ! too well your sex I knew,
 Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind ! my falsehood to upbraid,
 When your own orders I obey'd ;
 You bid me try by this deceit
 The notice of the world to cheat,
 And hide beneath another name
 The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
 But let me wish it had been less ;
 Too well the lover's part you play'd,
 With too much art your court you made ;
 Had it been only art, your eyes
 Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah, cease thus idly to molest,
 With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
 While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
 To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Tho' well I might your truth distrust,
 My foolish heart believes you just ;
 Reason this faith may disapprove ;
 But I believe, because I love.

ODE.

O D E.

In imitation of PASTOR FIDO.

(*O primavera gioventu del anno.*)

Written Abroad, in 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flow'rs and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful spring,
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The am'rous Nightingale and Poet sing.

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possesst;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance, that I once was blest.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatcht away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,
Tho' on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear;
Harsh is the musick, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint; for Delia is not there.

V.

Chearless and cold I feel the genial sun,
From thee while absent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

Parts

Parts of an ELEGY of TIBULLUS Translated.

(Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.)

1729-30.

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
 And much possessing labour still for more ;
 Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
 Aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms :
 Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
 Humbly secure and indolently blest ;
 Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
 I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth ;
 In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
 In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
 And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
 Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care :
 With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay,
 With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bow'r.
 At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
 Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near,
 Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
 Slumber assisted by the beating show'r !
 Ah ! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
 In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves !
 While I, contented with my little store,
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
 But idly lolling on some shady seat,
 Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat :
 For what reward so rich could fortune give
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve ?
 Let great Messalla shine in martial toils,
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils ;

Me

Me Beauty holds in strong, tho' gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.

With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
How would I slight Ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!

On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch who sleeps not by his fair one's side,
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
Tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours prosp'rous war can give;
Tho' through the vanquish'd East he spread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
Tho' bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia, then thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
But ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now nor death, nor parting, should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia, and from life remove
All care, all bus'ness, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
This hour is Love's——be Fortune's all the rest.

SONG. Written in the year 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

II.

Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that Love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

Written at Mr. POPE'S House at Twickenham,
which he had lent to Mrs. G——lle. In August
1735.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flow'ry side;

II.

Thy flow'ry side, where Pope has plac'd
The Muses' green retreat,
With ev'ry smile of nature grac'd,
With ev'ry art compleat.

III. But

III.

But now, sweet bard, thy heav'nly song
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still for beauteous G——lle's sake,
The Muses here remain;
G——lle, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of ev'ry swain.

E P I G R A M.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

To Mr. WEST, at Wickham. Written in the Year
1740.

FAIR nature's sweet simplicity
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind,
To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

To Miss LUCY F——,

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my am'rous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid deceiv'd
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancy'd pains.

But Venus now, to punish me,
 For having feign'd so well,
 Has made my heart so fond of thee,
 That not the whole Aonian quire
 Can accents soft enough inspire,
 Its real flame to tell.

To the Same, with HAMMOND's Elegies.

ALL that of love can be express'd
 In these soft numbers see;
 But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
 It must be read in me.

To the Same.

TO him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live;
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

To

To the Same.

I.

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd;
 Where all the letters of my absent fair,
 (His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd:

II.

In every word a magic spell I found
 Of pow'r to charm each busy thought to rest,
 Though every word increas'd the tender wound
 Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
 And loses every sorrow at the sight;
 Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
 Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
 Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
 Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid:
 My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

V.

Not one kind word shall in my pow'r remain
 A painful witness of reproach to thee;
 And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
 My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A Prayer to VENUS in her Temple at STOWE.

To the Same.

I.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,
 These humble off'rings, which thy servant pays,
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II. If

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
 No other wish, nor other object knows,
 Oh! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose.

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

To the Same.

On her pleading want of TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
 For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd
 But that she had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
 In secret shades his fair to meet
 Beneath th' accustom'd lyme;
 She would have fondly met him there,
 And heal'd with love each tender care,
 But that she had not time.

III. " If

III.

“ It was not thus, inconstant maid
 “ You acted once (the shepherd said)
 “ When love was in its prime :”
 She griev’d to hear him thus complain,
 And would have writ to ease his pain,
 But that she had not time.

IV.

How can you act so cold a part ?
 No crime of mine has chang’d your heart,
 If love be not a crime.—
 We soon must part for months, for years—
 She would have answer’d with her tears,
 But that she had not time.

To the Same.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the
 same,
 Still the bright object of my constant flame ;
 But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
 With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul ?
 Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that love alone inspires.
 These, these are lost ; and I behold no more
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet still unchang’d, still doating to excess,
 I ought, but dare not, try to love you less ;
 Weakly I grieve, unpity’d I complain :
 But not unpunish’d shall your change remain ;
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
 Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

To

To the Same.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no
 more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before ;
 I say to my heart, “ Be at rest, and believe
 “ That whom once she has chosen she never will
 leave.”

II.

But ah ! when I think on each ravishing grace
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
 My heart beats again ; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love ;
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame ;
 For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.

To the Same, with a NEW WATCH.

WITH me, while present, may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :
 Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
 And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.
 But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
 To me not always will thy sight allow,
 Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
 Then every minute count—as I do now.

An Irregular ODE, written at Wickham in 1746.

To the Same.

I.

YE silvan scenes, with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart,
A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

II.

Is it glad summer's balmy breath that blows
From the fair jasmine, and the blushing rose?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flow'ry pride.
No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that Love's indulgent pow'r
On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was giv'n to me in this auspicious bow'r.

IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hov'ring with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.

Whence

634 To the MEMORY of the same L A D Y.

Whence then this strange encrease of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience try'd
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

To the MEMORY of the same L A D Y.

A M O N O D Y. A. D. 1747.

*Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis, conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

I.

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief,
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore:
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those

Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heav'nly voice,
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring :
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more ;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song ;
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell,
For Death has stop'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes
excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found :
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she prefer'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye :

To

To your sequester'd dales
 And flow'r-embroider'd vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly;
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal, and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?
 O loss beyond repair!
 O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
 Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice, their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
 From these fond arms that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aonian maids,
 Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?
 VIII. Nor

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus' or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play ;
 Nor then on * Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where, through hanging woods,
 Steep § Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where || Meles, or ¶ Ilissus stray,
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome ?
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce ;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the graces temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of VIRGIL.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of PROPERTIUS.

§ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where HORACE had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HOMER, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melisigenes.

¶ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb.
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace!
 How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
 Tell how her manners by the world refin'd
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness:
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
 Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want and every woe,
 To Guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!

Ev'n

Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind:
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile, or frown;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize;
 That, injur'd or offended, never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
 From

From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen ;
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride
 A sudden blast from Appenninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows :
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and
 dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bow'rs,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain :
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI. O best

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms,
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd, and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could
 raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me, every friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each fav'rite author we together read
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind!
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain;
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

T t

O fatal,

O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against His supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
 Was His most righteous will, and be that will obey'd!
 XIX.

Would thy fond love His grace to her controul,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure, exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is every mortal bliss;
 Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.

VERSES,

VERSES, making part of an EPITAPH

On the same L A D Y.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
 Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
 Her Eloquence was sweeter than her Song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her Reason strong;
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

H O R A C E.

Book IV. Ode iv.

(*Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.*)

Written at Oxford 1725 *.

I.

AS the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove,
 To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
 Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
 King of the wand'ring nations of the air,

T t 2

II. When

* First printed in Mr. WEST's PINDAR.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
 On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
 In flight essays his growing force to try,
 While inborn courage fir'd his gen'rous breast;

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
 The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
 Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
 The scaly snake and crested dragon know:

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
 Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
 The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
 Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood:

V.

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
 The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight;
 So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
 So sunk their haughty spirit at the fight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
 How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,
 And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
 Each gen'rous Nero forms to early fame!

VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire:
 Their race by mettle sprightly couriers prove;
 Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
 Degenerate to form the tim'rous dove.

VIII.

But education can the genius raise,
 And wise instructions native virtue aid;
 Nobility without them is disgrace,
 And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

IX.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
 Let mighty Aldrubal subdu'd confess
 How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
 By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy,
As through the pine trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurys o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this prosp'rous field,
The Roman glory dates her rising pow'r;
From hence 'twas giv'n her conqu'ring sword to wield,
Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:
" Like stags to rav'nous wolves an easy prey,
" Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
" Whom to elude and 'scape were victory;

XIV.

" A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
" Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
" Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,
" Thro' angry seas and adverse tempests bore.

XV.

" As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
" Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
" Improves by loss, and thriving with the stroke,
" Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

XVI.

" Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
" So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules,
" Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
" Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

" Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
" Brighter she rises from the depths below:
" To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
" Recruits her strength, and foils the wond'ring foe.

XVIII. " No

XVIII.

“ No more of victory the joyful fame,
 “ Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
 “ Lost, lost are all the glories of her name!
 “ With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

XIX.

“ What shall the Claudian valour not perform,
 “ Which Pow’r Divine guards with propitious care,
 “ Which Wisdom steers through all the dang’rous
 “ storm,
 “ Thro’ all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war?”

VIRTUE AND FAME.

To the COUNTESS of EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
 Happen’d to cross each other’s way;
 Said Virtue! Hark ye, madam Fame,
 Your ladyship is much to blame;
 Jove bids you always wait on me,
 And yet your face I seldom see:
 The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
 Or, thund’ring thro’ the ranks of war,
 Ambition ties you to her car.

Saith Fame, “ Dear madam, I protest
 I never find myself so blest
 As when I humbly wait behind you;
 But ’tis so mighty hard to find you!
 In such obscure retreats you lurk!
 To seek you is an endless work.”

“ Well, answered Virtue, I allow
 Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
 I know (without offence to others)
 I know the best of wives and mothers;
 Who never pass’d an useless day
 In scandal, gossiping, or play:

Whose

Whose modest wit, chafis'd by sense,
Is lively chearful innocence ;
Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
Whose duty is her sole delight ;
Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
Her parent's joy, her husband's passion."

Fame smil'd, and answer'd, "On my life,
This is some country parson's wife,
Who never saw the court nor town,
Whose face is homely as her gown ;
Who banquets upon eggs and bacon"—
"No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
I beg you'll let me set you right—
'Tis one with ev'ry beauty bright ;
Adorn'd with ev'ry polish'd art
That rank or fortune can impart ;
'Tis the most celebrated toast
That Britain's spacious isle can boast ;
'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame ;
'Tis EGREMONT—Go,—tell it, Fame!"

Addition extempore, by Earl HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—strait reply'd,
"First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride ;
My trumpet oft I've rais'd to sound
Her modest praise the world around ;
But notes were wanting—Can'st thou find
A Muse to sing her face, her mind ?
Believe me, I can name but one,
A friend of your's—'tis LYTTELTON."

Letter

Letter to Earl HARDWICKE, occasioned by the foregoing Verses,

MY LORD,

A Thousand thanks to your lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be lord chancellor, rather than a laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
 With countenance serene and sweet,
 The Muse, who in my youthful days
 Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
 She smil'd, and said, "Once more I see
 My fugitive returns to me;
 Long had I lost you from my bower,
 You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
 With me no more your genius sported,
 The grave Historic Muse you courted;
 Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,
 Pursu'd Urania through the skies;
 But now, to my forsaken track,
 Fair EGREMONT has brought you back;
 Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
 That soft, that pleasing path to tread;
 For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
 Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 Lo! to my flow'ry groves and springs
 Her fav'rite son the goddess brings,
 The council's and the senate's guide,
 Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
 He comes, he joys with thee to join,
 In singing WYNDHAM's charms divine.
 To thine he adds his nobler lays,
 E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.

Enjoy

Enjoy that praise, nor envy PITT
 His fame with burgeses or with cit;
 For sure one line from such a bard,
 Virtue would think her best reward."

On reading Miss CARTER's Poems in MS.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wond'ring
 ear
 Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
 Of Siloe's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
 According to seraphic voices, sung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Resume the lyre,
 Chauntress divine, and ev'ry Briton call
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
 More pow'rful than the song of Orpheus, tame
 The savage heart of brutal vice, and bend
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
 Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
 Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
 Of——to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGE CUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgumbe turn'd their eyes;
 "That place is mine, great Neptune cries:
 Behold! how proud o'er all the main
 Those stately turrets seem to reign!
 No views so grand on earth you see!
 The master too belongs to me;

I grant

I grant him my domain to share,
 I bid his hand my trident bear."
 "The sea is your's, but mine the land,
 Pallas replies; by me were plann'd
 Those tow'rs, that hospital, those docks,
 That fort, which crowns those island rocks;
 The lady too is of my choir,
 I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
 With ev'ry charm her mind I grac'd,
 I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."——

"Hold, madam, interrupted Venus,
 The lady must be shar'd between us:
 And surely mine is yonder grove,
 So fine, so dark, so fit for love;
 Trees, such as in th' Idalian glade,
 Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade."

Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads came,
 Each nymph alledg'd her lawful claim;
 But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:
 "Nor god, nor goddess, great or small,
 That dwelling his or hers may call,
 I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

INVITATION

To the DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which Envy's self disarms
 Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
 That nation which you now approve.
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)

For

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD. 651

For having with seducing art
From Britain stol'n her H—v—y's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRumgold, whose ancestors from Albion's shore
Their conq'ring standards to Hibernia bore,
Tho' now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
From British fires deriv'd thy genius came :
Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd :
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask :
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To cloath the spirit of the British lays.
Thus ev'ry flow'r which ev'ry Muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favour'd land,
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
The grateful song to his immortal praise.
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind ;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd ;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd ;

By

652 ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE, &c.

By pride unfullied, genuine dignity ;
A noble and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn,
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,
And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

On GOOD HUMOUR. Written at Eton-
School, 1729.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few possess?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please,
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him, whom all must love.
This magic pow'r can make e'en folly please,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face,

Some additional Stanzas to ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO
THE MOON, in ARIOSTO.

I.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
Orlando's wits had safely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

II. Of

II.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see :
Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

III.

“ A wond'rous thing it is, the Saint reply'd,
Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight ;
An airy essence, not to be descry'd,
Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

From earth each day in troops they hither come,
And fill each hole and corner of the Moon ;
For they are never easy while at home,
Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.

V.

When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
For fear they should evaporate again ;
And hard it is, a prison to invent,
So volatile a spirit to retain.

VI.

Those that to young and wanton girls belong
Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burst the
 glafs ;
But those that have below been kept too long
Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas !”

VII.

So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz'd the Knight,
As of each vessel he th' inscription read ;
For various secrets there were brought to light,
Of which Report on earth had nothing said.

VIII.

Virginities, that close confin'd he thought
In t'other world, he found above the sky ;
His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
Which made him swear, tho' good St. John was
 by.

IX. But

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he espy'd
 That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear:
 "Ah false and treach'rous fugitive! he cry'd,
 Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here!"

X.

Did not thy owner, when we parted last,
 Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
 Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
 And thou already from thy post art flown!"

XI.

"Be not enrag'd, reply'd th' Apostle kind—
 Since that this Maidenhead is thine by right,
 Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,
 Carry it *thither*, whence it took its flight."

XII.

"Thanks, Holy Father! quoth the joyous Knight,
 The Moon shall be no loser by your grace:
 Let me but have the use on't for a night,
 And I'll restore it to its present place."

To a young LADY, with the Tragedy of Venice Preserv'd.

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
 What pow'r the gods have to your sex assign'd:
 Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
 A woman had not propt her sinking state:
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its pow'r;
 But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
 Still o'er the subject main her tow'rs she rears,
 And stands a great example to mankind,
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
 Skillful the worst, or noblest ends, to serve,
 And strong alike, to ruin, or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier we with pity view
 A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true,

In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
Yet saving innocence, tho' fame was lost ;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend-----
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
Whose conqu'ring love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

* " Hence we may learn what Passion fain would
" hide,
" That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd,
" Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
" If angry Fortune on their union frown :
" Soon will the flatt'ring dreams of joy be o'er,
" And cloy'd imagination cheat no more ;
" Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
" With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain,
" And that fond love, which should afford relief,
" Does but augment the anguish of their grief :
" While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
" Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's pow'r
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour !
On each glad day may Plenty show'r delight,
And warmest rapture bless each welcome night !
May Heav'n, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
Whose fondness never may through care decay ;
Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
And force each modest beauty into fight !
So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
No tempest crush the tender buds of joy ;

But

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in *Advice to a Lady*, p. 613 ; but, as Lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more proper to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

E L E G Y.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless
love,

And doom'd its woes without its joys to prove,
Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase

The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face,

Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,

To place some meaner idol in her shrine?

O task, for feeble Reason too severe!

O lesson, nought could teach me but Despair!

Must I forbid my eyes that heav'nly sight,

They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?

Must my ears shun that voice whose charming sound

Seem'd to relieve while it encreas'd my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre

To the soft notes of elegant desire;

Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,

Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,

Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine—

'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

Inscription for a Bust of Lady SUFFOLK; designed to
be set up in a Wood at Stowe, 1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made,
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS. 657

SULPICIA to CERINTHUS, in her Sickness. From
TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
Feel the same fev'rish heats that mine molest?
Alas! I only wish for health again,
Because I think my lover shares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could unconcern'd my illness see?

SULPICIA to CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myself I torture while the world I cheat;
Tho' Prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;
Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S Speech to LABIENUS, in the Ninth Book
of LUCAN.

(*Quid quæri, Labieni, jubes, &c.*)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire
Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire?
Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom
Or basely live, and see a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay?
If impious force can honest minds dismay,

U u

OF

658 CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain?
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can,
 And right, dependant on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of th' Almighty will;
 This is his voice, be this our oracle. }
 When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
 Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
 Has truth to Lybia's desert sands confin'd,
 There, known to few, obscur'd and lost to lie—
 Is there a temple of the Deity,
 Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
 And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
 Where e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
 This wide, this boundless universe, is Jove.
 Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—
 Death is the only certain oracle:
 Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
 This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

To Mr. GLOVER, on his Poem of LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
 And think thy genius is thy country's due:
 To vulgar wits inferiour themes belong,
 But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
 Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with every charm,
 The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
 Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise
 By great examples, drawn from better days:

No

No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
 What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
 Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
 Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
 No gen'rous purpose can enlarge the mind,
 No social care, no labour for mankind,
 Where mean self interest every action guides,
 In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
 Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
 And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise
 Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
 Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
 Servants that rule, and senates that obey!

O people far unlike the Grecian race,
 That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
 That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,
 In council insolent, in action tame!
 Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
 Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
 Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
 Her trade to guard, her harass'd poor to spare?
 Is it, like honest Sommers, to inspire
 The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?
 Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
 The balanc'd world, and boundless pow'r restrain?
 Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
 Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil,
 On each relation, friend, dependant pour
 With partial wantonness the golden show'r,
 And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?

Rouse, Britons, rouse; if sense of shame be weak,
 Let the loud voice of threat'ning danger speak.
 Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
 Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand;
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
 A calm spectatress of the gen'ral fate,

Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose
 Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
 O let us seize the moment in our pow'r,
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
 No later term the angry gods ordain;
 This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
 The native majesty of freedom shines,
 Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove
 My heart not wholly void of public love;
 Though not like thee I strike the founding string
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
 But idly sporting in the secret shade
 With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, Esq; on his losing his Com-
 mission, in the Year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues markt thee out for fame,
 Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
 This gen'rous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
 So mean a post disgrace that noble mind;
 The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
 He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

LETTERS

L E T T E R S

T O

SIR THOMAS LYTTLETON,

From the YEAR 1728, to the YEAR 1747.

L E T T E R I.

To Sir THOMAS LYTTLETON, at Hagley.

London, Feb. 4, 1728:

DEAR SIR,

I AM mighty glad you have made choice of so agreeable a place as Lorrain to send me to; I shall be impatient to hear that you have got a servant for me, that my stay here may be the shorter: in the mean while, you may be sure, I shall not neglect to make the best use of my time.

I am proud that the D—— approves my verses; for her judgment does great honour to those that please her. The subject is Blenheim-castle: I would have sent you a copy of them, but have not yet had time to transcribe them: you shall therefore receive them enclosed in my next letter.

The news you tell me of —— does not a little please me: whatever does him honour in your opinion is of advantage to me, as it will render the friendship that is between us more agreeable to you; for my satisfaction in his acquaintance has been always checked, by observing you had not that esteem for him

him as I could wish you might have for all my friends: but I hope he will deserve it better every day, and confirm himself in my good opinion by gaining yours.

I am glad that you are pleased with my Persian Letters, and Criticism upon Voltaire; but, with submission to your judgment, I do not see how what I have said of Milton can destroy all poetical licence. That term has indeed been so much abused, and the liberty it allows has been pleaded in defence of such extravagant fictions, that one would almost wish there were no such words. But yet this is no reason why good authors may not rise and animate their works with flights and sallies of imagination, provided they are cautious of restraining them within the bounds of justness and propriety; for nothing can licence a poet to offend against Truth and Reason, which are as much the rules of the sublime as less exalted poetry. We meet with a thousand instances of the true nobleness of thought in Milton, where the liberty you contend for is made use of, and yet nature very strictly observed. It would be endless to point out the beauties of this kind in the *Paradise Lost*, where the boldness of his genius appears without shocking us with the least impropriety: we are surprized, we are warmed, we are transported; but we are not hurried out of our senses, or forced to believe impossibilities. The sixth book is, I fear, in many places, an exception to this rule; the *poetica licentia* is stretched too far, and *the just* is sacrificed to *the wonderful*; (you will pardon me, if I talk too much in the language of the schools.) To set this point in a clearer light, let us compare the fiction in *los Lusíados*, of the giant that appears to the Portuguese, and the battle of the angels in Milton. The storms, the thunders and the lightnings that hang about him, are proper and natural to that mountain he represents; we are pleased with seeing him thus armed, because there is nothing in the description

description that is not founded upon truth : but how do swords, and coats of mail, and cannons, agree with angels? Such a fiction can never be beautiful, because it wants probability to support it. We can easily imagine the Cape, extending its arms over the sea, and guarding it from invaders; the tempests that mariners always meet with upon that coast, render such a supposition very just; but with what grounds of reason can we suppose, that the angels, to defend the throne of God, threw mountains upon the heads of the rebel army?

“Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,

“*Numen* egit.”

The liberty in one fable is restrained to nature and good sense; in the other it is wild and unbounded, so as frequently to lose sight of both.—Pardon the freedom I have taken, to contradict your opinion, and defend my own; for I shall be very ready to give it up to you, if after this you continue to think me in the wrong. It is prudent to argue with those who have such regard to our judgment as to correct it.

You ended a letter of good news very ill, in telling me that you had got the head-ach; I can have but very little pleasure in any thing, though it be ever so agreeable, when I know that you are ill. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Calais, April 29.

DEAR SIR,

BEHOLD the promised poem!

PARENT of arts, &c. *

I cannot recollect the tenderness you shewed to me at parting, without the warmest sentiments of gratitude and duty to you. In reply to our long discourse, I only beg leave to say, that there is a certain degree of folly excusable in youth, which I have never yet exceeded, and beyond which I desire no pardon. I hope my dear mother has dried her tears; my duty to her. I will write to you both when I come to Luneville. I am

Your very dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

LETTER III.

Luneville, May 13.

DEAR SIR,

THE inclosed is in answer to Sir Robert Walpole from Monsieur le Prince de Craon, who has shewn me all the favour and civility that I might expect from so powerful a recommendation. The duke himself was pleased to tell me, that he would endeavour to render my stay here as agreeable to me as possible. You will let Sir Robert Walpole know how much I am obliged to his letter; and do justice to
Prince

* This Poem is omitted here; it being already printed, p. 600.

Prince Craon, who has exprest his regard to it in the strongest manner, and by a kindness which I cannot enough acknowledge. I hope every thing goes on to your satisfaction in the affair I left you engaged in. It will be the greatest happiness to me to hear that you are pleased and in good health. I am, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

“To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Luneville, May 13,

“MONSIEUR,

“J’ay reçu par Monsieur Lyttleton la lettre dont
 “vous m’honorez. Je tâcheray de répondre à ce que
 “vous souhaitez de moi, en lui procurant ici, auprès
 “de son Altesse Royale, les agréments dûs à sa nais-
 “sance et à votre recommandation ; et je m’en report
 “au fidel compte, qu’il vous et rendra. Rien n’est
 “plus flatteur pour moi, Monsieur, que le souvenir de
 “Milord Walpole. Je n’ay perdu aucune occasion
 “de me renouveler dans ses bonnes graces depuis
 “son retour en Angleterre ; et j’ay chargé tous mes
 “amis qui y ont passé de me ménager une amitié qui
 “m’est si précieuse. Accordez la vôtre, Monsieur,
 “au desir que j’ay de la mériter, et à l’attachement
 “avec le quel j’ai l’honneur d’être,

“Vôtre très humble et très

“Obéissant serviteur,

“Le Prince CRAON.”

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Luneville, June 8, 1728.

DEAR SIR,

I HEARTILY congratulate you upon my sister's marriage, and wish you may dispose of all your children as much to your satisfaction and their own. Would to God Mr. P—— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a present of it to my pretty little M——! but unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for. I condole with poor Mrs. —— upon the abrupt departure of her intended husband: to be sure, she takes it much to heart; for the loss of an only lover, when a lady is past three and twenty, is as afflicting as the loss of an only child after fifty-five.

You tell me my mother desires a particular journal of my travels, and the remarks I have made upon them, after the manner of the sage Mr. Bromley. Alas! I am utterly unfit for so great a work; my genius is light and superficial, and lets slip a thousand observations which would make a figure in his book. It requires much industry and application, as well as a prodigious memory, to know how many houses there are in Paris; how many vestments in a procession; how many saints in the Romish Calendar, and how many miracles to each saint: and yet to such a pitch of exactness the curious traveller must arrive, who would imitate Mr. Bromley. Not to mention the pains he must be at in examining all the tombs in a great church, and faithfully transcribing the inscriptions, though they had no better author than the sexton or curate of the parish. For my part, I was so shamefully negligent as not to set down how many crosses

crosses there are in the road from Calais to Luneville; nay I did not so much as take an inventory of the relicks of the churches I went to see. You may judge by this what a poor account I shall give you of my travels, and how ill the money is bestowed that you spend upon them. But, however, if my dear mother insists upon it, I shall have so much complaisance for the curiosity natural to her sex, as to write her a short particular of what rarities I have seen; but of all ordinary spectacles, such as miracles, rarée-shows, and the like, I beg her permission to be silent. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

L E T T E R V.

Luneville, July 21.

DEAR SIR,

I Thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs: but, I assure you, mine was quite accidental. Mr. D—— tells you true, that I am weary of losing money at cards; but it is no less certain, that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorrain. The spirit of quadrille has possessed the land from morning to midnight; there is nothing else in every house in town.

This Court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the maids of honour, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, shew judgment at quadrille: however, in summer, one may contrive to pass a day without quadrille; because
there

there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors; but in the winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep like a fly till the return of spring. Indeed in the morning the duke hunts; but my malicious stars have so contrived it, that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me the other day reading a Latin author; and asked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the church. All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord —— is the only one among them who has common sense; and he is so scandalously debauched in his principles, as well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason.

My only improvement here is in the company of the duke and prince Craon, and in the exercise of the academy; I have been absent from the last near three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my leg, which is not yet quite recovered. My duty to my dear mother; I hope you and she continue well. I am, Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

L E T T E R VI.

Luneville, August 18.

DEAR SIR,

I Wrote to you last post, and have since received yours of the 20th: your complaints pierce my heart. Alas, Sir, what pain must it give me to think that my improvement puts you to any degree of inconvenience; and perhaps, after all, I may return and not answer your expectations. This thought gives me so much uneasiness, that I am ready to wish you would recall me, and save the charge of travelling: but, no; the world would judge perversely, and blame you for it: I must go on, and you must support me like your son.

I have observed with extreme affliction how much your temper is altered of late, and your cheerfulness of mind impaired. My heart has ached within me, when I have seen you giving yourself up to a melancholy diffidence, which makes you fear the worst in every thing, and seldom indulge those pleasing hopes which support and nourish us. O, my dear Sir, how happy shall I be, if I am able to restore you to your former gaiety! People that knew you some years ago say, that you was the most cheerful man alive. How much beyond the possession of any mistress will be the pleasure I shall experience, if, by marrying well, I can make you such once more! This is my wish, my ambition, the prayer I make to heaven as often as I think on my future life. But, alas! I hope for it in vain if you suffer your cares and inquietudes to destroy your health: what will avail my good intentions, if they are frustrated by your death? You will leave this world without ever knowing whether the promises of your son were the language

guage of a grateful heart, or the lying protestations of a hypocrite : God in heaven forbid it should be so ! may he preserve your health, and prolong your days, to receive a thousand proofs of the lasting love and duty of the most obliged of children ! We are all bound to you, Sir, and will, I trust, repay it in love and honour of you. Let this support and comfort you, that you are the father of ten children, among whom there seems to be but one soul of love and obedience to you. This is a solid, real good, which you will feel and enjoy when other pleasures have lost their taste : your heart will be warmed by it in old age, and you will find yourself richer in these treasures than in the possession of all you have spent upon us. I talk, Sir, from the fullness of my heart, and it is not the style of a dissembler. Do not, my dear Sir, suffer melancholy to gain too far upon you : think less of those circumstances which disquiet you, and rejoice in the many others which ought to gladden you : consider the reputation you have acquired, the glorious reputation of integrity, so uncommon in this age ! imagine that your posterity will look upon it as the noblest fortune you can leave them, and that your children's children will be incited to virtue by your example. I don't know, Sir, whether you feel this ; I am sure I do, and glory in it. Are you not happy in my dear mother ? was ever wife so virtuous, so dutiful, so fond ? There is no satisfaction beyond this, and I know you have a perfect sense of it. All these advantages, well weigh'd, will make your misfortunes light ; and, I hope, the pleasure arising from them will dispel that cloud which hangs upon you and sinks your spirits. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

L E T T E R VII.

Luneville, Sept. 18.

DEAR SIR,

I Thank you for giving me leave to go to Soissons; it is true, I have a great mind to the journey; and as to my health, I have always found, that whatever pleases me does me good. You will laugh at the regimen, but I appeal to Miss P—— whether the sight of Stowe gardens had not a better effect upon her than all the drugs in Burges's shop. My spirits were very low when I writ you my last letter, and I had not judgment enough to consider that the way to relieve your melancholy was to appear cheerful myself; however, I beg you to believe that what I said was the language of my heart, though it needed not have been said with so much warmth. I most sincerely love you, and cannot help being deeply affected at your least complaint. But don't let this deprive me of your confidence, for I have no greater pleasure in life than seeing myself honoured with it.

I am frightened at the sickness in Worcestershire; pray God preserve you and your whole family! Such is the prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Your dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Soissons, Oct. 28.

I Thank you, my dear Sir, for complying so much with my inclinations, as to let me stay some time at Soissons; but, as you have not fixed how long, I wait for further orders. One of my chief reasons for disliking Luneville, was the multitude of English there, who most of them were such worthless fellows, that they were a dishonour to the name and nation. With these I was obliged to dine and sup, and pass a great part of my time.

You may be sure I avoided it as much as possible; but, *malgré moi*, I suffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law amongst themselves not to admit any foreigner into their company; so that there was nothing but English talked from June to January. On the contrary, my countrymen at Soissons are men of virtue and good sense; they mix perpetually with the French, and converse for the most part in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this subject; but give me leave to say, that, however capricious I may have been in other things, my sentiments in this particular are the surest proofs I ever gave you of my strong and hereditary aversion to vice and folly. Mr. Stanhope is always at Fontainebleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz to Paris for four days, when the colonel was there to meet him: he received me with great civility and kindness. We have done expecting Mr. Walpole, who is obliged to keep strict guard over the cardinal, for fear the German ministers should take him from us: they pull and haul the poor old gentleman so many ways, that he does not know where to turn, or into whose arms to throw himself.

Ripper-

Ripperda's escape to England will very much embroil affairs, which did not seem to want another obstacle to hinder them from coming to an accommodation. If the devil is not very much wanting to his own interests in this business, 'tis impossible that the good work of peace should go on much longer. After all, most young fellows are of his party, and wish he may bring matters to a war; for they make but ill ministers at a congress, but would make good soldiers in a campaign.

No news from ——— and her beloved husband: their unreasonable fondness for each other can never last; they will soon grow as cold to one another as the town to the Beggar's Opera. Pray Heaven I may prove a false prophet! but married love and English musick, are too domestick to continue long in favour.

My duty to my dear mother; I am glad she has no complaint. You say nothing relating to your own health, which makes me hope you are well. I as fondly love my brothers and sisters as if I was their parent.

There is no need of my concluding with a handsome period; you are above forced efforts of the head. I shall therefore end this letter with a plain truth of the heart, that I am,

Your most affectionate, and dutiful son,

G. L.

X x

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Soissons, November 20.

DEAR SIR,

THIS is one of the agreeablest towns in France: The people are infinitely obliging to strangers. We are of all their parties, and perpetually share with them in their pleasures. I have learnt more French since I came here, than I should have picked up in a twelvemonth at Lorrain. The desire of a further progress and improvement in that tongue, has led me into some thoughts relating to the continuation of my travels, which I beg leave to lay before you.

If you send me to Italy next spring, as you once designed to do, one great inconvenience will arise, viz. that before I am perfect in speaking French, I must apply myself to Italian, from which it may probably come to pass that I shall not know much of either. I should, therefore, think it more for my advantage to make the tour of France, before I set out for Italy, than after I come back.

There is another reason, which at least will weigh with my dear mother; that is, that after the month of May, when the violent heats begin, Rome (where it will be necessary to settle first, upon account of the purity of the language which is spoke corruptly in other places) is so unwholesome as to endanger the life of any foreigner unaccustomed to that air; and therefore most travellers go thither about September, and leave it towards April. I fancy these two objections to the foregoing scheme will incline you rather to give into mine, which is as follows: suppose I stay here till after February, I may in March, April, May, and June, see Orleans, Lions, and Bourdeaux, and pass July, August, and September, in the southern provinces. The air of those countries is so pure,
that

that the greatest heats do nobody any harm. From Provence to Genoa is the shortest road I can take for Italy, and so through Tuscany to Rome, where I shall arrive about December, having seen what is curious in my way.

I may pass two months at Rome, and go from thence to Naples, the most delightful part of Italy, and the finest air; allowing me three months in that country, I may take a little voyage to Messina, and from thence to Malta, which lies just by. From Naples I may travel along the coasts of the Adriatick sea, by Ancona and Loretto, to Venice, where, if I stay but to the end of July, I shall have August, September, and October to see Padua, Verona, Milan, and the other parts of Italy that lie N. W. of the Venetian gulph. In the winter I may settle at Sienna, where there is a good academy, and where they are not troubled with any English. From thence I may go to Turin, if you please, and stay there till April. After which, to avoid returning through Provence a second time, I may go by Lauzanne and Berne to Franche Compté, and so by Dijon to Paris. When I am there, it will be wholly in your breast how long you would have me stay abroad, and whether I should come home the shortest way, or have the pleasure of seeing Holland. This, Sir, is the plan that I offer to you, which I hope you will approve of in the main, and agree to for me. I do not pretend to have laid it so exact as never to depart from it; but am persuaded that, generally speaking, I shall find it agreeable and commodious. I have not brought Lorraine into it, because it lies quite out of the way, and because (to say the truth) I am unwilling to go thither. I know, my dear Sir, I should acquaint you with my reasons for the dislike I have expressed against that place. This is not so easy an *eclaircissement* as you may think it. Our notions of places and of persons depend upon a combination of circumstances, many of which

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are in themselves minute, but have weight from their assemblage with the rest. Our minds are like our bodies; they owe their pain or pleasure to the good or ill assortment of a thousand causes, each of which is a trifle by itself. How small and imperceptible are the qualities in the air, or soil, or climate, where we live; and yet how sensible are the impressions they make upon us, and the delights or uneasiness they create! So it is with our minds, from the little accidents that concur to sooth or to disorder them. But in both, the impressions are more strong as the frames which they act upon are more delicate and refined. I must therefore impute many of my complaints to the natural delicacy of my temper, and I flatter myself you will not think that reason the worst I could have given you. But there are others more gross and evident, which I shall here set forth more at large.

It is natural for us to hate the school in which we take the first lessons of any art. The reason is, that the awkwardness we have shewn in such beginnings, lessens us in the eyes of people there, and the disadvantageous prejudice it has given of us is never quite to be got over.

Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably subject to *quelques bevuees d'ecolier*, as the *politesse* practised in that place is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere, and has a good deal peculiar to itself.

The memory of these mistakes, though lost perhaps in others, hangs upon my mind when I am there, and depresses my spirits to such a degree, that I am not like myself. One is never agreeable in company, where one fears too much to be disapproved; and the very notion of being ill received, has as bad an effect upon our gaiety as the thing itself. This is the first and strongest reason, why I despair of being happy in Lorrain. I have already complained of the foppish ignorance and contempt for all I have been taught to value,

value, that is so fashionable there. You have heard me describe the greater part of the English I knew there, in colours that ought to make you fear the infection of such company for your son.

But supposing no danger in this brutal unimproving society, it is no little grievance; for to what barbarous insults does it expose our morals and understanding? A fool, with a majority on his side, is the greatest tyrant in the world. Don't imagine, dear Sir, that I am setting up for a reformer of mankind, because I express some impatience at the folly and immorality of my acquaintance. I am far from expecting they should all be wits, much less philosophers. My own weaknesses are too well known to me, not to prejudice me in favour of other people's, when they go but to a certain point. There are extravagances that have always an excuse, sometimes a grace, attending them. Youth is agreeable in its fallies, and would lose its beauty if it looked too grave; but a reasonable head, and an honest heart, are never to be dispensed with. Not that I am so severe upon Luneville, and my English friends, as to pretend there are not men of merit and good sense among them. There are some undoubtedly; but all I know are uneasy at finding themselves in such ill company. I shall trouble you no farther upon this head; if you enter into my way of thinking, what I have said will be enough: if you don't, all I can say will have no effect. I should not have engaged in this long detail, but that I love to open my heart to you, and make you the confident of all my thoughts. Till I have the honour and happiness of conversing with you in a nearer manner, indulge me, dear Sir, in this distant way of conveying my notions to you; and let me talk to you as I would to my dearest friend, without awe, correctness, or reserve. Though I have taken up so much of your time before, I cannot help giving myself the pleasure of acquainting you of the extraordinary civilities I receive from Mr. Poyntz. He has in a manner taken
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me into his family. I have the honour of his conversation at all hours, and he delights to turn it to my improvement. He was so good as to desire me to ask your leave to pass the winter with him, and, to encourage me to do it, promised me that I should not be without my share of public business. The first packet that comes from Fontainbleau I expect to be employed, which is no small pleasure to me, and will, I hope, be of service.

Don't you think, Sir, it would be proper for you to write to Mr. Poyntz, to thank him for the honours he has done me, and desire him to excuse it, if his civilities make me troublesome to him longer than you designed? You know so well how to do those things, that I am persuaded it would have a good effect.

The only news I have to tell you, is a secret intelligence from Vienna, that count Zinzendorff is going out of favour; this is of consequence to the negotiations, but you must not mention it: while I am not trusted with affairs, you shall know all I hear, but afterwards *nil patri quidem*. I was saying to Mr. Poyntz, that Ripperda was undoubtedly very happy to come out of prison into the land of liberty; he replied, that whatever the duke might think, he was in danger of going to prison again.

This was said some time ago, and things may have altered since. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L:

LETTER

L E T T E R X.

Soissons, December 20.

D E A R S I R,

A Sudden order to Mr. Poyntz has broke all my measures. He goes to-morrow to Paris, to stay there in the room of Messrs. Stanhope and Walpole, who are on their return for England. His Excellency is so kind and good as to desire me to accompany him to Paris, and live there *en famille*, at least till I hear from you. As the expence will not be great, having the convenience of his table; and as a winter journey to Lorrain is impracticable, I have ventured to take this step without your orders. It is with me as it is with embassadors, who, though ever so desirous of keeping close to the letter of their instructions, are sometimes obliged to act without them, and follow their own judgment without consulting their superiors. The proposal of being let into business, and the advantage of Mr. Poyntz's conversation, makes me very unwilling to quit him now, when I begin to know him more intimately, and to gain his confidence. I have already copied some papers for him, and don't doubt but he will continue to employ me.

I have troubled you so often with Ripperda, that I am almost ashamed to mention him again; but the conclusive answer of Mr. Stanhope to the duke of Ormond, and the other Spanish ministers, was, that when Spain would give up the English rebels, England would send back Ripperda.

Prince Frederick's journey was very secret; Mr. Poyntz did not hear of it till Friday last; at least he had no public notice of it. There will be fine struggling for places. I hope my brother will come in for one. Adieu, Sir. Believe me always

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

L E T T E R

LETTER XI.

Paris, January 29, 1729.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE so much to thank you for, that I have not words to do it; so kind a compliance with all my wishes surpasses my acknowledgment. Your two letters to Mr. Poyntz had their effect, and were answered with a profusion of civilities, and marks of friendship and esteem; but the inclosed will instruct you better in the obligations I have to you and him. How happy I am in your permission to quit Lorrain, you may judge by my letter on that head. I think you have mistaken my sense in some arguments made use of there, but it is needless to set you right. Your kindness and indulgence to my desires, is an argument more persuasive than all the rest, and in which only I confide.

I have lately, Sir, spent more than I could wish, and the necessity of doing it gives me no small uneasiness; but it is an undoubted fact, that without shew abroad there is no improvement. You yourself confess it, when you say, the French are only fond of strangers who have money to pay them for their compliments. You express a great uneasiness for fear I should grow fond of games of chance. I have sometimes risked a little at them, but without any passion or delight. Gaming is too unreasonable and dishonest for a gentleman, who has either sense or honour, to addict himself to it; but, to set you quite easy in that point, I give you my word and honour, and desire no pardon if I recede from it, that I never will addict myself to this destructive passion, which is such a whirlpool, that it absorbs all others. It is true I have been a sufferer at quadrille, and must even suffer on, for *point de société sans cela; c'est un article préliminaire à tout*

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 681

à tout commerce avec le beau monde. I may venture to assure you, that all thoughts of peace are not laid aside, as you apprehend.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

L E T T E R XII.

Paris, January 22, 1729.

“ S I R,

I H A V E received your two kind letters, in which you are pleased very much to over-value the small civilities it has lain in my power to shew Mr. Lyttleton. I have more reason to thank you, Sir, for giving me so convincing a mark of your regard, as to interrupt the course of his travels on my account, which will lay me under a double obligation to do all I can towards making his stay agreeable and useful to him; though I shall still remain the greater gainer by the pleasure of his company, which no services of mine can sufficiently requite. He is now in the same house with me, and by that means more constantly under my eye than even at Soissons; but I should be very unjust to him, if I left you under the imagination, that his inclinations stand in the least need of any such ungenerous restraint. Depend upon it, Sir, from the observation of one who would abhor to deceive a father in so tender a point, that he retains the same virtuous and studious dispositions, which nature and your care planted in him, only strengthened and improved by age and experience; so that, I dare promise you, the bad examples of Paris, or any other place, will never have any other effect upon him, but to confirm him in the right choice he has made. Under these

these happy circumstances he can have little occasion for any other advice, but that of sustaining the character he has so early got, and of supporting the hopes he has raised. I wish it were in my power to do him any part of the service you suppose me capable of. I shall not be wanting, to employ him, as occasion offers, and to assist him with my advice where it may be necessary, though your cares (which he ever mentions with the greatest gratitude) have made this task very easy. He cannot fail of making you and himself happy, and of being a great ornament to our country, if, with that refined taste and delicacy of genius, he can but recall his mind, at a proper age, from the pleasures of learning, and gay scenes of imagination, to the dull road and fatigue of business. This I have sometimes taken the liberty to hint to him, though his own good judgment made it very unnecessary.

Though I have only the happiness of knowing you, Sir, by your reputation, and by this common object of our friendship and affections, your son ; I beg you would be persuaded that I am, with the most particular respect, Sir,

Your most humble,

and obedient servant,

S. POYNTZ."

LETTER

L E T T E R XIII.

Paris, February, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

I MADE your compliments to Mr. Poyntz as handsomely as I could, and read him that part of your letter, where you leave it to his determination, how long I shall stay with him, provided it be no ways inconvenient. He assured me, with the same obliging air of sincerity and goodness as you are charmed with in his letter, that it was not in the least so; and that my company again at Soissons would be the greatest relief and pleasure to him; with many other kind expressions, which you would be glad to hear, but which I can't repeat. I have a thousand thanks to pay you, Sir, for so kindly preventing my desires, and continuing me in the possession of a happiness which I was afraid was almost at an end. The time I spend with Mr. Poyntz is certainly the most agreeable, as well as the most improving, part of my life. He is a second father to me, and it is in his society that I am least sensible of the want of yours.

I find you are uneasy at the situation the king's speech has left us in; but depend upon it, notwithstanding the little triumph that the enemies of government may shew upon the present seeming uncertainty of affairs, they will be concluded to their confusion, and to the honour of the councils they oppose. The greatest mischief that has been done us, and which perhaps you are not sensible of, was by the number of disaffected papers, full of false and malicious insinuations, which, being translated and shewn to foreign ministers, unacquainted with the lenity of our constitution, and the liberty of scandal it allows, made them think that the nation would disavow the measures

asures taken by the court, and were the principal cause of the delays and difficulties that retard the public peace. The vigorous resolutions of both houses, to support his majesty in his councils, will, no doubt, undeceive them, and contribute very much to bring affairs to that decision we desire. Adieu, my dear Sir; and believe me to be

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, March 11.

DEAR SIR,

THE affair of the Gosport man of war has raised a most extravagant spirit of resentment in the French. They talk of nothing less than hanging their own officer, and seem to expect that ours should come off as ill. I have talked to his excellency about it: he says, he has had no account of it from England; but desires me to tell you, that he is in hopes the French officer has made a false report; and that, if nothing very extraordinary has been done, as the case must have happened frequently, he should think it very proper that as many precedents as can be found should be collected and sent him over. He apprehends as much as you a popular declamation from the Craftsman on this unlucky subject. The imbarkation you speak of is uncertain (as far as I can know from him), and intended only to reinforce our garrisons; perhaps there may be more in it, which he does not think fit to trust me with, though I hardly imagine so; because I have such marks of his confidence, as convince me he does not doubt of my discretion.

Love to my brother —; I dare say he will be a gainer in the end by this warm action, though it happened to be ill-timed. I am glad the young fellow
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has so much of the martial spirit in him. What you tell me of — amazes me. I shall obey your advice, in being cautious how I think any man my friend too soon; since he, whose affection I was so sure of, has so injuriously convinced me of my mistake. I confess I thought malice or ill-nature as great strangers to him as to poor —: but what are the judgments of young men? Indeed, my dear Sir, we are very silly fellows.

I can't help transcribing a few lines of my sister's letter, of the 10th, to shew you, that your goodness to your children meets at least with a grateful return:

“ We should pass our time but ill, if the good-hu-
 “ mour of my mother did not make us all chearful,
 “ and make amends for the loss of those diversions
 “ which London would afford us. The oftener I
 “ converse with her, the more I love her; and every
 “ one of her actions shews me a virtue I wish to imi-
 “ tate. This you must be sensible of, as well as I;
 “ but there is such a pleasure in praising those we
 “ love, that I must dwell a little upon the subject,
 “ which, I dare say, will be as grateful to you as it
 “ is to me. How happy are we with such parents!
 “ When I see my father almost spent with the cares
 “ of his family; my dear mother confined here for
 “ the good of her children; I'm overpowered with
 “ gratitude and love! May you and they continue
 “ well! and I want nothing else to compleat my hap-
 “ piness.” This, Sir, is a faithful extract, and
 speaks the language of all our hearts. Adieu, dear
 Sir.

I remain, &c.

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Haute Fontaine, near Soissons, May 27.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE letters from my lord — and his governor, in which they both express the highest sense of the friendship you have shewn them, and acknowledge the advantages they owe to it; my lord, particularly, is charmed with the good-natured service you did his relation, and speaks of it as the greatest obligation. My friend Ayscough too boasts of your protection, and professes that veneration for your character, that it makes me proud of being your son. It is now my duty to return you thanks for all these favours, bestowed on others, and meant to me; and I do it with all the pleasure of a grateful mind, which finds itself honoured in the obligation. I believe there is no young man alive, who has more happiness to boast of than myself; being blest with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and an easy fortune: but of all my advantages, there is none of which I have so deep a sense, as the trust and amiable harmony between the best of fathers and myself.

This is so much the dearer to me, as indeed it is the source of all the rest, and as it is not to be lost by misfortune, but dependant upon my own behaviour, and annexed to virtue, honour, and reputation. I am persuaded that no weaknesses or failings, which do not injure them, will occasion the withdrawing of it from me; and therefore I consider it as secure, because I have used my mind to look upon dishonesty and shame as strangers it can never be acquainted with: such an opinion is not vanity, but it is setting those two things at a necessary distance from us; for
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it is certain, that the allowing a possibility of our acting wickedly or meanly, is really making the first step towards it. I have received many civilities from Mr. Stanhope, who is here with Mr. Poyntz. Mr. Walpole has invited me to Compiègne, where I am going for two or three days. Affairs are now almost at a crisis, and there is great reason to expect they will take a happy turn. Mr. W—— has a surprising influence over the c——, so that, whether peace or war ensue, we may depend upon our ally. In truth, it is the interest of the French court to be faithful to their engagements, though it may not entirely be the nation's. Emulation of trade might incline the people to wish the bond that ties them to us were broke; but the mercantile interest has at no time been much considered by this court. If you reflect upon the apprehensions of the government from the side of Spain, and their very reasonable jealousy of the emperor, you will not wonder at their managing the friendship and adhering to the alliance of Great Britain. The supposition, that present advantage is the basis and end of state engagements, and that they are only to be measured by that rule, is the foundation of all our suspicions against the firmness of our French ally. But the maxim is not just. Much is given to future hopes, much obtained by future fears; and security is, upon many occasions, sought preferably to gain. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Haute Fontaine, near Soissons, July 6.

DEAR SIR,

THE kind answer you made to my last was as great an addition to my happiness as any I could possibly receive. You seem very uneasy as to public affairs; and indeed, considering the many inward and domestic calamities we are afflicted with, I cannot say but you have reason. I hope, however, to be able very shortly to send you some news, that will raise your spirits; for every thing is brought to a crisis; and, without some unforeseen accident, we may expect a happy conclusion. And now, Sir, as far as I dare, I will tell you the reasons for the confidence which I have expressed. Out of two and twenty millions of piastres, that the galleons brought home, the king of Spain's share is but six, allowing him all pretensions to *dîmes*, *droits d'entrée*, &c. and a moderate *indulto*. By the treaty of the Prado, and other conventions, the indult is fixed to five *per cent.* in time of war, as well as peace; but, as he has been at extraordinary charges in bringing of them home this year, the negociants are willing to allow him thirteen or fourteen *per cent.* in consideration of it. If he arbitrarily resolves to take more, besides ruining his trade, which entirely stands upon the faith of those conventions, he so far exasperates France, that he may depend upon their entering vigorously into a war against him; and even with that, he will not have half enough to make good his engagements to the emperor; no, not even to pay his arrears.

It is, then, probable, that he will either break those engagements, and sign a peace with us, or seize upon the whole freight of the galleons; in which case France would find itself so concerned as to be compelled

pelled to right itself by arms, as principal in the quarrel, not as ally.

But as such a violence, so contrary to treaties and to the interests of Spain, would render the queen odious to the nation, even though the war should be carried on with success, there is great reason to think she will not venture it, considering the king's passion for abdication, and the uncertainty her authority is in. I have still a farther reason to hope we shall have peace, but it is not proper to mention it. I shall only say, that, as the queen's ambition for the establishment of her family was the foundation of the Vienna treaty, a just sense of the difficulty, perhaps impossibility, of obtaining it upon that plan, and a more easy and reasonable one offered to her, may reconcile her to the provisional treaty. After all, my dear Sir, I make no doubt but, let things come out ever so well, people will not want objections and complaints. Perfection is so impossible to be attained, and we are so apt to expect it, that it is in vain to hope any measures can be taken, that will meet with a general approbation. The badness of the weather, scarcity of corn, and even the sickliness of the times, are laid to the ministry's charge; and so they would, if, instead of making alliance with France, we were now quarrelling with it to gratify the emperor. But you, I am sure, will be satisfied, if by the negociations here our trade and honour are secured; and so they will be, or we shall adjourn to Flanders. His excellency desires his humble service to you. I hope my beloved mother is well. Pray my humble duty to her. And I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

The courier from Madrid is expected in five or six days.

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LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Paris, August 13.

DEAR SIR,

AS the courier brings you this, and there is no danger of its being opened, I make no scruple to acquaint you with all I know of the negociations; but only must beg you to take no notice of it to any body.

The queen of Spain has, as well from her own experience as the skilful representation from Mr. Keene, been made so sensible of the insincerity of the emperor in the promises he has made her, and the little she could rely upon them, that she is willing to throw herself, and all her interests, into the hands of England, provided that we, together with France and Holland, would engage to secure the succession of Tuscany and Parma to don Carlos, by Spanish garrisons to be placed in them, or at least Swiss troops in the Spanish pay. This last condition is contrary to the quadruple alliance, which provides for the succession of don Carlos to those dutchies; but stipulates that they shall be held by neutral garrisons. However, the allies of Hanover have thought fit to grant it upon better terms, and to guarantee the disposition they have made against any power who shall oppose or trouble it. It is the interest of all Europe, that the succession of those countries should be secured to Spain. The emperor is too powerful already, and may become master of the liberties of Italy, if he has not a neighbour in those states who will be strong enough to check him. The face of affairs in Europe is much changed since the quadruple alliance, which was formed to prevent the mischiefs which might have ensued from the difference of the imperial court with that of Spain; whereas the treaty of Soissons has no other end than
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to prevent the much greater ones that would arise from their too close union. I shall not enquire whether, in the former treaty, we did not compliment the emperor too far, nor take notice how ill we have been requited; but I am sure we shall gain more by obliging Spain, and make the balance more even. The only difficulty to be considered is, whether this ought to have been done without the emperor's participation, or whether we can make good such a disposition without endangering the peace. In regard to the first, it is certain, the imperial court has no reason to expect any confidence from the allies of Hanover, after the many instances of insincerity and *mauvaise foi* they have given us during the whole course of the negotiations.

We have very sure grounds to think, they have made the same proposals to the queen of Spain, for other purposes, without communicating it to us; but is it likely she would accept it from their hands, rather than from ours, whose sincerity she has experienced, and who have power and means to make good our engagements? Had we acquainted the emperor with our project, and sued him to come in to it, it would have been making him master of the negotiations, and thereby hazarded their being prolonged to what length he pleased, which, considering the just impatience of the English nation, would have been worse than concluding them by a war with Spain. One with the emperor is little to be feared, considering the formidable strength of the alliance, and the difficulties that prince lies under from the unsettled state of the succession. It is more probable he will come into peaceful measures, as more conformable to his situation and the humour of his ministers, who are all of them averse to war. But it is undoubted, that our refusing the queen of Spain her demands for don Carlos, would have forced her desperately to close with the emperor's proposal, and enter into any engagements for the interests of her son, to which (as

she told Mr. Keene) she had still more left to sacrifice. If we had provoked her to a war, we must have spent millions to obtain by force what this treaty gives us upon a condition, which it is our interest to grant. We expect a courier in a day or two from Mr. Keene, who will inform us more certainly than Banniers has, what to expect both from Spain and the emperor. Mr. Poyntz says, the effects of the galleons will not be delivered quite so soon as you expect, but that he hopes it will not be long first. It is very probable the article I have mentioned, as the fundamental one, in the treaty of Soissons, will be a secret one, and signed separately by the English, Spanish, French, and Dutch. The infinite variety of interests which have assembled so many powers will, I hope, be speedily adjusted; though you will own it is a work of time, and not so suddenly to be brought about, as some politicians in England seem to think. The affair of Mecklenburgh is the most troublesome, and one of the most important. H. B. M. is strenuous in opposing the Aulick council; and it is happy for the states of the empire, that they have so powerful a protector of their rights and liberties. As soon as our dispatches arrive from Spain, you shall hear the result of all I have acquainted you with in this.

I am very proud of the honour you did me, in approving of the reasoning in my last; it was founded upon Mr. Poyntz's discourse, and the papers he had the goodness to let me see, which I made the best use of I could. I am obliged to Mr. Pope for enquiring after me, and beg you would return my compliments.

Nobody can have a higher opinion of his poetry than I have; but I am sorry he wrote the Dunciad.

I most heartily rejoice that you enjoy your health, and pray God to continue it. His excellency is well, and desires his compliments.

I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

L E T T E R XVIII.

Paris, August 25th.

D E A R S I R,

I Am glad you find the news I sent you so generally confirmed, but must beg pardon for an incorrect expression that escaped me in my last ; having said that As. of H. guaranteed the succession to D. C. which I believe is true only of England, France, and Holland.

Pour ce que regarde M. Keene, je puis seulement vous dire qu'il me semble que nos ministres ont toujours fait beaucoup de cas de son habilité, et qu'ils ont beaucoup deféré a ses conseils en tout ce que regarde la cour d'Espagne. Je sçais aussi que son sentiment a toujours été d'employer jamais les menaces en traitant avec cette cour ; parceque, connoissant la fierté Espagnole, il croyoit qu'on ne pourroit rien gagner d'eux par ces moyens : c'est pourquoi il étoit d'avis, ou de venir à une guerre ouverte, sans nous arrêter a faire des menaces, ou de proceder par des voyes de douceur comme nous avons fait jusqu'ici. Voilà son système ; et on s'est bien trouvé de l'avoir suivi. Il me paroît d'autant plus raisonnable que je ne croy pas qu'on auroit jamais pû intimider la reine d'Espagne, qui, de l'humeur dont elle est, ne seroit pas mise en peine de voir le royaume de son mari plongé dans tous les maux de la guerre, pourvu que cela n'eut pas empêché ses desseins en faveur de son fils. Elle se regarde comme une étrangère, et ne s'attend pas à rester deux jours en Espagne, si le roi venoit a mourir ou à abdiquer la couronne. Mais enfin je ne pretens pas justifier tous les pas de M. Keene, dont quelques'uns peuvent avoir été trop peu respectueux aux ordres qu'il a reçus. Vous dites que l'article de la garantie pourroit bien etre contesté en d'autres endroits que à Vienne.

ne. Je le crois ; car il y a un certain parti chez nous, qui est fort dans les intérêts de l'empereur, et qui sera sans doute fort fâché de voir le peu de soins que nous en prenons. Mais laissons murmurer ces messieurs-là ; et faisons toujours une bonne paix, sans nous soucier de leur mécontentement. Je ne puis pas vous répondre décisivement sur le dédommagement des portes de nos marchands : c'est une chose à souhaiter, mais je doute de son exécution. Ce qu'il y a d'assuré c'est qu'on réparera les torts de notre commerce, et qu'on le mettra en sécurité pour l'avenir.

Dieu sçait si ce que je vous écrit est bon François, car je n'ay pas assez de tems pour l'étudier, ni pour en corriger le moindre mot.

G. L.

LETTER XIX.

Paris, August 30.

MONSIEUR,

NOUS avons reçu des nouvelles fort extraordinaires d'Hannovre ; sçavoir, que le roi se voit sur le point d'être attaqué dans ses états par son voisin le roi de Prusse. Ce prince a une si forte inclination pour les grands hommes, qu'il les prend par tout où il les trouve ; et il vient nouvellement de faire enlever par ses officiers plusieurs sujets d'Hannovre, qui avoient le malheur d'être destinées par leur taille à entrer dans ses troupes, sans demander leur consentement, ou celui du roi leur maître. S. M. se croyant obligé à faire des reprisalles, arrêta tous les Prussiens qui se trouvoient alors dans ses états ; mais il promit, en même tems, au roi de Prusse, de les mettre tous en liberté, aussitôt que lui de son côté auroit congédié les Hanoveriens. Le procédé étoit fort équitable ; mais Frederic déclara, que si le roi ne lui envoyoit pas une autre réponse plus satisfaisante avant un jour qu'il lui marqua, il viendra s'en faire raison à la tête du quatre vingt mille hommes.

Comme

Comme le roi ne se mit pas en peine de ses menaces, et laissa passer le tems prescrit, S. M. P. donne ordres à cinquante mille hommes de ses troupes, de marcher en diligence aux frontières : et pour faire voir qu'il étoit bien sérieux, il déboursa une grosse somme, pour les entretenir. De façon que nous sommes à la veille d'une guerre au milieu de nos negociations pour la paix, et pour une sujet qui n'a aucun raport aux difference que nous travaillons à terminer, nous ne doutons pas que l'empereur ne fomente sous main la querelle, et qu'il ne tache d'allumer un feu de cette étincelle qui embraseroit toute l'Allemagne. On travaille pourtant à l'étouffer avant qu'il eclate ; mais on a tout à craindre de la folie du roi de Prusse, et des artifices de la cour imperiale. Comme ce roi a une armée sur pied beaucoup plus forte que celle de S. M. B. et que le pays d'Hannovre est tout ouverte ; il est à craindre que l'ennemi n'y fasse de grands progrès avant que le roi pourra se mettre en état de l'empêcher.

Les suites d'une pareille entreprise seroient assurément funestes à l'agresseur ; mais les commencement pourroient bien être facheux pour sa majesté. Ce n'est pas la première extravagance de cette nature que le roi de Prusse a faite ; il a autrefois élevé un marchand Suedois, qui voyagoit dans le voisinage de ses états, et plusieurs Saxons, pour les forcer de servir dans ses troupes ; et on a eu beaucoup de peine à lui persuader de les rendre aux instances et aux menaces des puissances intéressées. Je croy que de toutes les têtes couronnées de l'univers c'est la plus insensée. Il se peut bien que vous avez déjà entendu cette nouvelle ; mais comme je la tiens de son excellence, j'ay cru qu'il ne seroit pas mal à propos de vous la mander. Il me flatte que si la guerre se faisoit tout de bon, vous m'envoyerez à Hannovre, pour ne pas manquer à une si belle occasion de me signaler au service et à la vice du Roi. C'est une grace que je attends de votre bonté, et du regard que vous m'avez toujours temoigné pour mon honneur et une reputation. Mais en trois semaines

maines d'icy nous en parlerons plus certainement ; et alors je prendrai le parti que vous jugerez le plus convenable. Son excellence à été fort indisposé, mais il commence à se retablir. J'espere que vous vous portez bien, et que Madame est arrivée sans accident à Hagley.

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XX.

Paris, Sept. 8.

DEAR SIR,

SUNDAY by four o'clock we had the good news of a dauphin, and since that time I have thought myself in Bedlam. The natural gaiety of the nation is so improved on this occasion, that they are all stark mad with joy, and do nothing but dance and sing about the streets by hundreds, and by thousands. The expressions of their joy are admirable : one fellow gives notice to the public, that he designs to draw teeth for a week together upon the Pont Neuf *gratis*. The king is as proud of what he has done, as if he had gained a kingdom ; and tells every body that he sees, *qu'il sçaura bien faire des fils tant qu'il voudra*. We are to have a fine fire-work to-morrow, his majesty being to sup in town.

The duke of Orleans was sincerely, and without any affectation, transported at the birth of the dauphin.

The succession was a burthen too heavy for his indolence to support, and he piously sings halleluja for his happy delivery from it. The good old cardinal cried for joy. It is very late, and I have not slept this three nights for the squibs and crackers, and other noises

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noises that the people make in the streets; so must beg leave to conclude, with assuring that I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

G. L.

L E T T E R XXI.

Paris, September 16.

DEAR SIR,

THE difference with Prussia is nearly composed; that king being intimidated with the firmness he found in his majesty's allies to stand by him in case of a rupture, which he flattered himself they would not have done, especially the French. On the other side, Sickendorf the imperial minister (who had intimated, in private discourse with the Danish secretary, that if the king of G. B. called in any of his allies to his assistance against Prussia, his master would think himself obliged to assist that kingdom with his forces) being asked in council, "whether the king of Prussia might depend upon succours from his imperial majesty;" replied, "that he had no orders to promise any." I suppose, you have a more ample account of this affair from Mr. West, so shall say no more of it. Mr. Poyntz has been very ill; but, I thank God, is on the mending hand.

We are now in the middle of September; and though the thoughts of leaving so kind a friend are very unpleasing to me, yet as I am now at the latest term I ever proposed, and as a further delay would make my journey to Italy impracticable, I am obliged to mention it to you, and to desire immediate leave to set out that way.

His

His excellency himself advises me not to defer it any longer, the winter being the proper season for seeing Rome; and this we are now in, for passing the Alps.

It is probable he will not be long in France; and therefore it is not worth my while, for a month or two longer, to lose the opportunity of my travelling as I always designed.

I hope I have given you no reasons to alter your first intentions of sending me to Italy, a country I long to see, and where I may expect to improve myself considerably.

You will undoubtedly thank Mr. Poyntz, upon my taking leave of him, for the many, and indeed infinite, obligations I have to him, which do me so much honour, and of which I have so deep a sense. I protest to you, my dear Sir, that as you are the only person in the world to whom I am more indebted than to him, so, after you, there is nobody whom I more love and honour, and to serve whom I would sacrifice life and fortune so willingly as Mr. Poyntz. Were he a private man, and divested of that lustre which great abilities and employments give him, his virtues only would gain him the veneration and love of all the world. My nearness to him has given me opportunity to study his character, and I have found it more beautiful and perfect the closer I looked into and examined it. I propose to myself a great deal of pleasure in telling you some particulars of his conduct, which his modesty concealed from eyes that were less intent upon him than mine.

You need not give yourself the trouble of looking out for recommendations for me to any of the Italian courts, I being acquainted with their ministers here, and not doubting but I shall have as many as I want.

The

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The tumult of the people for the dauphin is a little over, and the nation are returning to their senses.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXII.

Paris, September 27.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Stanhope is on his way to Spain. The caprice and stubbornness of the king of Spain (which is not always to be governed even by his wife) made it necessary to send a minister to that court, of too much weight and authority to be trifled with. It is a melancholy reflection, that the wisest councils and best measures for the public good are sometimes to be frustrated by the folly and incapacity of *one* man!

How low is the servitude of human kind, when they are reduced to respect the extravagance, and court the pride, of a senseless creature, who has no other character of royalty, than power to do mischief!

However, I hope all will turn out well, and that his Catholic majesty will behave himself a little like a king, since the queen will have him be one in spite of his teeth. About three months ago, she caught him going down stairs at midnight, to abdicate, in his night-gown. He was so incensed at the surprize and disappointment, that he beat her cruelly, and would have strangled her if she had not called for help.

This attempt of his alarmed her terribly, and put her upon carrying him about Spain, to amuse him with seeing fights, in order to keep St. Ildefonso out of his

his head. The journey has cost immense sums, so that the indult and treasure they expect from Lima, is already mortgaged, and the king more in debt than ever.

I have a word or two to add to my French letter, upon the succession of don Carlos. There is a secret article in the quadruple alliance, not much attended to, which says, that in case the Dutch should be unwilling to pay their share of the neutral garrisons, the king of Spain should, if he pleased, take upon himself to furnish their quota for them (that is, two thousand men.)

A R T I C L E S E P A R É.

“ Que si les Seigneurs Etats Generaux des Provinces
 “ Unies des Pais Bas trouvoient qu’il leur fut trop a
 “ chargé de fournir leur quote part des subsides qui
 “ seront payez aux Cantons Suisses, pour les garrisons
 “ de Livourne, Porto Feraio, de Parme, et de Plai-
 “ sance, selon la teneur du traité d’alliance conclue ce
 “ jourd’huy ; il a été déclaré expressement par cet
 “ article séparé, et convenu entre les quatre parties
 “ contractantes, que dans ce cas le roi Catholique
 “ pourra se charger de la portion qu’auroient à payer
 “ les Seigneurs Etats Generaux.”

By which it is plain, that the fifth article was not designed to be strictly understood ; but that, notwithstanding the prohibition there expressed, a proportion of troops, in Spanish pay, might be admitted into Italy. But, what is of much greater importance, there is a private article in the Vienna treaty, by which the emperor is allowed expressly to send a body of 8,000 imperialists into Tuscany and Parma, upon the death of the present possessors. This is so certain, that upon the illness of the grand duke, which was apprehended to be mortal, the imperial minister actually wrote to hasten the march of the troops that way.

way. This point the emperor obtained without our knowledge or consent, in contradiction to the terms of a treaty which we made in favour of his interests, and in prejudice to our own. And yet he and his friends complain of us, for securing ourselves against his breach of treaty, by giving up an article we are no ways concerned in, and which he had made so light of himself.

One would be astonished how Spain could be prevailed upon to yield him such a point; but the whole Vienna treaty is perfect infatuation on that side, where every real advantage is given up to the chimerical marriage with the arch-dutcheffs.

Mr. Poyntz is better; but the deep concern he takes in every incident that affects the negociation, much retards his recovery. Never did man love his country better, or was more active in its service. I have been much out of order, with a distemper that has been universal at Paris, and is probably owing to the Seine water; but I am very well again.

I am troubled and uneasy at my expences here, though you are so good and generous not to mention them in any of your letters. I am guilty of no extravagance; but do not know how to save, as some people do. This is the time of my life in which money will be ill saved, and your goodness is lavish of it to me I think without offending your prudence. My dear Sir, I know no happiness but in your kindness; and if ever I lose that, I am the worst of wretches.

I remain, Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Paris, Oct. 6.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the greatest thanks to return you for the many proofs of confidence and affection you gave me in your last, and shall labour to deserve that goodness which is so kind and complaisant to my desires. I shall, in obedience to your orders, set out for Italy to-morrow, where I hope to make such improvements as will answer the expence of the journey. But whatever advantage or pleasure I may propose, I cannot, without a sensible affliction, take leave of my dear friend Mr. Poyntz, of whose favours to me I have so deep a sense, that I cannot too often express my acknowledgments. The time I have enjoyed his company has been spent so happily, and so much to my honour and advantage, that I do not know how to reconcile my thoughts to a period of it. It is not so much the liveliness of his wit, and uncommon strength of his judgment, that charm me in his conversation, as those great and noble sentiments, which would have been admired by ancient Rome, and have done honour to the most virtuous ages.

He is going to his country-seat, where I hope the air, and a little repose from the fatigue of business, will entirely restore his health. I shall observe your cautions against grapes, new wine, and pretty women, though they are all very tempting, but dangerous things.

I have time for no more now, but to assure you of my duty and affection. I have wrote to my lord Cobham upon my going to Italy. His excellency thanks you for your letter, and will write to you as soon as he gets to Haute Fontaine. I have the pleasure of being able to assure you, that the final project of a
treaty

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON. 703

treaty sent to Spain, is entirely satisfactory and honourable, and that it contains a full redress and reparation for all abuses, grievances, and wrongs.

I am, dear Sir, with due respect,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Haute Fontaine, Oct. 18.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Lyttelton will have acquainted you with my removing to this place, the day before he left Paris, for the benefit of the air, and exercise of the country, which has almost restored me to health. The first use I made of it, Sir, is to return you my sincere thanks, for making me so long happy in his good company, which, I may with great truth say, has contributed more than any thing else, to make the tediousness of this splendid banishment supportable to me, and to soften the impressions which the many perverse turns of the negotiations must have made upon my mind. I wish it had been in my power to make equal returns: his good-nature disposes him to over-value them, such as they were; but I can only hope, that our future acquaintance may afford me opportunity of discharging some part of the debt.

His behaviour has continued uniformly the same as I described it last winter, and I am morally sure will never alter, in any country, or any part of life, for the worse. His health is liable to frequent interruptions, though not dangerous ones, nor of any long continuance. They seem to proceed chiefly from an ill digestion, which, I believe, may sometimes be occasioned by the vivacity of his imagination's pursuing some agreeable thought too intensely, and diverting the spirits from their proper function, even at meals;
for

for we have often been obliged at that time to recall him from *reveries* that made him almost absent to his company, though without the least tincture of melancholy.

I mention this last circumstance as a peculiar felicity of his temper; melancholy and spleen being the rock on which minds of so delicate a texture as his are most in danger of splitting. I have seen two or three instances of it myself in young gentlemen of the greatest hopes; and the epistles wrote by Languett, to Sir Philip Sydney, upon an acquaintance contracted like ours abroad, bring his particular case to my mind.

No young gentleman ever promised more; but returning to England, conscious of his own worth, and full of more refined notions of honour, virtue, and friendship, than were to be met with in courts and parliaments, and in that mixed herd of men with whom business must be transacted, he conceived a total disgust for the world: and, retiring into the country, sat down with patience to consume the vigour of his imagination and youth in writing a trifling romance. I can with pleasure assure you, that I see no symptom of this kind in Mr. Lyttelton; his mind is ever cheerful and active, and full of such a benevolence towards his friends and relations in England, as well as such zeal for the honour and interests of his country, as, I verily believe, will never let him sink down into indolence and inaction. However, this sickness of the mind, and an ill state of bodily health, which naturally influence and promote one the other, are the two points most necessary to guard against, in a nature the most exempt from faults I ever met with.

I ought to ask pardon, for indulging this liberty, if I were not writing to the best of fathers; though this very circumstance makes all my care superfluous; but the friendship your son has expressed for me ever since his being here, and more particularly in my late illness, and at parting, is too strong upon my mind, to

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to suffer me to suppress any hint that may be of the most distant use to him, or may convince you of the sincerity of that respect, with which I am, Sir,

Your most humble, and obedient servant,

S. POYNTZ."

L E T T E R XXV.

Lions, Oct. 16.

DEAR SIR,

I CAME well to Lions last Friday, after a very pleasant journey, if the roads had been a little better. I am mightily pleased with this fine city, and could be willing to stay longer in it; but it begins to rain, and I must make haste to pass the Alps.

I cannot take leave of France, without sending you a few observations upon the present state of it; but I do it upon condition, that you shall shew them to nobody, though they should have the good fortune to please you.

The present king is so little known, either to his subjects or foreigners, that the first have not much to say in his praise, and the latter are at full liberty to suppose what they please to his disadvantage. For this reason, and perhaps from a little pleasure we take in mortifying the French, we have generally a worse notion of him than he really deserves. We represent him as ill-natured, brutal, and incapable of business; but this character does not justly belong to him in any one particular.

I have enquired into the truth of the stories we are told of his barbarity, and find them entirely false. He has shewn great marks of good-nature, particularly to the queen, in being the only man in France that did not hate her for not bringing him a son. His behaviour to those about him is perfectly affable and easy; I think more so than is consistent with majesty.

Z z

There

There is no one act of violence or injustice that can be laid to his charge; nothing vicious or irregular in his conduct. As to his incapacity for business, they are much mistaken who suppose that he does nothing but hunt and sleep. I know for certain, that there is no affair of moment, either foreign or domestick, that the cardinal does not communicate to him. I believe, indeed, he always acquiesces in his minister's opinion; but he is constantly consulted and let into all the secret of affairs before any body else is trusted with it, even the *garde des sceaux* himself. Nor is this confidence ever prejudicial; for he is master of an impenetrable secrecy, which is a good deal owing to the natural phlegm and reservedness of his temper. It is hard to say whether he has courage or not; but the cardinal thinks he has, and dreads to engage him in a war for fear he should grow too fond of it. He is cold, unactive, and insensible to all kind of pleasures; his very hunting does not delight him; and this is what the French are angry at: they love that their monarch should be gallant, magnificent, and ambitious, and do not care what price they pay for it, provided there be great news from Flanders, and fine entertainments at Versailles.

Lewis the Fourteenth understood their genius, and humoured it, in his war and in his amours; but the frugality of the present court, and the dulness of a continued peace, are things they cannot relish.

In truth, his majesty's worst fault is a kind of bashful timidity, which makes him shun all occasions for shewing himself, and has very much the air of heaviness. He is devout, which may degenerate into bigotry, as it did in his grandfather. It is to be feared, from the eagerness he expresses of winning money at play, that he may grow avaricious; but that is not always a certain sign: his virtues and vices will probably remain as much concealed as they are now, during the life of the cardinal; but at his death, flattery

tery and love may give him a new turn ; or his disposition, being no longer under any check, may exert itself more conspicuously. Upon the whole, there appears nothing shining, nothing elevated or commanding, in his character, but such a mediocrity as may make his people easy, and very capable of governing a kingdom, where there are no factions to contend with, and no disaffection to overcome. His first minister is the most absolute that ever exercised that authority in France, not excepting even Richelieu.

There is not one man in the whole nation dares speak of any business to the king besides himself, and those immediately under his direction. The parliament is hardly the shadow of what it was. The princes of the blood, and the nobility, are all pensioners and dependants of the court, from the dukes and marshals of France to the lowest officer in the service ; their interest, once so formidable to the power of the ministry, is reduced to such a degree of weakness, that not one of them, if he had courage to rebel, is able to raise fifty soldiers against the king. And, what is of no less moment, the women are quite out of play, and are obliged to content themselves with love-intrigues, instead of cabals against the ministry, to which they have a more violent inclination. So that the authority of the cardinal is without bounds ; the disposal of all dignities and employments is solely in his hands ; and all business both at home and abroad is managed by his ministry and orders. The use he has made of this authority has been so just and beneficial to the state, that, except the Jansenists, whom he treats with too much rigour, the nation is generally satisfied with his administration. He found the people almost ruined by the fatal *systeme* of the Mississippi ; the king's finances ill directed, and his treasures wasted in needless pensions and profuse expences. The principle of his conduct therefore was, to ease the people, to restore their decaying trade, to save the king

all the money he was able, and to retrench all superfluous goings-out. But, in order to do this, he was convinced of the necessity of maintaining peace by all the means that were consistent with the safety and honour of the state. This has always been his intention in all treaties and alliances with foreign powers, particularly Great Britain, with whom he has cultivated the strictest friendship, because he is sensible that we have the same views as he has for the preservation of the public tranquillity. On the contrary, Spain and the emperor, by a turbulent and ambitious conduct, have alarmed and put him upon his guard, and he has given his allies the strongest proofs of being determined to bring them to reason. At home he has constantly pursued his plan of saving the public money; and it is thought, if he lives five years longer, and the peace continues, the king's revenues will be upon a better footing, and his treasury fuller, than they have been under any minister this fifty years. He is himself a great despiser of wealth, and consequently uncorrupt, living modestly, and without any affectation of pomp or grandeur.

The greatest complaint against him is the persecution of the Jansenists, to whom he is a bitter enemy; not, however, out of love to the Jesuits, but because it is a maxim of his policy, not to suffer any difference of opinions, but to oblige every body to hold one faith, that he may the easier keep them under one master. As for the Jesuits, they gain no advantage by the severities against their antagonists, except the pleasure of revenge, for their ambition is very much restrained; and, though one of them be confessor to the king, the cardinal has denied him the privilege of nominating to benefices, which used to attend that place, and contributed more than any thing to raise the power and credit of the order.

Neither does he suffer them to meddle at all in politics; it being another of his maxims, not to permit the members of any sect or order whatever to have

have any thing to do with state affairs, because it is to be feared that such persons, having a separate interest from the state, will prefer the advantage of their particular body to the general, upon all occasions where they interfere. And of the truth of this there are many instances. He is the very reverse of Mazarin, both in his temper and administration; naturally honest and sincere, he hates all artifice in business, and is therefore very much disgusted with the imperial ministers, who affect finess and tricking in their negotiations more than any other court. Nobody has more sweetness and humanity in his disposition.

His conversation is free and agreeable, without descending from his dignity; his behaviour very moral and religious, though in his younger days he was suspected of a little gallantry. There is something very insinuating in his wit, and very proper for a courtier; but no extraordinary talents. Had he come a little earlier to the ministry, he would have been more knowing, and have made a greater figure. He has a paternal affection for the king's person, and an ardent zeal for his service; and it is believed, that were his majesty to die, the old gentleman would retire wholly from business, and take care of nothing but his salvation. You see by the account I have given you, that he is not the crooked politician we take him for in England, nor yet so weak as some here are apt to think him; but a man of plain sense, that lays down a reasonable scheme, and pursues it constantly and fairly.

I come now to say something of the people; but their character is so well known in England, that it would be very impertinent to talk about it. I shall only observe, that if the king had died before the birth of a dauphin, the same reason which renders them submissive to the present government, would have made them all rebels to the duke of Orleans; I mean the principle of divine, unalterable, hereditary right. The clergy, who enjoy a third of the lands in
France,

France, and who in all nations are preachers of the *jus divinum*, because they pretend to it themselves, would no doubt have been very zealous for the king of Spain; but at present they are very good subjects, only a little refractory against the constitution *Unigenitus*. The duke of Berwick, who is at the head of the army, is strongly for the English alliance; and so is Marshal Villars.

It remains to give some account of the trading part, which, to the great misfortune of this nation, is the least considerable of the three. When cardinal Richelieu came first to the ministry, the naval power of France was in so low and despicable condition, that a nation, formidable by land to all its neighbours, was liable to be insulted at sea by every little corsair and privateer. In the space of a few years, that great man so improved their shipping, that they began to be able to make head against the strongest maritime powers. Afterwards his disciple, M. Colbert, upon the plan his master had traced him out, carried their commerce to such a point, that it alarmed the jealousy of the English and Dutch as much as their acquisitions on the continent. They gained great establishments in America; they set up various manufactures; they got all the treasures of the flota and galleons into their hands; they became the chief traders in the Levant. I need not tell you how much the indolence of Charles the Second, and the weakness of his brother, contributed to this increase of the French trade: even our partial histories confess it. But the wars that succeeded the Revolution, the neglect of the following ministers, the *systeme* *, and other ruinous enterprizes, have since reduced them very much; and, though they are at present protected by good fleets, and much encouraged by the court, they are still very full of complaints: they are terribly exasperated against the

* Mississippi.

court of Spain, for their frequent infractions of treaties of commerce, in detaining the effects of the galleons, and demanding extravagant indulgences of the proprietors; besides many particular grievances and wrongs, of which it is not proper to enter into a detail. The English Assiento contract, and the favourable privileges granted to them by the succeeding conventions, are great mortifications to the merchants here; not only as they were in possession of that trade themselves during all the war, but as they are in great need of it, to furnish themselves with piastres to carry on their commerce to the Levant. They pretend we are guilty of many abuses in the exercise of our privileges, and that we find means to elude the restraints they have left us under. They are also exceedingly alarmed at our new linen manufacture in Ireland; which, they imagine, will be greatly detrimental to the trade of Bretagne and Normandy; no doubt, with very good reason. There are several late advantages we have gained over them in the Levant, in Barbary, and the West Indies, at which they are very uneasy, but it is likely to be to little purpose. The government is made guarantee by several treaties, particularly that of Hanover, to all the branches and privileges of our trade, as we now enjoy them; and therefore they can neither complain of us, nor look for any satisfaction while those treaties subsist, which are in no danger of being broke. After all, their country is so situated for commerce, so fruitful in productions which others want, and the people are so industrious, that one would imagine, with proper encouragement, they could not fail of gaining the superiority over all their neighbours. But, notwithstanding all these natural advantages, the abject slavery they are in, the number of hands that are employed in the military service, the swarms of idle ecclesiasticks, and, above all, the chimerical distinction between a gentleman and a merchant, will always keep their traffic low; and the country

try will continue in the poverty I see it now, which is more miserable than I could ever have imagined.

I shall conclude my remarks by observing, that the roguery and rapine of the intendants of towns and balliages, and the partial execution of their power of levying taxes, is a greater cause of the ruin of the provinces than the severity of the government.

It is indeed the curie of arbitrary states, that the inferior officers are worse tyrants than those they serve, and revenge their own slavery upon the wretches who are still lower than themselves, by a more grievous insolence and extortion. This, and the corruption of their courts of justice, where favour and solicitation have more weight than right or equity, are the constitutional maladies of the nation, and grown so habitual to it that they are hardly to be removed. Thank God, we know neither in England; but are blest in an impartial administration of the wisest laws, and secured from concussions and other violences, by the noble privilege we enjoy of being taxed by none but our representatives.

I am more strongly attached to my own country by what I see of the miseries abroad, and find the spirit of Whiggism grows upon me under the influence of arbitrary power: it will still encrease when I come into Italy, where the oppression is more sensible in its effects, and where the finest country in the world is quite depopulated by it.

I set out to-morrow for Geneva, in company with Sir William Wyndham's son, and shall go from thence to Turin. I have sufficiently tired you with so long a letter, so shall end with assuring you of the respect and affection with which

I am, dear Sir, your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXVI.

Geneve, Oct. 26.

MON CHER PERE,

IL y a trois jours que je suis a Geneve; et je vous assure que j'en suis tout à fait charmé. Le lac, les montagnes, et les promenades, qui sont autour de cette belle ville, présentent la vue la plus riante et la plus agreable qu'on puisse voir; et la société en dedans est aussi polie et aussi sçavante que dans aucun endroit de l'Europe. Il me paroît qu'on auroit beaucoup de peine à trouver ailleurs une si jolie retrait pour l'exercice et pour l'etude. En venant de Lions icy, je me suis un peu detourné de ma route, pour voir le grand couvent des Chartreux, qui est situé dans un desert affreux, parmi des rochers et des precipices presque inaccessibles, où de tout coté on voit tomber des torrents du plus haut sommet des montagnes, pour former une petite riviere, qui remplit la profondeur du vallon, et coule avec beaucoup de rapidité entre des bois et des forets sauvages dont tout le pais est couvert. Jamais situation n'a été plus conforme au genie des Chartreux que celle cy que choisit leur fondateur pour y batir leur couvent, ni plus propre à leur faire oublier le monde par l'eloignement de toute société humaine, et de toute ce qui peut reveiller leur desirs. La maison est batie simplement, et ne consiste que dans un long arrangement de cloîtres et de cellules separées les unes des autres, avec une eglise, et une salle à manger. Vous sçavez qu'ils ne parlent que les dimanches et les jours de fête, et qu'ils mangent maigre toute l'année. Une solitude et une discipline si rigoureuse les rend sans doute très miserables; ils vivent pourtant longtems, et jouissent d'une tranquillité apparente. Leur temperance conserve leur santé; et ils s'amusent dans leur cellules à des occupations

pations mechaniques et laborieuses, qui servent à vaincre l'ennui de leur prison. Il y en a cependant quelques uns, qui, n'étant pas propres au travail, languissent dans une oisiveté pénible, et se tuent à force de rever.

Il nous ont reçu M. Windham et moi avec beaucoup de politesse; et nous ont fait les honneurs de leur maison, en nous donnant un bon souper en maigre, et des lits assez commodes dans leur cellules. Leur Ordre est riche, quoiqu'il ne paroît pas dans leur maniere de vivre; le couvent, où j'ay été, possède tous les bois et toutes les montagnes qui l'environnent par l'espace de trois ou quatre lieux. Je souhaitois que le recit que je viens de faire pourroit vous donner quelque idée du plaisir que j'ay éprouvé en voyant une solitude plus sauvage et plus rude qu'aucune de celles qu'on nous depeint dans les romances, et où Don Quixote n'auroit pas manqué de trouver des geans et des enchanteurs. La hauteur prodigieuse des rochers, le bruit des eaux qui en tombent, l'ombre des bois dont ils sont ornés, et la riviere qui en arrose les pieds, forment une scene si nouvelle et si étonnante, que le plus habile pinceau ne viendra jamais à bout d'en peindre la bizarrerie et la beauté.

Je partirai en deux jours pour Turin, où je ferai une séjour de deux ou trois semaines. Je m'attends à trouver beaucoup d'incommodité en passant les Alpes, parceque les nieges commencent déjà à tomber. J'espère de recevoir bientôt de vos nouvelles, et de pouvoir me rejouir de la certitude qu'elles me donneront de votre santé, et de celle de ma chere mere, et de mes freres et soeurs. Adieu.

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Turin, November 16.

MON CHER PERE,

IL y a dix ou douze jours que je suis icy, ou j'ay trouvé une reception fort honnête, dont je suis redevable aux recommandations de monsieur le marquis de Santacru, ambassadeur d'Espagne au congrès, qui a demeuré long tems à cette cour, et y est fort considéré. Si la paix se fait, il ira en Angleterre, où je vous prie, Monsieur, de vouloir bien le remercier pour moi des civilités qu'il m'a fait. J'ay eu un assez rude passage sur le Mont Cenis; la neige tombant avec beaucoup de violence; et le vent de bize, qui nous donna dans le visage, nous causant un froid epouvenable. Danzel en a eu le plus grand mal; car une grosse fièvre l'a pris, et il reste toujours fort malade. Nous montâmes sur des mulets; mais, pour descendre, il nous fallut des chaises à porteurs, à cause des precipices que la neige rendoit plus glissantes, et qui veritablement faisoient peur. Les brouillards estoient si epais, qu'ils nous empechoient de voir les autres Alpes qui nous environnoient, et qui sont beaucoup plus hautes que le Mont Cenis, quoique celui cy a trois lieues de hauteur. Ce qui nous faisoit le plus de plaisir estoit un torrent, qui peut s'appeller une riviere, qui tomboit de la cime de la montagne, et formoit des magnifiques cascades entre les rochers qui s'opposent à sa chute. La plaine de Piedmont est belle, et fort bien cultivée; ce qui nous a charmé d'autant plus que nous sortimes du pays le plus deforme, et le plus desert du monde. Je ne vous ferai pas la description de Turin; c'est une ville assez connue. Le Roi nous a reçu fort gracieusement Monsieur Wyndham et moi. Il est toujours à sa maison de campagne, dont nous sommes très fâchés parceque nous souhaiterions de luy faire notre cour.

He

He has his eyes very intent upon what we are doing on the side of Tuscany, and would be glad to give us some disturbance. The Milanese is the object of his ambition ; and as a peace would be an obstacle to any new acquisitions, he is very much out of humour with the thoughts of it. They would not let him send a minister to the congress, because they knew the part he would have acted there would not be very favourable to the repose of Europe. He is a great general, and has a fine army, and never lost by a war.

Je conte de rester icy sept ou huit jours encore ; ensuite j'iray à Genes et de là à Milan. J'ay par tout des bonnes recommandations, qui sont des choses fort nécessaires pour les voyageurs. Je suis dans la dernière impatience de recevoir de vos nouvelles, et d'apprendre que ma chère mere se porte bien, et que ma sœur est heureusement accouchée. Monsieur Wyndham voyage toujours avec moi, ce qui me fait beaucoup de plaisir, comme ce jeune seigneur a infiniment d'esprit, et du sçavoir vivre, et qu'il est bien reçu de tout la monde. Vous aurez de mes nouvelles aussitôt que j'arriverai à Milan, si je ne vous écris pas de Genes.

We have but one great enemy in the army, the marshal d'Uxelles ; but that is of no consequence to our affairs. I long to hear of Mr. Stanhope's success at the court of Spain. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful, &c.

G. L.

LETTER

SIR THOMAS LYTTETTON. 717

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Genoa, November 30.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been at Genoa four days, and shall set out to-morrow for Milan. I am extremely pleased with the magnificence and beauty of this town, which is one of the finest in Italy. Nothing can be more noble than its situation, which rises in an amphitheatre from the sea, and has a spacious port before it, that is defended with a tolerable fortification, and is generally well filled with merchants ships.

Its palaces are fit to lodge kings; but I shall reserve the description of them to entertain you with at Hagley fire-side. The form of its government is so well known, and so nearly resembles that of Venice, that I need say nothing to you about it. The low state of its commerce, and the weakness of its once-powerful fleet, which is now reduced to five galleys, have been observed by every traveller these thirty years. But what the republic suffers most in, is the decline of genius and spirit in their governors. The great families of Doria, Spinola, and Grimaldi, which are famous over all Europe for having produced so many illustrious generals, cannot now boast of one soldier in all their branches; the modern nobility are all sunk in ease and sloth, without courage or ability to act either for their own honour or their country's. So that the state must necessarily languish, and would fall into the hands of some powerful neighbour, if the jealousy of other princes did not hinder it, which is at present its best security. They are in great apprehensions of the king of Sardinia, who is continually undertaking something to their prejudice, and demanding concessions from them, which they ought not to grant, but are not able to refuse. The greater part
of

of the nobility are slaves to the interests of the emperor, from the estates they possess in the Milanese, and kingdom of Naples, which render them obnoxious to that prince's power, and destroy the liberty of the state. He often extorts sums of money from them, greater or less, as he finds occasion, besides taxing them higher than his other subjects in those countries. The present doge is a Grimaldi, but his dignity is almost expired. I must just take notice of some little arts that they practise here in their elections and resolutions of state, to let you see that the method of voting by ballot may be abused as well as any other. The box is divided into two partitions, one white, the other red; to each member of the council they give a ball, which thrown into the white consents, into the red denies: after all have put in, they count the balls on either side, and so decide the question by the majority. But it often happens, that some person has address enough to convey in two balls instead of one; so that, when they come to reckon, they find a vote too much, which renders the election void, and obliges them to begin again, or put off the affair till another day, which is generally the case. This gains time to the losing party for new *brigues*, and frequently changes the event. There are more tricks that they play of the same nature, as stopping up the hole by paper thrust about half way in; but the first is most successful. I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIX.

Venice, December 30.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER seeing abundance of things well worthy of observation, and suffering a great many fatigues, I am got through the worst roads in Europe as far as Venice. My pleasure at coming to this town would have been much greater, if I had found any letters here from you and my other friends, as I had reason to expect; but whether it is my banker's negligence, or some disorder in the post, I have not received a line from any body, which makes me very uneasy, and gives me a thousand fears. The public papers bring good news; the peace is signed with Spain, of which I wish you joy, and hope it will soon lead us to a general one. They tell us here, that the emperor is extremely dissatisfied, and determined to oppose our new engagements. I believe they are not thoroughly informed; but if it be true, I am sure he complains without any just cause. If he was sincere in the quadruple alliance, he cannot be averse to the establishment of Don Carlos in Italy: why then should he be so angry at what is done for the better securing that establishment? If he is not sincere, how can we be blamed for taking our precautions against him? But it seems he is jealous of a Spanish power getting foot in Italy. Would not the quadruple alliance have brought in one, after the death of the present duke? and what else does this treaty do, but a little advance the same design? The introducing Spanish garrisons into Tuscany during the late duke's life is thought a hardship; but would it not have been an equal grievance to have imposed neutral ones upon them?

them? Are Swiss troops more immediately under his dependance than Spanish ones will be? or are not all foreign forces equally offensive to a prince in his own dominions? It is indeed a hardship, but a necessary one for the peace of Europe, and not at all greater than it would have been by the former treaty. I hear Mr. Stanhope is made a peer, and they say that Mr. Walpole will be secretary of state; but nothing is talked of for Mr. Poyntz. I hope his modesty will not be made a reason for leaving his other virtues unrewarded: I am sure he had as great a share in the merit of the present treaty as either of his colleagues. You will pardon me, if I give you no account of my journey from Genoa hither; the number of things that pleased me are too great, and must be reserved for conversation. Venice is the place in the world, that a traveller sees with most surprize. We have a very fine opera; Colzona and Farinelli sing; the last is a prodigy, and even beyond Senesino. I beg my duty to my dear mother; and I remain, dear Sir,

Your ever dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXX.

Venice, June 13th, 1730.

DEAR SIR,

LAST post brought me two of yours, dated October 20th, and November the 3d, which were extremely welcome. I writ to you from Turin and from Genoa, and last post from Venice, to let you know I was got well hither. Mr. W—— came with me all the way, and I assure you is a very good Whig, as well as a very pretty gentleman. How far his father's authority may force him to change his sentiments

ments when he comes to England, I cannot tell ; but they are now entirely agreeable to the excellent understanding he is master of. I receive your lesson of œconomy as a great and important truth, which I cannot too often set before me, and which I have too much neglected. I know that extravagance and ill management have made as many rogues as avarice ; and that liberty is inconsistent with the dependance which a broken fortune subjects every man to.

I shall go from hence to Rome in about fifteen days. The caution you give me in relation to the gentlemen of the Pretender's party, whom I may chance to meet with there, is what I constantly observed towards some of the same persuasion whom I knew at Paris.

I hope you will have an easy session of parliament ; for surely the peace with Spain is a very popular one, and I am every day more convinced that the emperor's opposition will come to nothing.

The subject of part of this letter will not let me conclude it, without assuring you what a grateful sense I have of your generosity and goodness to me, which are infinitely beyond my deserts, and demand such returns as I can never make, though my life be spent in obeying you, as I fully resolve it shall be. Adieu, my dear Sir ; let me know often that you are well, and that you continue to love me. I hope it is needless to say, that I honour, esteem, and love you more than any person or being upon earth, and that I remain

Your ever dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XXXI.

Venice, February the 11th.

DEAR SIR,

I Have yours of the 24th of December, with the duplicate. I answered that the post before last, and inclosed a copy of the former one, which I hope you received. I am glad to hear the land tax is diminished; it is no wonder the city is discontented, for, if I do not mistake, it is at present governed by Tory magistrates; and they are not of a humour to be pleased with any good success to court measures. You have by this time, no doubt, been publickly acquainted with all the terms of the Spanish treaty, and I am persuaded that you have found them honourable and advantageous. I cannot be of your opinion, that the congress will last much longer, or terminate in a war. The emperor has little to gain in Italy, and much to lose; neither has he other reason of complaint, except that he did not give the law to Europe, as he would have done. I know that he is marching troops (I think they say 40,000 men) into his dominions here; but I shall not believe the rest of Italy in any danger, until I see him send 100,000, which he is not in a condition to do; and even if he did make his utmost efforts, I should doubt of his power to oppose so formidable a confederacy: but it is the opinion of this republick, which is a very good judge of politicks, that all these menaces will end in smoke; and that he is only doing as he has done at almost every treaty that has been signed these thirty years, delaying his acquiescence or accession, in order to be courted a little, and save his honour. I have more particular reasons for thinking so, but they are such as I cannot trust to the common post.

I staid

I staid here a fortnight longer than I designed, in hopes of going to Rome with Mr. Walpole; but an unforeseen accident having fixed him here, I shall set out to-morrow quite alone, which will be very melancholy. I beg my dearest father to believe, that no son ever loved a parent with more tenderness, or felt his obligations to him with more gratitude, than his ever obliged and obedient son,

G. L.

P. S. When you see my lord H——, I beg you would make him my compliments upon his negociation, and the reward of it.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Rome, April 12.

DEAR SIR,

IT is impossible to tell you how sincerely I am afflicted at your complaints about your head; I would willingly suffer any share of them, if it was possible to ease you by it. It is so natural to give advice upon these occasions to those for whom we are much concerned, that I cannot help saying you would do mighty well to try a journey to Spa, if it was only for exercise and change of air; I have known great cures performed that way upon people in your case, and it is a remedy you have not yet experienced. I writ to you about ten days ago, to tell you that I was pleased with Rome, and that I had seen Mr. ——, who is in good health, though a little upon the decline. I am going to Naples to-morrow, to stay about eight days, and so come back hither, where I propose to settle till the beginning of June; after that time, there is no stirring out of Rome till the end of September, on account of the infectious air in the

Campagna; so that, as unwilling as I am to leave a place so agreeable to me, I am obliged to it, for fear of being a prisoner. I propose to pass the great heats at Milan; though I cannot say I have any fixed design, because my stay in any place will depend upon my liking the company, and above all upon the will of my dearest father.

I believe you will have a mind to see me next summer in England, so shall endeavour to get out of Italy by the end of autumn. I have received a most kind letter from Mr. Poyntz, in which he gives me very strong assurances of a general peace, and that I may pursue my travels through Italy without impediment. Speaking of the manner of the treaty of Seville's being received in England, he says, "the satisfaction that it gives will much encrease, when it comes to be known and felt, that, far from having made a *paix plâtrée*, we are really upon better terms with Spain than ever, and have the predilection over all the powers of Europe in her friendship; which, I may venture to assure you in confidence, is really the case."

I here send you the verses which I wrote to his excellency, and I hope you will not deem them a tedious postscript to my letter *.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

* These verses are already printed amongst the Poems, p. 608.

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L E T T E R XXXIII.

Rome, May 7.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR commands shall always be received with an implicit obedience by me, however contrary they may be to my inclinations; or, to speak more justly, I have no inclination so strong as that of doing all I can to convince you of my love and duty to the best of fathers. I have been at Naples since my last; which I am very glad of, because it lies quite out of my present road, and I must have left it unseen. I shall go from Rome with a strong imperfect knowledge of the great variety of fine antiquities that are in it; more time than I have passed here being requisite to see them as one should do. I shall pass through Florence and Bologna, which are the most considerable places where I have not been; and embark at Genoa, for Marseilles. I shall expect to find a letter from you at Paris, where I hope to arrive in about six weeks, if no accident prevents. I should be insensible of praise to a fault, if I were not proud of the honour her majesty does me, so much beyond any thing I could flatter myself with the hopes of; but I cannot help being very apprehensive that I shall not answer the advantageous opinion she has been pleased to entertain of me, from the partial report of my friends. Your ill state of health makes me so uneasy, that it will not let me take much pleasure in any thing. If you like the inclosed verses, I desire you would give them to Mr. Pope, to whom I have taken the liberty to address them*. They contain a good piece of advice; and I hope it is

* These verses are printed above, p. 611.

given

given in a manner that will make it acceptable. In speaking of Italy, I have confined myself to the decay of learning there, because Mr. Addison has written so very finely upon every other point, in his verses to lord Hallifax, that I durst not think of attempting them after him. With great impatience to see you,

I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXXIV.

Admiralty, Nov. 18, 1734.

DEAR SIR,

I DEFERRED the pleasure of writing to you so long, that I might be able to give you a more certain account of the peace, which has been so variously reported, that I could form no judgment on the truth, nor am I now at all satisfied with what I hear of it, as I suspect there is something more at bottom; but what is generally said, from the best authority, to be contained in the preliminaries, is as follows:

First, The emperor to have Parma and Placentia, with all the Milanese, except the Novarois, and a small district adjoining to it of little value, which is to be given to the king of Sardinia, *pour tout potage*.

The duke of Lorrain to marry the eldest archduchess, to be immediately declared king of the Romans, and to have Tuscany at the death of the present duke thereof. His brother to marry the second daughter. Don Carlos to be king of the two Sicilies, with the emperor's consent. Stanislaus to renounce the crown of Poland; but to be put into the immediate

diate possession of the dutchy of Bar, with the name of king, and to have Lorrain at the death of the duke of Tuscany. France to acknowledge king Augustus; and, after the death of Stanislaus, to reunite Lorrain and Bar to itself for ever.

You see at the first view of these articles, that France has acted in manifest contradiction to all their pretences and declarations in the beginning of the war. They declared, they entered into it with no other view than to support the claim of Stanislaus to the crown of Poland and their own honour, which was concerned in that election: they also protested, that they would not gain a foot of ground by any success they might meet with in it, but consider only the interest of their allies. Instead of this, they acknowledge king Augustus, make a peace prejudicial to their allies, and receive no other advantage or compensation, but an encrease of territory after the death of Stanislaus.

On the other side, the emperor is established more advantageously in Italy than before. The present dominions of don Carlos are taken from him, his reversion of Tuscany also disposed of in favour of the house of Austria, and the new conquests he has made left much exposed; so that Spain has great cause to be dissatisfied, as it is said they are, even to the refusing being included in the peace. Yet it is believed they must come in at last, not being able to carry on the war without France.

You will ask, therefore, if there are no secret articles, what could induce the French to such a treaty, which disoblige their friends, to gain their enemies, at a time when they were superior in the field, and in a condition to insist on better terms? I can account for it but one way, which is this; that they saw, if they pressed harder on the emperor, he would be driven, though contrary to his inclinations, to marry his daughter to don Carlos, by which alliance all the dominions
of

of the house of Austria would come to be united in his person, and perhaps annexed to the crown of Spain, which would be the erecting of a new barrier against France, more strong and more able to oppose them than any the house of Lorrain can ever constitute. They therefore chose rather to make their peace, which gives the two archduchesses to those princes, and to themselves no inconsiderable enlargement of their territory and revenue, than to hazard the forming of a power, which would restore that balance again in Europe which they have been so long labouring to break : and when once the archduchesses are married, and there is no danger on that side, they may safely join with don Carlos a second time, to recover his right in Tuscany, and drive the emperor once more out of Italy. This seems to me no improbable conjecture, supposing there are no secret articles, either relating to Flanders, or the commerce of England and Holland ; but there is room to suspect some such thing, if not a worse and more dangerous design, since it is certain that, in contempt of our mediation, neither we nor the Dutch were consulted in this treaty ; but all the contending powers agreed together (as far as they are agreed) to make up their quarrels without our help, and even without our participation, which gives us a melancholy prospect of their future intentions towards us, if not of some present secret purpose, which perhaps is the spring of their extraordinary proceeding. However, we must satisfy ourselves, and rejoice that a peace is got, whoever made it ; for nothing was so dangerous to the ministry, as the continuance of a war, which they could neither have well engaged in, nor kept out of, had it lasted a little longer. I am apt to think Spain will come in before next spring, that is, before they can make a new campaign ; and possibly the good offices of France for the restitution of Gibraltar may be made the price of their acception. They say the Dutch express the utmost
anger

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anger at having been treated so contemptuously on this occasion. I do not give you this news as absolutely to be depended upon, but as the best I can collect from those on both sides who are supposed to be the best informed. The reasonings upon it you may adopt or reject, as you think fit; for I am far from being clear in any part of them. They are probable speculations, and no more.

May you be always as well convinced of my love and duty towards you, as I am of your affection and regard to, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XXXV.

Stowe, September 11.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I came to lord B——'s, I found that Pope had excused himself from his visit there, as well as at Hagley; so was obliged to keep the horses to carry me to Stowe. Lord B——'s seat is a vast design; and when it has time to grow and form itself, there will be nothing in England equal to it, in the great French manner of long lines, extensive woods, noble downs, dry soil, and immensity of command. But at present it is only a fine sketch, and most of its beauties are in idea.

I cannot say it made me amends for the loss of Hagley, which indeed I never left with more regret. The desire of being with you would be enough to make me uneasy at parting from you; but my concern and apprehensions for your health add a good deal to that uneasiness. I am, with the truest respect, and much more affection than I know how to express, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

August 11, 1737.

DEAR SIR,

THE pleasure we felt at the birth of the young p—efs has been clouded since, by a message from the k—, expressing the highest resentment against his R. H. for carrying the princess to lie in at St. James's, though it was donē at her own earnest desire; and when the danger she was in of wanting all necessary help where she was (there being neither midwife, nurse, nor any thing there) gave the p—ce no time for deliberation. All these reasons and more were modestly urged by his R. H. to justify his conduct, and to appease the anger of the k— in a letter he wrote in answer to the message; but not meeting with the success which he hoped from it, and being still forbid to wait on his m—, he wrote a second, in which, waving all apologies, he asked pardon in the most submissive manner, and expressed the greatest affliction at lying under his m—'s displeasure. To which no answer was given, but “that this letter “being the same in substance with the former, the k— “would make no other answer to it.” Upon this foot it remains; but we have the solid satisfaction of seeing the p—cess and child both in good health, and likely to continue so. I am, with the most grateful affection, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXVII.

August 18.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL make no excuse for not writing to you sooner, but that which I dare say you have made for me in your own thoughts, a very great and continual hurry of business. I am much obliged to you for wishing me at Hagley, and can truly assure you my wishes are there too; but it is quite impossible to think of it this year: however, do not be in pain for fear I should be ill; for, though the town is sickly, by great temperance and constant riding about, I have made shift to escape this epidemical fever, and am every way better in my health than when you left me. The situation the p—— is in does, I dare say, give you great concern, as well as me. No submission on his side has been wanting, to obtain a pardon for the fault laid to his charge, and avoid a rupture of which that could be the cause; but those submissions have not been able to prevent one, and a door is shut to all further application, by his m—— having forbid him to reply. Another subsequent order has occasioned some of his servants laying down their offices; and last Tuesday morning Mr. P—l—m, contrary to the talk of the court, and I believe to the expectation of the p——e, resigned the seals, which his R. H. unsolicited by me, and without my expecting it, immediately gave to me.

I need not tell you, that while my being in his service would have brought any difficulty upon his conduct or mine, no considerations should have induced me to accept of this, or any employment in his family; but those doubts no longer subsisting, I could not decline, with any respect to him or credit to myself,

self, the honour of serving him in the way that he desired.

I am with the greatest respect and affection,

Dear Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient son,
G. L.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Cliffden, Oct. 22.

DEAR SIR,

I CAME here yesterday, to thank his R. H. for having augmented my salary £. 240 a year, by putting it upon the same foot with that of Mr. M—y—x under the k— when he was p—.

Besides the convenience this will be to me at this time especially, I am pleased with it as a mark of my royal master's regard to me in the present conjuncture.

I suppose, by this time, you have heard that all the thoughts of a winter's campaign in old France are quite laid aside; and I congratulate you upon their being so, as we both judged alike of those designs.

There is very good news arrived from Germany; Prince Charles has entirely cut off all possibility of marshal Mallebois joining, either Broglie or the comte de Saxe; upon which the former is gone back to Prague, where he probably must soon perish, or surrender at discretion. The latter is so disgusted, that it is said he will lay down his command; and Mallebois is preparing to march back into France, or at least to the French frontier, having declared to the emperor, that he can do him no further service this year in Germany. The elector of Saxony has refused to let him have the provisions he had depended upon being

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being supplied with out of his territories, and it is talked as if the English army would march to intercept his retreat; but that I very much doubt. Belleisle is absolutely disgraced, and the German war appears to be quite given up by the French. I believe you may depend upon these accounts being true, as they come from the best authority; but if all is not true, so much at least is certain, that the court is extremely elate upon it. I wish things looked as well at home; but they bear a very gloomy face; the discontent of mankind in general being higher than ever, and a very troublesome session expected.—I can most truly say, that nobody can feel for you with more affection than, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

P. S. There are letters to-night, confirming what I have told you of the state of the French in Germany, and which further add, that Bencue-lan, the Austrian general in Bavaria, has received a strong reinforcement.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Argyle-street, Feb. 22, 1743.

DEAR SIR,

WE have just saved the sugar colonies from a scheme that would I believe, have been very hurtful to them; and, instead of it, agreed to-day to the taking the surplus arising from the late duty upon malt spirits, which will give us a fund to borrow the rest of the money we want, at 3 *per cent*. A little time will, I suppose, clear up the mystery of what France designs; as yet it seems very unaccountable, if they have not a greater force in the Mediterranean than

than the government here has any reason to think that they have. The Brest fleet might have gone thither three weeks ago, without our being able to hinder, or follow them. Why they did not, I have not yet heard any satisfactory cause assigned; perhaps a few days more will enable us to form a true judgment, whether they have acted wisely or played the fool.

We have sad intelligence; but from such as we have, we learned to-day, that four or five of their men of war are in a part of the Flemish road, which they call the Graveline pits, where it is hoped Sir John Norris may meet with them, and give a good account of them. What is become of the rest of their fleet, nobody knows. You will think that very strange, but we are so used to it here, nobody wonders at it; such a state of ignorance being at present the natural state of our government. I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XL.

May 5, 1744.

DEAR SIR,

MR. West comes with us to Hagley, and, if you give me leave, I will bring our friend Thomson too. His Seasons will be published in about a week's time and a most noble work they will be.

I have no public news to tell you, which you have not had in the Gazettes, except what is said in private letters from Germany of the king of Prussia's having drank himself into direct madness, and being confined on that account; which, if true, may have a great effect upon the fate of Europe at this critical time. Those letters say, that, at a review, he caused

caused two men to be taken out of the line, and shot, without any cause assigned for it, and ordered a third to be murdered in the same manner; but the major of the regiment venturing to intercede for him, his m——y drew his sword, and would have killed the officer too, if he, perceiving his madness, had not taken the liberty to save himself, by disarming the k—, who was immediately shut up, and the q—n, his mother, has taken the regency upon herself till his recovery. I do not give you this news for certain, but it is generally believed in town. Lord Chesterfield says, he is only thought to be *mad* in Germany, because he has *more wit* than other Germans.

The king of Sardinia's retreat from his lines at Villa Franca, and the loss of that town, certainly bear a very ill aspect; but it is not considered as any decisive advantage gained by the enemy, because the passes that still remain, are much stronger than those they have forced. We expect, with impatience, to know what will be the effect of the Dutch ambassador to Paris.

I pray God the summer may be happy to us, by being more easy than usual to you. It is the only thing wanting, to make Hagley park a paradise.

Poor Pope is, I am afraid, going to resign all that can die of him to death; his case is a dropsy, and he wants strength of nature to bear the necessary evacuations for the cure of that distemper. I feel his loss very sensibly; for, besides the public marks he has given me of his esteem, he has lately expressed the most tender friendship for me, both to myself and others, which, at such a time, affects one more than any compliment paid while he was in health.

I am, with the truest respect and affection,

Dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Jan. 17, 1747.

DEAR SIR,

IT is a most sensible and painful addition to my concern and affliction for my dear wife, to hear of your being so bad with the stone; and, loaded as my heart is with my other grief, I cannot help writing this, to tell you how much I feel for you, and how ardently I pray to God to relieve you.

Last night all my thoughts were employed on you; for, when I went to bed, my poor Lucy was so much better, that we thought her in a fair way of recovery; but my uneasiness for you kept me awake great part of the night, and in the morning I found she had been much worse again, so that our alarm was as great as ever: she has since mended again, and is now pretty near as you heard last post; only that such frequent relapses give one more cause to fear that the good symptoms, which sometimes appear, will not be lasting. On the other hand, by her struggling so long, and her pulse recovering itself so well as it does after such violent flurries, and such great sinkings, one would hope that nature is strong in her, and will be able, at last, to conquer her illness.

Sir Edward Hulse seems now inclined to trust to *that*, and to trouble her with no more physic; upon which condition alone she has been persuaded to take any food to-day. Upon the whole, her case is full of uncertainty, and the doctors can pronounce nothing positively about her; but they rather think it will be an affair of time. For my own health, it is yet tolerably good, though my heart has gone through as severe a trial as it can well sustain; more indeed, than I thought it could have borne; and you may depend upon it, dear Sir, that I will make use of all the supports

ports that religion or reason can give me, to save me from sinking under it. I know the part you take in my life and health; and I know it is my duty to try not to add to your other pains, that of my loss, which thought has as great an effect upon me as any thing can; and I believe God Almighty supports me above my own strength, for the sake of my friends who are concerned for me, and in return for the resignation with which I endeavour to submit to his will. If it please him, in his infinite mercy, to restore my dear wife to me, I shall most thankfully acknowledge his goodness; if not, I shall most humbly endure his chastisement, which I have too much deserved.

These are the sentiments with which my mind is replete: but as it is still a most bitter cup, how my body will bear it, if it must not pass from me, it is impossible for me to foretell: but I hope the best. I once more pray God to relieve you from that dreadful distemper with which you are afflicted.

Gilbert W— would be happy in the reputation his book has gained him, if my poor Lucy was not so ill. However, his mind leans always to hope, which is an advantage both to him and me, as it makes him a better comforter. To be sure, we ought not yet to despair; but there is much to fear, and a most melancholy interval to be supported, before any certainty comes—God send it may come well at last!

I am, dear Sir,

Your most afflicted, but most affectionate son,

G. L.

LETTER XLII.

April 25, 1747.

DEAR SIR,

WHATEVER compliments have been made me about my last speech (which have indeed been more than I ever received upon any other occasion), I can very truly assure you, they did not give me one thousandth part of the pleasure which I feel from the satisfaction that you express on that account. To have you pleased with my conduct, and to contribute in any manner to your happiness, is the supreme joy of my heart, and the best object of my ambition. Your affectionate prayers for me will, I do not doubt, draw down the divine favour upon me, and bring consolation to me in that affliction which still hangs heavy upon me, though I do my utmost to bear up against it. I pray God to enable me to deserve your blessing, and consider both the good and the evil of this world as of no very great moment, except in the use that we make of both.

The last mail from Holland brings an account, that the prince of Orange was on Wednesday last declared in full form stadtholder of the Seven Provinces. Besides the present effects of this great revolution, which I hope will be good and beneficial to us if a right use be made of it, the solid and permanent union, that in all probability will be established by it between us and the Dutch, must be a great future advantage. The duke is at the head of a brave army of 110,000 men, within six miles of Antwerp; he cannot stay there two days, for want of forage and other necessaries, without either taking the town, or beating the French.

To do the first, he must begin by doing the last (as I heard general Huske say to-day) and it will be no
easy

easy matter ; because they are posted upon very strong ground.

Possibly he may contrive by marches and counter-marches to get beyond them ; but it appears a difficult work. If a battle is fought where they are now, it will be a bloody one. I wait with anxious impatience for the event.

There has been a smart skirmish between one part of our army, and a detachment of theirs, to our advantage ; 1,000 French being killed, with no considerable loss on our side. This will help to put spirit into our troops, who are already in very good heart. We hear that Medley has picked up a whole Spanish regiment going to Genoa (I wish it had been a French one) and 200 French. I forgot to mention that Sas Van Ghent is said to be taken, but Hulst still holds out. These however are petty events, compared to the great one in view. If one could credit a report that is come of Genoa's being taken, that would be something. But the post is going out ; so I can add no more, but that I am, most affectionately,

Dear Sir, your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

L E T T E R XLIII.

London, April 26, 1748.

DEAR SIR,

I Most heartily wish you joy of the happy and amazing event of the preliminaries being signed, at a time when even the most sanguine among us expected nothing but ruin from the continuance of the war, and almost despaired of a peace ; in a month's time or less, not only Maestricht would have been taken, but Holland invaded ; and the d— of C—, to oppose that invasion, had scarce a third part of the enemy's force. Orders had also been given to blow up and demolish all the fortifications of Tournay, Ypres, Namur, and Bergenopzoom.

Yet the peace we have obtained is upon the whole a better for England, than that which was offered last year by count Saxe. Neither the distresses of France with regard to her commerce and her finances, though very great, nor any other apparent cause, can sufficiently account for her granting such a peace, and stopping short in the midst of such a career. It must be the work of a faction in her court, which our ministers have had the good sense to avail themselves of; and it has drawn us out of greater distresses and difficulties than can be conceived by those who do not know the interior of our affairs. Had we been in the situation of France, and France in ours, I will venture to say, no English minister would have dared to sign such a peace, not even those ministers who signed the peace of Utrecht. In short, *it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.* The court of Vienna is angry at present, but she must come to reason soon; and had we stayed to make peace till she was pleased, we must have stayed till our utter destruction. The king of Sardinia has not yet signed; but his language is much more moderate than hers, and no doubt he will soon come in. His minister here says, had he been at Aix, he would not have hesitated to sign one moment. There can be no doubt of the acquiescence of Spain to what France has stipulated for her, though the Spanish minister has not yet set his hand to it.

Adieu, dear Sir! May the good news revive your spirits, and be a consolation to you for my poor mother's death! Kiss my son for me; give him my blessing; and tell him, I now hope he will inherit Hagley, instead of some French marquis, or Highland laird, who I was afraid would have got it if the war had continued. I am, dear Sir, with the utmost affection, your most dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

N. B. Maestricht is given up to France, to be re-delivered to us again.

An

An ACCOUNT of a
 JOURNEY into WALES,
 IN TWO LETTERS
 TO
 MR. BOWER.

LETTER I.

Brynker, in Carnarvonshire, July 6, 1756.

I WRITE this from the foot of Snowdon, which I proposed to ascend this afternoon; but, alas! the top of it, and all the fine prospects which I hoped to see from thence, are covered with rain: I therefore sit down to write you an account of my travels thus far, as I promised when I left you, and to satisfy your desire of seeing North Wales in description at least, since you are not at leisure to accompany me thither.

I set out from Bewdley, with Mr. D—— and Mr. P——, on Tuesday last. In our way thence to Ludlow, we saw Sir E. B——'s, in a charming situation for the beauty of the prospects, but too much exposed, and in a dirty country. The house is spoiled by too large and too fine a stair-case and hall, to which the other rooms are by no means proportioned. Some of them are wainscotted and inlaid very finely. There is a park, which would be more beautiful, if the master of it had a little more taste. I hear his son has a
 good

good one; but the baronet himself hath not much more than his ancestor, who was killed by E. Douglas, at the battle of Shrewsbury. From this place we proceeded to the Clee Hill, a mountain you have often seen from my park; it affords a lovely prospect on every side, but it is more difficult to pass over than any in Wales, that I have yet seen; being covered all over with loose stones, or rather with pieces of rocks. However, we passed it without any hurt to ourselves or horses.

Ludlow is a fine, handsome town, and has an old castle, now in a neglected and ruinous state; but which, by its remains, appears to have been once a very strong fortress, and an habitation very suitable to the power and dignity of the lord president of Wales, who resided there. Not far from this town is Okely Park, belonging to lord Powis, and part of that forest which Milton, in his masque, supposes to have been inhabited by Comus and his rout. The god is now vanquished: but, at the revolution of every seven years, his rout does not fail to keep up orgies there, and in the neighbouring town; as lord Powis knows to his cost, for he has spent twenty or thirty thousand pounds in entertaining them at these seasons; which is the reason that he has no house at this place fit for him to live in. He talks of building one in the park, and the situation deserves it; for there are many scenes, which not only Comus, but the lady of Milton's masque, would have taken delight in, if they had received the improvements they are capable of, from a man of good taste; but they are as yet very rude and neglected. In our way from hence to Montgomery, we passed through a country very romantic and pleasant, in many spots: in which we saw farms so well situated, that they appeared to us more delightful situations than Clermont or Burleigh. At last we came by a gentleman's house, on the side of a hill opening to a sweet valley; which seemed to be built in a taste much superior to that of a mere country

try esquire. We therefore stopt, and desired to see it, which curiosity was well paid for: we found it the neatest and best house, of a moderate size, that ever we saw. The master, it seems, was bred to the law, but quitted the profession about fifteen years ago, and retired into the country, upon an estate of £. 500 *per annum*, with a wife and four children; notwithstanding which incumbrances, he found means to fit up the house in the manner we saw it, with remarkable elegance, and to plant all the hill about him with groves and clumps of trees, that, together with an admirable prospect seen from it, render it a place which a monarch might envy. But, to let you see how vulgar minds value such improvements, I must tell you an answer made by our guide, who was servant to lord Powis's steward, and spoke, I presume, the sense of his master, upon our expressing some wonder that this gentleman had been able to do so much with so small a fortune; "I do not, said he, know how it is, but he is always doing some nonsense or other." I apprehend, most of my neighbours would give the same account of my improvements at Hagley.

Montgomery town is no better than a village; and all that remains of an old castle there, is about a third part of a ruinous tower: but nothing can be finer than the situation of it and the prospect. It must have been exceeding strong in ancient times, and able to resist all the forces of the Welsh; to bridle them, it was built in the reign of William Rufus; three sides of it are a precipice quite inaccessible, guarded with a deep and broad ditch. I was sorry that more of so noble a castle did not remain, but glad to think, that, by our incorporating union with the Welsh, this and many others, which have been erected to secure the neighbouring counties of England against their incursions, or to maintain our sovereignty over that fierce and warlike people, are now become useless,

From

From hence we travelled, with infinite pleasure (through the most charming country my eyes ever beheld, or my imagination can paint) to Powis Castle, part of which was burnt down about thirty years ago; but there are still remains of a great house, situated so finely, and so nobly, that, were I in the place of lord Powis, I should forsake Okely Park, with all its beauties, and fix my seat as near there, as the most eligible in every respect. About £. 3000 laid out upon it, would make it the most august place in the kingdom. It stands upon the side of a very high hill; below lies a vale of incomparable beauty, with the Severn winding through it, the town of Welsh-Pool, terminated with high mountains. The opposite side is beautifully cultivated half way up, and green to the top, except in one or two hills, whose summits are rocky, and of grotesque shapes, that give variety and spirit to the prospect. Above the castle is a long ridge of hills finely shaded, part of which is the park; and still higher is a terrace, up to which you are led through very fine lawns, from whence you have a view that exceeds all description. The county of Montgomery, which lies all within this view, is to my eyes the most beautiful in South Britain; and though I have not been in Scotland, I cannot believe I shall find any place there superior, or equal, to it; because the highlands are all uncultivated, and the lowlands want wood; whereas this country is admirably shaded with hedge-rows. It has a lovely mixture of corn-fields and meadows, though more of the latter. The vales and bottoms are large, and the mountains, that rise like a rampart all around, add a magnificence and grandeur to the scene, without giving you any horror or dreadful ideas, because at Powis Castle they appear at such a distance as not to destroy the beauty and softness of the country between them. There are indeed some high hills within that inclosure, but, being woody and green, they make a more pleasing variety, and take off nothing from

from the prospect. The castle has an old-fashioned garden just under it, which a few alterations might make very pretty; for there is a command of water and wood in it, which may be so managed as to produce all the beauties that art can add to what liberal nature has so lavishly done for this place. We went from thence to see Pestill Rhaidr, a famous cascade; but it did not quite answer my expectations, for though the fall is so high, the stream is but narrow, and it wants the complement of wood, the water falling like a spout on an even descent, down the middle of a wide naked rock, without any breaks to scatter the water. Upon the whole, it gave me but little pleasure.

After having seen the Velino, we lay that night at the house of a gentleman who had the care of lord Powis's lead mines; it stands in a valley, which seems the abode of quiet and security, surrounded with very high mountains on all sides; but in itself airy, soft, and agreeable. If a man was disposed to forget the world, and be forgotten by it, he could not find a more proper place. In some of those mountains are veins of lead ore, which have been so rich as to produce in time past £. 20,000 *per annum*, to the old duke of Powis, but they are not near so valuable now. Perhaps, *holy father*, you will object, that the idea of wealth dug up in this place does not consist with that of retirement. I agree it does not; but, all the wealth being hid under ground, the eye sees nothing there but peace and tranquillity.

The next morning we ascended the mountain of Berwin, one of the highest in Wales; and when we came to the top of it, a prospect opened to us, which struck the mind with awful astonishment. Nature is in all her majesty there; but it is the majesty of a tyrant, frowning over the ruins and desolation of a country. The enormous mountains, or rather rocks, of Merionethshire inclosed us all around. There is
not

not upon these mountains a tree or shrub, or a blade of grass; nor did we see any marks of habitations or culture in the whole space. Between them is a solitude fit for Despair to inhabit; whereas all we had seen before in Wales seemed formed to inspire the meditations of Love. We were some hours in crossing this desert, and then had the view of a fine woody vale, but narrow and deep, through which a rivulet ran as clear and rapid as your Scotch burns, winding in very agreeable forms, with a very pretty cascade. On the edge of this valley we travelled on foot, for the steepness of the road would not allow us to ride without some danger; and in about half an hour we came to a more open country, though still inclosed with hills, in which we saw the town of Bala with its beautiful lake. The town is small and ill built; but the lake is a fine object: it is about three miles in length, and one in breadth, the water of it is clear, and of a bright silver colour. The river Dee runs through very rich meadows; at the other end are towering high mountains; on the sides are grassy hills, but not so well wooded as I could wish them to be: there is also a bridge of stone built over the river, and a gentleman's house which embellishes the prospect. But what Bala is most famous for is the beauty of its women, and indeed I there saw some of the prettiest girls I ever beheld. The lake produces very fine trout, and a fish called *whiting*, peculiar to itself, and of so delicate a taste, that I believe you would prefer the flavour of it to the lips of the fair maids at Bala.

After we left the banks of the lake, where we had an agreeable day, we got again into the desert; but less horrid than I have already described, the vale being more fertile, and feeding some cattle. Nothing remarkable occurred in our ride, until we came to Festiniog, a village in Merionethshire, the vale before which is the most perfectly beautiful of all we had seen. From the height of this village you have
a view

a view of the sea. The hills are green, and well shaded with wood. There is a lovely rivulet, which winds through the bottom; on each side are meadows, and above are corn fields along the sides of the hills; at each end are high mountains, which seemed placed there to guard this charming retreat against any invaders. With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one might pass an age there, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long, and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and settle at Festiniog. Not long ago there died in that neighbourhood an honest Welsh farmer, who was 105 years of age; by his first wife he had 30 children, 10 by his second, 4 by his third, and 7 by two concubines; his youngest son was 81 years younger than his eldest, and 800 persons descended from his body attended his funeral. When we had skirted this happy vale an hour or two, we came to a narrow branch of the sea, which is dry at low water. As we passed over the sands, we were surprized to see that all the cattle preferred that barren place to the meadows. The guide said, it was to avoid a fly, which in the heat of the day came out of the woods, and infested them in the valleys. The view of the said sands are terrible, as they are hemmed in on each side with very high hills, but broken into a thousand irregular shapes. At one end is the ocean, at the other the formidable mountains of Snowdon, black and naked rocks, which seemed to be piled one above the other. The summits of some of them are covered with clouds, and cannot be ascended. They do altogether strongly excite the idea of Burnet, of their being the fragment of a demolished world. The rain which was falling when I began to write this letter did not last long; it cleared up after dinner, and gave us a fine evening, which employed us in riding along the sea coast, which is here very cold.

The

The grandeur of the ocean, corresponding with that of the mountain, formed a majestic and solemn scene; ideas of immensity swelled and exalted our minds at the sight; all lesser objects appeared mean and trifling, so that we could hardly do justice to the ruins of an old castle, situated upon the top of a conical hill, the foot of which is washed by the sea, and which has every feature that can give a romantic appearance.

This morning (July 7) being fair, we ventured to climb up to the top of a mountain, not indeed so high as Snowdon, which is here called Moel Guillon, *i. e.* the nest of the eagle; but one degree lower than that called Moel Haprock, the nest of the hawk; from whence we saw a phenomenon, new to our eyes, but common in Wales; on the one side was midnight, on the other bright day; the whole extent of the mountain of Snowdon, on our left hand, was wrapped in clouds, from top to bottom; but on the right the sun shone most gloriously over the sea-coast of Carnarvon. The hill we stood upon was perfectly clear, the way we came up a pretty easy ascent; but before us was a precipice of many hundred yards, and below, a vale, which though not cultivated, has much savage beauty; the sides were steep, and fringed with low wood.

There were two little lakes, or rather large pools, that stood in the bottom, from which issued a rivulet, that serpentine in view for two or three miles, and was a pleasing relief to the eyes.

But the mountains of Snowdon, covered with darkness and thick clouds, called to my memory the fall of Mount Sinai, with the laws delivered from it, and filled my mind with religious awe.

This afternoon we propose going to Carnarvon, and you may expect a continuation of my travels from Shrewsbury, which is our last stage. Through the whole round of them we heartily wished for you, and your friend Browne, and your friend

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friend Mrs. S———, who is a passionate admirer of prospects ; and that you could have borrowed the chariot of some gracious fairy, or courteous enchanter, and flown through the air with us. You know I always admired Mrs. S——— for the greatness of her taste, and sublime love of nature, as well as for all her other perfections. Adieu, my dear Bower. I am perfectly well, *eat like a horse, and sleep like a monk* ; so that I may, by this ramble, preserve a stock of health, that may last all winter, and carry me through my parliamentary campaign. If you write to the * Madona, do not fail to assure her of my truest devotion. The most zealous Welsh catholick does not honour St. Winnifred more than I do her. I wish you may not be tired with my travels ; but you know I am performing my promise.

I remain yours, &c.

LYTTLETON.

L E T T E R II.

Shrewsbury, July 14, 1756.

DEAR BOWER,

MY last letter ended in setting out for Carnarvon, where I arrived that afternoon. I had a very fine view of the sea, and one of the finest towns I had seen in England or Wales ; the old walls of which, with their towers and bulwarks, are almost entire ; they are high and strongly built. The towers are round, and rather more of the Roman than Gothic

* A lady, to whom her friends gave that appellation.

form of architecture. At one end they join to the wall of the castle, which is a vast and noble building, of which the outside is likewise well preserved, but the inside is demolished. The people here shew the remains of a chamber, where king Edward the Second was born, and received the submission of all the nobility in Wales in his cradle. The castle itself was built by his father, and is indeed a noble work.

As we rode from Carnarvon, the country about was softened into a scene of the most pleasing kind, and was rendered more so by the contrast with that from which we came. We travelled along the shore of Menai, an arm of the sea, as broad as the Thames, over-against lord Duncannon's. Our road led us over fine shady lawns, perfumed so with honey-suckles, that they were a *paradisetto*. Over gentle hills, from whence we had a lovely view of the Menai and the isle of Anglesea, which lies on the opposite side of it, and then lost them again in agreeable valleys, like those of Reading, or the Hertfordshire vales. We enjoyed these scenes for some miles, till we came into a ferry, by which we passed into Anglesea, and landed at the seat of Sir Nicholas Bayley, which is the pleasantest spot in the island. He has Gothicized an old house with good judgment and taste. The view from it is charming; he sees the sweet country, through which we had travelled, from Carnarvon to Snowdon above it, which ennobles the prospect; the Menai winds, in a most beautiful manner, just under his windows; his woods shade the banks of it on each side of it, quite down to the water; above which, intermixed with them, are ever-green lawns, which, if helped with a very little art, would, together with his wood, make a garden, or park, of the most perfect beauty; but all is yet in a rude and neglected state. From thence we went to Baron-hill, the seat of lord Bulkeley, above the town of Beaumaris, in the same island;

island; it has a view of the sea, and coast of Carnarvon, which is indeed very fine; but I think inferior to that of lord Edgecombe's, with which I have heard it compared. The house is a bad one; the gardens are made in a very fine taste; but upon the whole, I like it much less than Sir N. Bayley's, though the reputation of the former is greater in Wales.

All the rest of the isle of Anglesea is a naked and unpleasant country, without a tree or hedge to be seen in it, uncultivated still, from the obstinacy of the people, in adhering to the ignorance of their forefathers; so that I am told it does not produce the tenth part of what the land is capable of, if improved by the agriculture of England. From Beaumaris we rode over the sands, at low water, to Penman Mawr, a high and rocky mountain, the passage over which must have been very frightful, before they built a wall along the edge of the road, which secures you from the danger of falling down the precipice that is below it into the sea; but with this guard it is very agreeable, the prospect of the sea and country being very fine.

I never saw any thing that struck me more than the first view of Conway castle, to which we soon came after passing this mountain; it was built by Edward the First, in much the same style with that of Carnarvon; but stronger and more regular. The situation is noble, and it stands upon a rock of considerable height; instead of a ditch three sides of it are defended by an arm of the sea, and four turrets that rise above the towers, besides two others at one end, standing below the others, about the middle of the rock, that over-hangs the sea. The walls between are battlements, and look very strong; they are, in some places, fourteen or fifteen feet thick, in none less than twelve. The whole together hath the grandest appearance of any building I ever beheld, especially as the walls of the town, which are built like those of Carnarvon, but with bolder and handsomer towers, appear

appear right in one view to the eye with the castle, when first you approach it. All the outside remains, except one tower, as in the time of Edward the First; and that was not demolished either with battering engines or with cannons, but by the people of the place taking stones from the foundation, for their own use, whenever they pleased; the consequence of which was, the greatest part of the tower fell into the sea: but the upper part more surprizingly continues still firm in the form of an arch; and lord Hertford, the present proprietor, hath forbid any dilapidation for the future. We were told, his grandfather would have lived in this castle, could he have purchased any lands in the country about; but finding none to be sold, he dropt the design.

I wish he had pursued it, for then we might have seen the inside entire; a sight which would have given me a great deal of pleasure. But now the floors, ciellings, and roofs, are all taken away, so that we can hardly guess at its ancient magnificence. The hall must have been a noble room; it is 100 feet long; 30 wide, and 30 high; the roof was supported by very beautiful arches, which still remain. There are two chimneys in it, and it was well lighted. The stone-work of the windows is exceeding handsome. Had our friend Millar (the builder of Hagley-house) been with us, he would have fallen down and adored the architect. The eight towers seem to have contained three very good bed-chambers each, placed one above another, besides some upper rooms. The chambers are 18 feet diameter, except one called the king's chamber, which has a bow window, gained out of the thickness of the wall, and the room is by that means extended above 30 feet; over the arch of that window, are the arms of Edward the First.

This and all the other chambers appear to the eye 12 or 13 feet high; but I am promised an accurate plan of the whole by one of the country. It certainly merits

merits very particular examination ; but I should have been more curious about it, had it been built in *Henry the Second's time*. From Conway castle, we travelled half a day's journey through a very romantick country, to Rudland, or rather Land-castle, the remains of which are less perfect than Carnarvon or Conway ; nor was it ever equal to them, either in extent or beauty, which I am sorry for, as *it was* built by *Henry the Second*. Not far from hence, at a place called Bodrudan, we passed a rainy day in a very comfortable manner, with an old acquaintance of mine, who is the lady of the castle, and hath forbid all depredations, which the people of the neighbourhood used to make, by taking it down to build and repair their houses and pigsties, which would have demolished it like the tower of Conway. The next morning we went to the tops of the hill, from whence we had a view of the whole vale of Clwydd, from one end to the other, which is equalled by none in England for fertility and beauty. There is neither mountain or rock to be seen in any part of it : after you turn your back upon Rudland, the hills on one side of it rise very gradually by gentle ascents : most of them are cultivated quite to their summits, others half way up ; and when the tops are not enclosed, they are a fine grassy down, like Clent-hill, and shaded and enlivened with wood, like the slopes in my park ; but yet I prefer the scenes in Montgomeryshire to this lively vale : there is a great beauty in this, but there is no majesty ; whereas there, as in the mind of our friend the *madona*, the soft and the agreeable is mixed with the noble, the great, and the sublime. About the middle of this vale, upon the brow of a hill, stands Denbigh castle, a very fine ruin ; it encloses as much ground as Conway or Carnarvon, but hath not so much building. The towers of it are standing at a very considerable distance from one another, being fewer in number ; but they are in the same style of architecture, having been built in the reign of the same

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king, who by these strong fortresses secured to himself and his posterity the dominion of North Wales. The hall is still pretty entire, and rivals that of Conway, except that the roof doth not appear to have been arched.

The towers are all in a ruinous state; I think it a pity and shame to the owner, that more care is not taken to preserve such respectable remains of antiquity. When we left the vale of Clwydd, we went into a barren and mountainous country, which continued from Rythin as far as Wrexham.

The church of the latter is called one of the wonders of Wales; it does indeed equal, if not exceed, any in England. I have not described to you the cathedral of Bangor or St. Asaph; the first I did not see, and I was told it was worth the seeing; the latter hath nothing in it to deserve description: nevertheless I should be glad to see the dean of E—— well seated in either of them, or rather at St. Asaph. From Wrexham we went to Winstay, the seat of Sir Watkins William Wynn. Part of the house is old; but he had begun building a new one before his death, in a very good taste. One wing is finished, and that alone makes a very agreeable house. The view from it is the most cheerful I ever beheld; it stands in the middle of a very pretty park, and looks over that to a most delightful country; but if the park was extended a little farther, it would take in a hill, with the view of a valley, most beautifully wooded; and the river Dee winding in so romantic and charming a manner, that of Festiniog, or any confined prospect I ever beheld; among other objects that embellish the scene, there is a fine bridge of stone. Tell Mrs. C—— S——, I would have her leave Clermont, and the banks of the Thames, and build a house in this lovely spot. I will visit her every year; she will not be at any expence in making a garden, for nature has made one to her hands, infinitely better than that of S——. Upon one of the neighbouring hills,

hills, which hath the same prospect as this, one Mr. Yorke has a seat, which I only saw at a distance ; and which, I am told by a lady at Shrewsbury of a good taste, excels any in Wales for natural beauty.

Indeed the country, for five or six miles, is of another temper, exceeding fertile and very romantic. While I was looking at it, I asked Mr. P—, “ whether he thought it possible for the eye to behold a more pleasing sight ? ” He said, “ Yes ; the sight of a woman one loves. ” My answer was, “ When I was in love, I thought so. ”

Our last visit to Wales was to Chirk-castle ; it was destroyed in the civil wars, and hath been rebuilt ; it is a bad imitation of an old castle, the most disagreeable dwelling-house I ever saw ; nor is there any magnificence to make amends for the want of convenience ; the rooms are large indeed in one part, but much too low ; and the cielings are so heavy with clumsy fret-work, that they seem ready to fall upon one's head ; it has a fine extensive prospect, but no other beauty of any kind, nor is the prospect to be compared with some we have seen at the other castles in Wales.

I am, &c.

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